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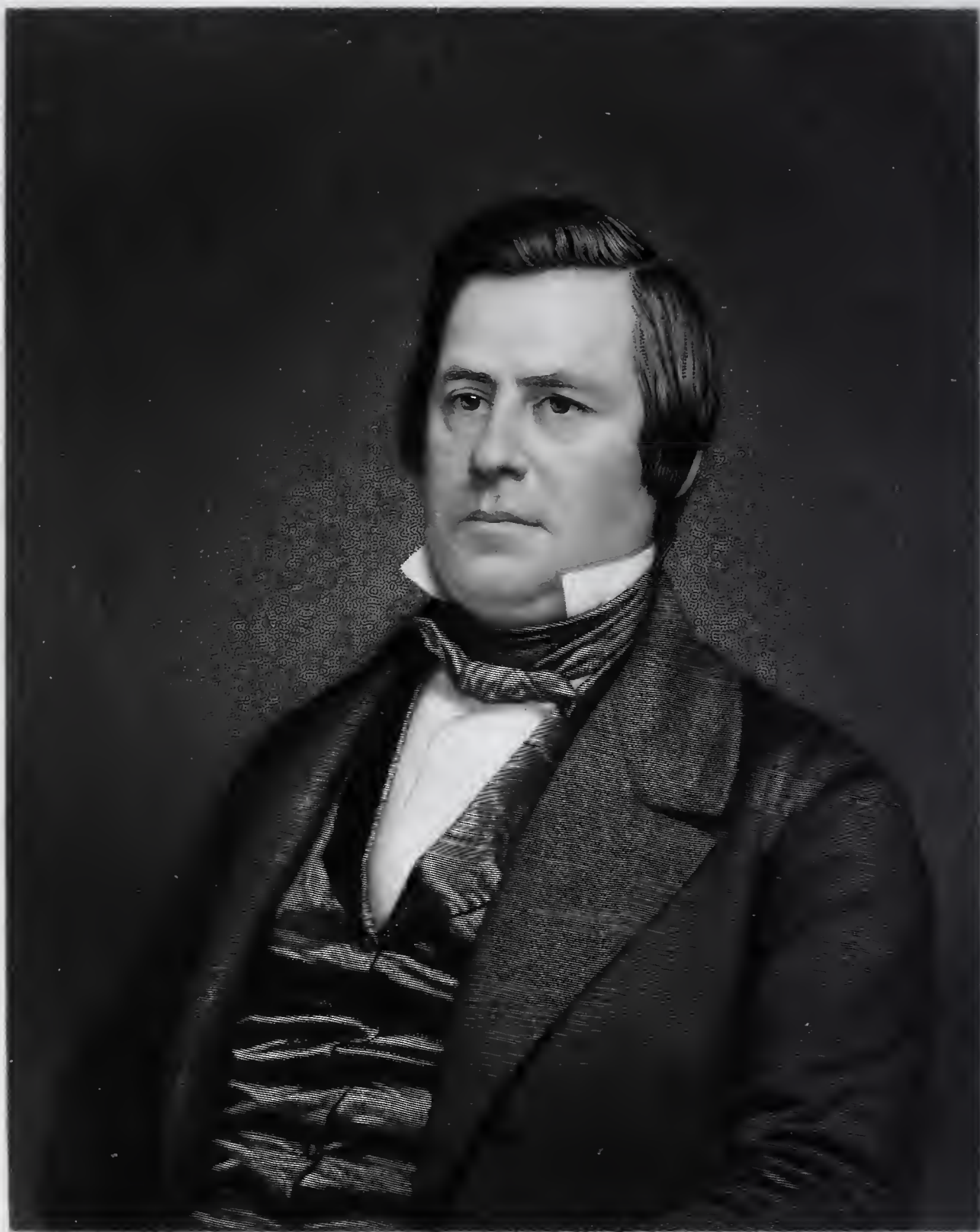


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H Harbaugh

"LIFE—LIGHT—LOVE."

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,



DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS
OF
YOUNG MEN AND YOUNG LADIES.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

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THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. IV.

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No. 1

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

EVERY word has a history, says some one, and we believe it. If so, then with emphasis the Guardian has a history too. It has had a history in the minds and hearts of its Editors, through which every word of it has passed in critical review; and it must have had a history also in the minds and hearts of its readers. Who can write that history? Who can trace the thoughts, feelings, resolutions, hopes, desires, it has awakened? Eternity will reveal all!

There is another idea just as true as the above and just as solemn. It is this: Every cause has an effect. However small the cause may be, it will be followed by some effect; and sometimes small causes produce great effects. This is a thought for Editors—for writers—for readers. What they write, print, read, touches thousands of minds and hearts, under all imaginable circumstances, and leaves its impress there in the effect; leaves it there forever! The most evanescent Newspaper, sound or silly, true or false, pure or polluting, teaches and suggests good or evil, which is eternal. Newspapers and Magazines form, at this time, much of the atmosphere in which breathe the minds and hearts of the multitude. That atmosphere is either life or death! Who is it that publishes them? Let him be brought—and judged!

We cannot think of any thing upon which, both Editors and readers, ought more deeply to reflect, than upon the truths just alluded to; and nothing that would better prepare them for the duties they owe to each other. The silent influence we are constantly exerting, ought to lead us to the most rigid self-examination; and create in us the high and holy desire of being always found in the way of the good, the true, the pure. A sacred writer once said to those who had done wickedly where they thought the effects of their sin would never come to light: "The stones shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it." The effect of every act will in due time testify to the cause; and if wicked, against the cause.

The influence that goes out from us, and our acts, will come back in echo, either of, Well done good and faithful servant: or of, Thou wicked and slothful servant! The seed we scatter will revive either in good fruits for our fulness and joy, or in tares, to burn around our heads! Resurrection!—resurrection of all that is good, and of all that is evil, is a sweet—a bitter idea! It may be sweet, let us make it so. It may be bitter, let us guard against that.

We believe that, in the light of these reflections, a vast amount of the newspaper and magazine literature of the present time stands condemned; and that it is daily going out over the world to gather vipers for the bosoms of those who send it forth. We are neither afraid, nor ashamed to speak solemnly on this point. We wish to impress ourselves, and our readers, deeply with the responsibilities which this view of things involves. We wish it understood by all, that the Guardian aims at fulfilling a higher mission than to float in the current, and make a joke of life's momentous interests. We are in earnest when we profess that our magazine is "devoted to the HIGHEST interests of the young."

Devoted to the young! What a field! It is but a little while, and all will be in their hands. The Church, the State, the School, the Press, will soon be entrusted to them—and we shall be dead! From this consideration it is easy to infer what kind of influences ought now to mould the young. Something different from newspaper jokes, and magazine air-castles, is needed. The very intellectual taste which can be satisfied with such food is the most fearful prophecy of coming disaster.

To what fearful prostitution has the popular press descended! Examine the common newspapers; few of them that do not, in each number, contain some vicious anecdotes, some vulgar allusion, some profane expression, some paragraph burying a germ of deadliest error. Then look into the advertising columns of our city, and even some county papers; they are lined with cards and announcements of the most arrant quackery, humbuggery, and imposition. These advertisements are there because they are paid for, without any reference to the disastrous influence they are exerting upon the unwary and inexperienced thousands. Even some magazine which claim to regulate fashion and taste for the million, are condescending to wood-cut caricatures of man, bird and beast; and for the amusement of their readers, "change the truth of God into a lie!" The very boldness which the periodical press assumes, has to a great extent hushed criticism, and induced a silent acquiescence in the evil, even when it has not carried the judgment captive.

Against all this we go to war, though it be but with a shepherd's sling. Though our voice undulates but in a narrow circle, and may seem to make but little impression upon the coat of mail which covers the pocket and policy of an irresponsible age, we will not cease, in the presence of the young who come within reach of our influence, to cry against it, "God shall smite thee, thou whited wall!" We do it with courage and comfort in view of the principles alluded to, that every cause must have an effect, and that some small causes have great effects. Truth is generative, we know; and, if what was but a promise once, became in its effect much and mighty as the sands and the stars, we have much reason to hope our feeble efforts will gather their sheaves. Behold our pattern: "When Jesus spoke, his words thrilled on the air a very short time; and yet there was an everlastingness in them, which an angel would have known at once. What the Pharisees thought was only gentle breath did outlive their boasted temple, as some of them lived to know; and will survive the very earth, as we live late enough to be sure of. In Galilee and in Jewry, many centuries ago, there were low sounds on the air for little spaces of time; but there were ears through which they proved to be doctrines and revolutions, and the coming of the Kingdom of God on the earth! Things are not always what they seem, even to all men."

So many of our thoughts, reader, now are yours. Adieu! then, till we meet again at the close of another year—or higher! In the meantime the Guardian enters upon another year, cheerfully, hopefully, earnestly, believingly.

BE ACTIVE.

None are supinely good; through toil and pain,
And various arts, the steep ascent we gain;
This is the scene of combat, not of rest,
Man's is laborious happiness at best,
On this side death his dangers never cease,
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE BIBLE.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

THE word BIBLE means Book. The Bible is *the* Book. "Bring me the Book," said Walter Scott on his death-bed. "What book," inquired a friend. "Bring me *the* Book—the Bible—there is only one Book!" So said a dying man who had himself written a half hundred of books.

The Old Testament was written in Hebrew; the New in Greek. The first book is called Genesis, which means "production," because it begins by telling how all things were produced. The second is called Exodus, which means "going out," because it describes how Israel went out of Egypt. Leviticus is so called because it gives an account of Laws for the Levites. Numbers is so called because in the beginning of the book there is an account of Moses numbering the Israelites. Deuteronomy is a Greek word, which means "the law the second time," because in it Moses repeats, at the close of his life, all the laws he had before given them. The names of the rest of the books are easily known.

Long before the Saviour appeared, the Old Testament was translated into Greek—that translation is called the Septuagint, a word which means "seventy," because it was made by seventy, or rather seventy-two men. The Vulgate, the Latin version in use in the Roman Catholic Church, is a translation from the original Hebrew by St. Jerome. The Old Testament was translated into Arabic about the year A. D. 900, by an Arabian Jew named Rabbi Saadiah. Part of the Bible was published in Persian in 1546. A Turkish New Testament was published in London in 1666. They had a translation of the Bible in their own language as early as 450. The Georgians had a translation of the Bible in MSS. quite early; it was printed in their tongue in 1743. A Bible in Russian was published in 1581.

The most ancient German translation was made by Ulphilas, bishop of the Goths, about A. D. 360. A version, without any author's name, was printed at Nuremburg in 1477. Luther translated and published the Bible in parts between the years 1521 and 1532. The Bible was translated into Polish, by a woman, about the year 1400. It was published in Bohemian in 1506. In Swedish in 1534. In Danish in 1550. In Dutch in 1548. In Italian in 1471. In French in about 1160.

Portions of the Bible, as the Psalms, were translated into the English as early as the year A. D. 709. Soon after this the

whole of it was translated by the Venerable Bede. The whole Bible was translated into Anglo-Saxon by order of King Alfred; he himself, about A. D. 890 undertook to translate the Psalms, but died before the work was done. John Wickliffe, the first English Reformer, rendered the whole Bible, including the Apochryphal books, into English from the Latin, between 1360 and 1380. Many persons were burnt for reading Wickliffe's translation! The English language has much changed since this good man translated the Bible into it. We will give our young readers a specimen of it. The following is the Lord's Prayer:

Our Fadir that art in hevenys; halewid be thi name. Thi Kyngdom come to, be thi will done in erthe as in hevene. Give to us this day our breede our other substaunce. And forgiue to us our dettis as we forgiven to our dettouris. And lede us not into temptacioun, but delyvere us from yvel. Amen.

The first printed translation of the New Testament in English was made in 1526, by William Tyndale. He also began to translate the Old Testament, but was arrested by the authorities before he finished it. We ought to remember with gratitude the bitter sacrifice he made in this good work. He was strangled, and afterwards his body was burnt! He prayed with his dying breath, like his Saviour, for his enemies. His last words were: "Lord open the King of England's eyes!"

After the death of Tyndale, John Rogers, the martyr, (whose picture we have all seen in the Primer, with his wife and nine children) finished his translation of the Old Testament and printed it under the borrowed name of Thomas Mathews. The first printed English translation of the *whole Bible* was published by Coverdale at Zurich, in Switzerland. On the last page are these words: "*Prynted in the yeare of our Lorde, 1535, and fynished the fourth day of October.*"

After this various translations were made and published, but none seemed to give universal satisfaction, or to come into general use. At length our present English version was made as follows: King James in 1604 appointed fifty-four learned men to make a new translation of the whole Bible. Seven of the fifty-four either died or declined serving in the work, as the appointments were made three years before the work began. The remaining forty-seven were ranged into six divisions, every individual of each division translating the portion assigned to that division. Those translations were brought together; and when each company had agreed on their portion, it was laid before the other divisions for their examination and approbation.

“When they met together, one read the new version, while all the rest held in their hands either copies of the original, or some valuable version; when they observed any objectionable passage, the reader paused till they considered and agreed on it.” They met at Oxford, Cambridge, and Westminster. They commenced the work in 1607, and finished it in three years. It was published in 1611. This is evidently the best translation of the Bible in existence. How could it fail from being correct when such care was taken in its preparation. Let us be thankful that we have, in our own language, the pure word of God.

In translating from one language into another it is always necessary to supply words to make the sense clear. These supplied words are put in *Italics* in our English Bibles, that the reader may see which they are. They are generally merely connecting words, or words which do not change the sense, nor add to it but only make it more plain. Of this any one can convince himself by opening the Bible anywhere and reading, omitting the words in italics.

The Bible was not divided into chapters till the year A. D. 1240; it was done by Hugo de Sancto Caro, a Dominican Monk; he did it in order to make reference to any part more easy, as he wrote a Commentary on the Scriptures, and projected the first Concordance. Hugo did not divide it into verses, but placed the letters of the alphabet along the margin at an equal distance from each other to facilitate references to small portions of the Bible. It was divided into verses, as we now have it, by a Jewish Rabbi named Mordecai Nathan, about the year 1445.

Having said so many things to you, dear reader, about the Bible, permit me to tell thee only one thing more: It is able to make thee wise unto salvation!

BLESSED BE THY NAME.

BLESSED be thy name forever,
 Thou of life thy guard and giver;
 Thou can'st guard the creatures sleeping,
 Heal the heart long broke with weeping;
 God of stillness and of motion,
 Of the desert and the ocean,
 Of the mountain, rock, and river,
 Blessed be thy name forever.

Thou who slumberest not, nor sleepest,
 Blest are they thou kindly keepest;
 God of evening's parting ray,
 Of midnight's gloom, and dawning day,
 That rises from the azure sea,
 Like breathings of eternity;
 God of life! that fade shall never,
 Blessed be thy name forever.

THE TWO ROADS.

It was New Year's night. An aged man was standing at a window. He raised his mournful eye toward the deep blue sky, where the stars were floating like white lilies on the surface of a clear calm lake. Then he cast them on the earth, where few more hopeless beings than himself now moved towards their certain goal—the tomb. Already he had passed sixty of the stages which lead to it, and he had brought from his journey nothing but errors and remorse. His health was destroyed, his mind vacant, his heart sorrowful, and his old age devoid of comfort. The days of his youth rose up in a vision before him, and he recalled the solemn moment when his father had placed him at the entrance of two roads, one leading into a peaceful sunny land, covered with a fertile harvest, and resounding with soft sweet songs; while the other conducted the wanderer into a deep dark cave, whence there was no issue, where poison flowed instead of water, and where serpents hissed and crawled.

He looked toward the sky, and cried out in his agony: "Oh youth return! Oh my father, place me once more at the entrance to life, that I may choose the better way."

But the days of his youth and his father had both passed away. He saw wandering lights floating far away over dark marshes, and then disappear—those were the days of his wasted life. He saw a star fall from heaven and vanish in darkness. This was an emblem of himself; and the sharp arrows of unavailing remorse struck him to the heart. Then he remembered his early companions, who entered life with him, but who, having trod the path of virtue and of labor, were now happy and honored on this New Year's night. The clock in the high tower struck, and the sound falling on his ear, recalled his parents' early love for him, their erring son; the lessons they had taught him; the prayers they had offered up on his behalf. Overwhelmed with shame and grief, he dared no longer look towards that heaven where his father dwelt; his darkened eye dropped tears, and with one despairing effort he cried aloud, "Come back, my early days! come back!"

And his youth *did* return; for all this was but a dream which visited his slumbers on New Year's night. He was still young; his faults alone were real. He thanked God fervently that time was still his own, that he had not yet entered the deep, dark cavern, but that he was yet free to tread the road leading to the peaceful land, where sunny harvests wave.

Ye who still linger on the threshold of life, doubting which

path to choose, remember that when years are passed, and your feet stumble on the dark mountain, you will cry bitterly, but cry in vain—"Oh youth, return! Oh give me back my early days!"

NEW YEAR.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

ANOTHER year is gone! Ah! did we not know it would come to an end! We saw the daily—nightly—movements of the planetary heavens which revolve in their grand cycles above us age after age, and

In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who, out of darkness, called up light,

This "dread magnificence of heaven," ever changing and yet ever the same, is the horology of the great Eternal—the vast time-piece by which He measures ages for all his creatures. It has a dial-plate upon each planet, and a bell! Behold on ours the gnomon stands to the striking point! Hark!—count, as it rolls the solemn dirge-sound of the departed year over our hearts.

As if an angel spoke
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
It is the signal that demands dispatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss—
A dread eternity! how surely mine!

Did we not know the year would glide away? On our mantle stood the clock, with its silent swinging pendulum, with its ever-moving hands, and with its solemn tick! tick! tick! It was measuring not only our days, and hours, and moments, but our lives. At every tick there dropped one of life's sands—and life was less!

We take no note of the movements of time, because it moves so silently. Poets have well said that it steals life away. The scriptures have well said that it is like a dream; when one awakes he knows not how long he has dreamed. Quietly one moment hands us over to the next, which is not the next, for

another still receives us. When we would arrest a moment to examine it, behold it is gone, and another has glided gently into its place.

Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft.

But what changes follow in its silent wake! We grow old. We grow gray. We grow better. We grow worse. Childhood recedes. Old age, the grave, our account, and our fixed, eternal condition, are ever nearer to us. The next breath may lift the mystic curtain, and—behold all that we hope for or fear!

Now that the year has closed, do we look back to review it? What a checkered scene of joys and sorrows, of hopes and fears, of follies and sins, of meetings and partings, makes up the landscape over which we now cast a retrospective look. Who can record the fortunes and the fate of the million, as they crowd together—and often against each other!—over the plain of life? Their lives have been as various as their faces. Their good and their evil have their different shades like the landscape of autumn. No two tears are alike in bitterness, no two groans have the same music, no two smiles show the same features of light and love.

These reflections are not sad—we protest, they are not sad. Change, tears, death, are not evils in themselves. They are only evils to the evil. They are only sad to the sinful. They are only dark to those who see not the light that dawns with joyful promise beyond them.

CHANGE—it is but progress into a higher sphere. It is but the decay of what ought to die. Is the lily sad because it changes in growing, and puts on new beauty in every change! Is the butterfly sad, because it has changed from a vile, worm-like larva to a golden-winged inhabitant of the upper air? And shall we be sad at change, when it is but the old passing into the new, the lower into the higher, the partial into the perfect.

TEARS—they are lenses in the eye, which enable us to see farther into the hidden heavens. Tears water the germs of an endless life in us, if they flow as “godly sorrow.” The light reflected from these sacred drops, gives color to the rainbow of promise—the brightest against the darkest skies. The landscape looks loveliest when suffused with dew; and when the sun arises a thousand drops sparkle upon blade and bloom, and when they pass away they leave a new glow of life and beauty in the place where they perished. Similar is the effect of tears. They wash the eyes and brighten our vision. Besides, prophets are they, proclaiming, like dew-fall, that it will soon be morning.

DEATH—death is only death when viewed from the mortal side. When viewed from the eternal side it is *birth*! Death in us, as in flowers, is but the falling of the petals, that the fruit may grow in its place.

Gently—so have good men taught—
Gently, and without grief the old shall glide
Into the new.

Death is only a terror to the terrible. To the good it is life. It has its sorrow or its joy, not from itself, but from us, and from that it takes us to. Thousands have welcomed it—smiled at its appearing, and gladly gone at its beckoning to the land where they change not, weep not, and die no more.

Were these evils in themselves, it would not be written that the Saviour passed through changes—that he wept—that he died. O you, whose eyes are now on this page, and whose thoughts are now with mine, if you are not reconciled to change, tears and death, you are not reconciled to God—you are not willing to be born into a higher life—you yield not in sweet submission to the Father's drawings upward—and it is not a prayer when you say: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven!"

New Year—change—tears—death! so have our thoughts run; but, we repeat, not sadly. This is the victory which overcometh the world, even our faith. Our thoughts wander back over the wrecks of the Past, like green, blooming vines over doleful ruins, themselves no part of what passes away. We look around upon the Present serenely, and see dying what ought to die, and living what ought to live. We look into the Future!—Oh it is the realm of hope. It hath a glorious harvest to them that sow. With heart turned up to Thee, believingly, O Father, we pass from the Old upon the threshold of the New Year. It shall be better!—yes, it shall be better than the Old. Change, tears, perhaps death, will make it better. O, adorable Saviour. it shall be better!

SWEET Childhood, thee no rankling woes pursue,
No forms of future ill salute thy view,
No pangs repentant bid thee wake to weep,
But halcyon peace protects thy downy sleep,
And sanguine Hope, through every storm of life,
Shoots her bright beams, and calms the internal strife.
Yet e'en round childhood's heart a thoughtless shrine,
Affection's little thread will ever twine;
And though but frail may seem each tender tie,
The soul foregoes them but with many a sigh.

THE LITTLE GIRL'S GOOD MORNING.

BY MARY IRVING.

"OH! I am so happy," the little girl said,
As she sprang like a lark from the low trundle bed;
"'Tis morning, bright morning! Good morn, papa!
Oh, give me one kiss for good morning, mamma!
Only look at my pretty canary,
Chirping his sweet good morning to Mary!
The sunshine is peeping, straight into my eyes—
Good morning to you, Mr Sun, for you rise
Early to wake up my birdie and me,
And make us as happy as happy can be."

"Happy you may be, my dear little girl,"
And the mother stroked softly a clustering curl—
"Happy as can be—but think of the One
Who awakened, this morning, both you and the sun."
The little one turned her bright eyes, with a nod—
"Mamma, may I say good morning to God."
"Yes, little darling one, surely you may—
Kneel as you kneel every morning to pray."

Mary knelt solemnly down, with her eyes
Looking up earnestly into the skies;
And two little hands were folded together,
Softly she laid on the lap of her mother;
"Good morning, dear Father in Heaven," she said;
"I thank Thee for watching my snug little bed;
For taking good care of me all the dark night,
And waking me up with the beautiful light;
Oh, keep me from naughtiness, all the long day,
Blest Jesus, who taught little children to pray."

An angel looked down in the sunshine and smiled;
But she saw not the angel—that beautiful child.

NUCLEUS OF A LIBRARY.—At a supper given to John P. Hale, at Cleaveland, Ohio, he related, as a fact for the encouragement of young men, that a few days before, he was in Boston, and was introduced into a large room, so filled with books, that there was not vacant room enough for a "New England Primer." A lady asked him if he would like to see a "nucleus" of the library. He replied, yes. She showed him a Latin dictionary, purchased by the owner when a boy, with money obtained by the sale of blue berries. The owner was the son of a farmer, and commenced his library in that way. He is now familiar with the languages of the past and present, a man of thought, and that man is Theodore Parker.

MARY GRANT;

OR A SISTER'S INFLUENCE IN THE FAMILY.

BY REV. S. H. REID.

It is a very common remark, but a very true one, that we all have an *influence*. There is not a man or a woman living, but exerts some influence over the minds of those with whom they associate. Such is the position which we occupy in the world; and such are the relations which our Maker has instituted between us; and such is our mental and moral constitution; that the conduct of every man, whether he be rich or poor, prominent or obscure, is followed with momentous consequences.

And this is a human characteristic over which our wills have no binding control. It is a something which we cannot beget or destroy at our pleasure. This is a fact in our history which *will* connect itself with our conduct, whether we desire it or not; and the streams of which, *will* flow out upon society, and the world, and we cannot prevent them.

If now our moral habits be loose, and our moral principles be corrupt, and our practises be vicious, our influence must be most lamentably pernicious and destructive. We will be a moral pest to society; and by the force of our example, and our unguarded words, we will "destroy much good."

If, on the other hand, our virtues be established, and our principles be morally sound, and our character be religious, then our influence will be salutary; its effects will be most happy upon the minds of all those with whom we are brought into contact. We will be like a spice tree, shedding its fragrance around it. We will infuse the fragrance of our moral and religious sentiments and life, into the very heart of society; healing its diseases, and adorning it with our virtues.

The world often witnesses some most happy instances of a healthy and a moral influence. These stand out upon the sea of life, like so many moral light-houses, to guide the wandering feet of foolish man into the ways of virtue and peace. They may not be loud in their pretensions, nor make much ado in their conduct, but they are none the worse of this. For as deep water is still and noiseless in its course, and only the shallow ripple makes itself be heard; so real merit and influence are modest and quiet in their operations, and are the least disposed to boast of their virtues, or sound a trumpet before them.

In one of the oldest and most delightful vallies of Western Pennsylvania, there lives a worthy family whose name, for the present, shall be Grant. This is one of the oldest and most respectable households in that region of the State. Having early removed from an adjoining State to their now, peaceful and rural home, they have lived to grow up with the neighborhood ; to see many happy days ; and to do much good in the society of which they make a part.

The heads of this family are both pious, and are consistent members of the christian church. Having been early trained in the doctrines of the christion religion, they evince its sacred power, in the happiness they enjoy with one another ; and the religious control they possess over their own household, as well as over society generally.

MARY GRANT, the subject of special notice at this time, is a pious girl, and a most striking instance of what a sister can accomplish for the peace and happiness of a family, by a well-ordered course of consistent christian conduct. She is the eldest daughter of her father's family ; and the eldest child, save an esteemed brother, who has the honor of being the first-born of this interesting Grant family.

Besides these, there are other children connected with this family, all of which are growing up in their healthy and rural retreat ; in the enjoyment of excellent health, and the growing developments of mental and moral and religious improvement.

But much of this happy growth is dependant upon the eldest daughter of this family. Not that the mother, whose first duty it is to instil into the budding minds of her beloved offspring, the first principles of a religious life, is deficient in this respect. Not by any means. Mrs. Grant is a well-informed, good sense, devoted woman ; and does all she can for the good of her family. And it is to her early fidelity, that the interesting subject of our present notice is indebted, mainly, for her enlarged good sense, her sincere and humble piety, and her ability and disposition to make herself useful.

But the cares of a household are numerous, and occupy more time indeed, than a mother often has to give, in order to do justice to all her duties. And here it is that the good sense and filial love, and the piety of Mary Grant is seen. For, instead of leaving her mother to struggle with the whole burden of her household cares, and the training and instructing of her children, she, as the eldest daughter, having shared largely in parental care and attention in the securement and advancement of her own education ; now endeavors to repay, in a measure,

parental kindness, by voluntarily taking some of those family duties upon herself.

Accordingly, enter that family when you choose, and you will find this interesting young disciple engaged in something which contemplates the good of some one. Either the relief of her beloved parents, or the good of her brothers and sisters; or the temporal and spiritual peace of the neighboring poor. In the morning she may be seen actively and cheerfully engaged, moving like a stately matron, through the younger branches of the family, assisting in adjusting their dress, and fitting them for a timely entrance at school. After the morning's duty is over, she may be seen conferring with her mother in regard to the accomplishment of some work, which contemplates the good of the household generally. If it be necessary, she stands prepared cheerfully to enter the sphere of domestic labor, and with her own hands assists in preparing the meals of the day. For Mary Grant has too much good sense, and too much good moral character, to suppose, for one moment, that to labor is a disgrace, and that an acquaintance with culinary pursuits detracts from female credit.

But equally as much interested is this faithful sister, in the moral and spiritual welfare of her younger brothers and sisters. She has happily learned by personal experience, the importance of early religious instruction, and the necessity of early bringing the heart and life under the transforming influences of christian truth. Accordingly she exerts every power of her own mind, in instructing the younger minds around her in sacred things. Not a day is permitted to pass by, unless some wholesome lesson is taught, or some engaging illustration of christian duty is made; or some impression wrought upon the heart.

And in the evening, when the curtains of the night are drawn around us, and the hour for family worship has arrived, how careful is our young christian to see that all the members of the family are in their places, and every thing is in order, so that the devotions of the evening may not be disturbed. These exercises having come to a close, how kindly does she take her youthful charge by the hand, and lead them to their retirement, carefully, however, hearing them repeat,

“Now I lay me down to sleep,”

and then, in the deep faith of her own warm heart, she commits them to the watchfulness of that eye, that never slumbers nor sleeps.

One might suppose that a family so circumstanced, and under the constant influence of such moral and religious training, would be a heaven upon the earth; the tenor of whose peace and quietude could never be disturbed. And so it was for a number of years. Peace and family love reigned in this delightful household for years, without one adverse storm arising to mar that peace or disturb its repose.

But the best of families have their trials and troubles. Satan was permitted to enter even into Paradise, and disturb its early quietude, and finally destroy its early beauty and happiness. And there is scarcely a family upon the earth, but what has some one member at least, who is more difficult to manage, perhaps, than all the rest; and in regard to whose well-doing, a great deal of fear and anxiety are manifested.

So it was in the family of Mr. Grant. His eldest son was a young man of fine mind, and also a free, generous disposition. Indeed a great deal more so than he should have been for his own good. He was not decidedly pious; though in his heart he respected religion. And how could he do otherwise, when, for twenty years of his life, he was made to breathe a pious atmosphere, and behold the consistent and upright conduct of his Parents, and his devoted sister Mary. Still his heart was unchanged by grace; and he was styled, in the language of this world, a fine, clever young man—very good-looking, but fond of mirthful society.

In the same neighborhood of this family, there resides another family of quite a different spirit from that of the Grants. Rich and reckless, all they thought about was this world; and how they might eat, drink, and be the merriest.

In this family there was also an eldest son, who, from the force and character of his early training, bid very fair to ruin himself, and all other youths whom he might bring, unfortunately, under his control. For a long time, this young man, like a viper watching its prey, kept his eye on young John Grant, Mary's eldest brother. He longed for his opportunity, when he might be able to bias this youth in favor of his own ungodly principles and practices. And accordingly, every expedient was devised, and tried, to accomplish his purpose. Finally the way seemed to be opened, and through the influence of a sister, as heartless and impious as himself, he secured an interview with this eldest member of Mr. Grant's family. And never did serpent more carefully enfold its victim prior to strangulation, than did this young man endeavor to ensnare and fully ruin young Grant. Step by step did he endeavor to lead on the mind of

his victim, towards the vortex of destruction. He first tried to interest his mind in an innocent game at cards, in connection with his giddy sister. Then he tried the bottle, and though he found his subject rather hard to master, for the conscience of young Grant was powerfully at work, still, by degrees, a final conquest was no doubt possible. So time passed, and with its flight, went the fair fame of John Grant. For before he knew his danger, he found himself tightly bound up in the folds of his serpent-like foe, scarcely able to move hand or foot. Alas! the power of the tempter! Alas, that so many of our youth are so easily led away by his insinuating power.

But where, in the meantime, were the watchful eyes of Mary Grant and her Parents? Were they ignorant entirely of the danger which threatened their family peace and welfare? And was the wicked one permitted to blind their eyes to their present dangers, so as to be overwhelmed with destruction, before they knew it? By no means. The ever watchful and jealous eye of Mary Grant, over the conduct and happiness of her brothers and sisters, was, to a great extent, open to the dangers with which the peace of her father's family was threatened, and her own dear brother's welfare, for time and eternity was endangered. And often and carefully did she watch his conduct with a tender sister's fondest care, and when he was away, mingling with these children of Sodom, in their guilty and ruinous plays and sports andsprees, *she* was in her quiet closet, on the bended knee, endeavoring to prevail with God in behalf of her endangered brother. With filial tenderness, too, did she break the sad news of her brother's rapid downfall to her beloved parents; and then in the exercise of that good sense for which she was so much distinguished, did she earnestly request her Parents, not to bring their son to task immediately, but simply unite with her at a throne of grace in his behalf; and leave the balance of the work to herself. So much did Mr. and Mrs. Grant love their daughter, and so much confidence had they in her good sense and piety, that they readily complied with her request, and only betook themselves to earnest prayer, that the Lord might still interpose and save their first born.

About two weeks after this time, on a beautiful moonlight evening, John Grant was at home. The previous week had been spent in a very sorry and disgraceful manner; and now, conscience was working its way, and burning, like a ball of fire, in this young man's heart. Consequently, he felt like remaining at home; still once more under the eye of his tender Parents and beloved sister.

It was a solemn, though beautiful evening. Mary was there, and sat very near to John. And there were the doating Parents, and the younger children, servants and all. The hearts of these Parents were full, and so was Mary's.

Finally, the hour of worship arrived. The Father took down the well known Bible from its place, and the first passage that caught his eye was, *the Parable of the Prodigal Son*. Solemnly did he proceed to read it—his own heart almost bursting asunder. The Mother's heart, too, was ready to break. And from Mary's eye might have been seen the burning tear, wending its way down her cheek. The passage being read, they all bowed in prayer; and never was old Mr. Grant nearer heaven in his pleadings, than he was that night.

After worship, when all had retired but Mary and her brother, her soul seemed to be filled with unusual hope and longing in his behalf. She determined to hesitate no longer, but break her mind to her still dear brother, and endeavor to employ her *influence* in saving him. She kindly requested him to walk with her in the lawn. The night was so pretty, it was pleasant to be out. And as they gazed upon the white moon, and the bright stars, and the beautiful clear sky, her trembling and tender heart affectionately opened the subject of her griefs and fears. She told him all. She spoke of his early training and early instructions. She spoke of the former respect he enjoyed in society, before his late sad associations. She pointed him to the grief of their fond and tender parents, and told him to look upon their deeply saddened looks. She admonished him of the value of his precious soul, and the sin of insulting, thus, a beloved Saviour, in whose word he had been instructed. She pointed out, with great force, the evil persons who had ensnared him, and the certainty of his dreadful doom, if he continued to associate with them. And then in a most tender tone, with a heart bursting with love toward him, and eyes streaming with tears, she besought him to flee the tempter; to avoid his former associates; to exercise sincere repentance toward God, and faith in the blessed Saviour, and he would still live to redeem his character; gladden the hearts of his parents; be useful to the world, and finally be saved in heaven.

Under such pleasing and such tender solicitude, the heart of young Grant could hold out no longer. Indeed, this whole evening it had been bleeding profusely, though he succeeded until now to conceal it. But now he could hold out no longer; and freely and frankly he broke out in the following confession:

"*Mary, you have conquered! Your kindness and your sis-*

terly solicitude, completely overcome me: I can resist no longer. I am not worthy of your regard. You might very justly have, long ago blotted my name from your recollection. But thanks be to God that you did not do so. If you would have given me up I would have been a ruined man forever. I have now taken my stand, and by the grace of God I will remain here. No more will I visit that cruel family, that have been the authors of my downfall and distress. Mary, my dear sister, pray for me, that my determination may be carried out."

His determination was carried out, and John Grant became a hopeful Christian and member of the Church. Parents' hearts were made glad—and a Sister's influence prevailed!

THE DESERTED PARLOR.

BY PROF. WM. M. NEVIN.

I've closed the shutters tight and fast
And dropped the curtain low,
And on the fire fresh fuel cast,
To make it brighter glow—
To make it brighter glow, Hannah,
And cheer the parlor wide,
As it used to do, in the winter eves,
When you did here preside.

I've placed me on the sofa down
Before the heartsome blaze;
While all the things are standing round
As they were in other days—
As they were in other days, Hannah,
When you were seated by,
And the smile was on your happy cheek
And the love-light in your eye.

While on my hand I lean my head
And gently close mine eyes,
Before me all the dear ones fled
In pleasing fancy rise—
In pleasing fancy rise, Hannah,
And dissipate the gloom,
As they fill again each wonted place
Familiar round the room.

Down seated on your rocking-chair,
Beside your furnished stand,
I see you ply your needle there,
Methinks, with nimble hand—
Methinks, with nimble hand, Hannah,
While still, upon the floor,
Your eye approves our Willie's moves,
Who doth the room explore.

And, Bennie, do not bounce your ball,
For Mattie on her stool
Is going to play her music all
That she has learned at school—
That she has learned at school, Hannah,
And we will sit the while
And enter into all their sports,
That will our hearts beguile.

Ah me! the scene that it is real
My fancy will not own;
For still the silence makes me feel
That I am here alone—
That I am here alone, Hannah,
And you are laid to rest,
And Willie needs no more your care;
In slumber ever blest.

And our blythe lass that in the hall
With her brother used to play,
Or sport the shadows on the wall—
I've placed them far away—
I've placed them far away, Hannah,
Beneath their loving kin,
Who'll lead them in the narrow path
And keep their souls from sin.

My heart, I feel, is waxing sad,
And the fire is waning low,
And it will not make the parlor glad
With its former, merry glow—
With its former, merry glow, Hannah,
But still my hope is fain
That in your better, brighter home
We all will meet again.

If the love of the heart is blighted, it buddeth not again;
If that pleasant song is forgotten, it is to be learnt no more:
Yet often will thought look back and weep over early affection;
Moaning in Æolian strains over the desert of the heart.--TUPPER.

LOVE FOR ZION.

BY REV. E. HEINER, D. D.

"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts," is the joyful exclamation of every one who is born from Heaven. That the Christian loves the Church most sincerely and ardently—that he is most warmly attached to all her interests, and closely identified with them, no one can doubt who knows any thing about the great saving change.

We have thought that it might be interesting and profitable to the readers of the "Guardian," to state some of the *grounds* or *reasons* of the believer's attachment to the Church. Hear us then, dear reader, in what we have to say about "Love for Zion." There are many reasons why we should love the Church. A few only, we shall find time and space to record.

The believer is attached to the Church, because *it is the object of the Saviour's highest love.*

There is no object so near and dear to the heart of Christ, as his Church. The Saviour loves all men, indeed, as is proved by the fact that he tasted death for every man. He loves the sinner in his wanderings, and his bowels of compassion are moved towards him, as he cries in melting accents: "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" Our Redeemer loves the angels, too, those pure spirits who worship and honor him in his Father's presence in Heaven, and who, when Jesus was an exile from that world of happiness and glory which his own hand had formed, ministered to him in his temptation and agony. We say the Saviour loves the holy angels, but he loves his redeemed people much more.

Not angels round the throne,
Of majesty above,
Are half so much obliged as we,
To our Immanuel's love.

They never sunk so low,
They are not raised so high,
They never knew such depths of woe,
Such heights of majesty.

The Saviour did not join
Their nature to his own—
For them he shed no blood divine,
Nor breathed a single groan.

The Church is Christ's Bride, adorned with all the sweetness and loveliness of heaven. To him she is the fairest among ten thousand, the one altogether lovely. Listen to his words of warm, glowing affection for her. "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold thou art very fair." "O my dove, thou art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice, for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely." Thou art beautiful, O my love, as Tirzah—comely as Jerusalem. Thou hast ravished my heart, my spouse, in whom is all my delight." "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste. He brought me to his banqueting house, and his banner over me was love."

The voice that speaks these affectionate words, is the voice of Jesus, the heavenly bridegroom, and the address is made to his dearly-purchased Church—or to individual souls affianced and wedded to him in faith. Sweeter than milk and honey are the words which here flow from the lips of Jesus; and when the Bride, that is, the Church, afterwards so joyously exclaims: "My lips, O my spouse, drop as the honey-comb; honey and milk are under thy tongue;" she does so, undoubtedly, in the blissful recollection of this address of her bridegroom.

There is nothing in all the universe, that is so lovely in the eyes of Jesus, as his blood-purchased Church. Upon her he lavishes the affections of his infinitely glorious nature, and is every thing to her that she could desire. In his own Gospel, he is called Shepherd, Husband, Friend; her Prophet, Priest and King, as well as her Lord, her life, her way, her end, and is constantly represented as being her all and in all. The Church is Christ's travail, his care, his joy, his treasure, his reward. For her he humbled himself, and took the form of a servant. For her he consented to be born in a stable and cradled in a trough out of which the beasts of the field were fed. For her, he became a man of sorrow and suffered the sneers and scoffs and persecutions of the worst of men. For her, he sweat drops of blood and prayed in an agony. For her, he endured the cross, despised the shame, and suffered the malicious rage of both earth and hell. Nay more, for her he was forsaken by his Father when he hung on the cross, and a loss of whose presence caused him to exclaim in all the bitter anguish of his soul, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The Church is the travail of Christ's holy soul, and we may not wonder therefore that she is the object of his supreme love and regard.

What he has done for her has proved the depth and strength of his affection for her. The Church is engraven upon the palms of the Saviour's hands, and upon the tablet of his heart. Nothing can separate him from her, and he will be her light, her defence, her salvation, and all her great glory too, ever through eternal ages. "O, then, if I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget its cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy!"

The Christian loves the Church, *because it is the place of his spiritual birth.*

In the Bible, men are represented as being dead in sin, and averse to everything that is good. With their whole heart they hate God and love wickedness. In this is seen the necessity of conversion. As man is naturally unfit to enjoy God, either in this world or the next, he must be made a new creature, if he would be saved. The love of sin in his heart must be destroyed, and the implantation of the principle of holiness in his soul must be effected. He must be raised up from a state of sin and death to a state of righteousness and life. He must experience a complete renovation throughout his entire moral being. His views, desires, feelings, purposes, must all be changed and freed from the corruptions of sin. The very fountain of thought and desire must be purified; and from first to last, from beginning to end, there must be a radical moral change. Old things must pass away, and all things must become new.

This is what is called in the Scriptures regeneration, conversion, circumcision of the heart, being born again, being made alive unto God and dead unto the world. Wherever this change is wrought, we have the new creature, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness.

This is a most wonderful and glorious change, and can only be effected by the spirit and word of God. It is the spirit that quickeneth. Except a man be born of water and of the spirit he cannot see the kingdom of God. Our souls are purified in obeying the truth through the spirit, and we are saved by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost. The Holy Ghost only by his truth can renew and save the sinner.

And now where is it, that all this great blessedness is enjoyed by the penitent believer? Where *can* it be, but in the Church, where the means necessary to effect the great change are alone found. Hath not God placed salvation in *Zion*? Where but in the Church are found the light, and truth, and spirit of God, the means and agent for the conversion and sal-

vation of the soul? It is in the Church, and by the Church, under God, that men are enlightened, renewed, sanctified, and finally glorified in heaven. The means of conversion and salvation God has committed to his Church, and there it is that men are born into his kingdom and made new creatures in Christ Jesus. The water and bread of life are found in the Church, and if men, enlightened by the gospel, would drink and live, they must enter within the gates of Zion.

And has not this been the happy experience of him who now enjoys pardon of sin and a good hope of eternal life? Listen to him, dear reader, as he relates to you his experience, touching the dealings of God with his soul. "Once," he says, "I was a wanderer from God in the paths of sin. I was ignorant, foolish, cold, unbelieving, prayerless, Christless, hopeless. I was dead in sin and lost to happiness and God. But the word, the sweet word of God, fell upon my ear and touched my heart. It opened my blind eyes; it unstopped my deaf ears; it softened my hard heart; it warmed and won my cold affections; it overcame my stubborn will, and renewed and saved my soul. There it was, in the Church, and among the people of God, by the use of the divinely appointed means, and under the influences of the Holy Ghost, that the scales fell from my eyes, and that I was brought out of the darkness and wretchedness of sin, into the glorious light and liberty of the Gospel. There it was that the spirit first revealed Christ to me and formed him in me the hope of glory. There it was in the Church, that I first saw my Saviour by the eye of faith, and breathed out my soul in praise and rapture, while I leaned upon his breast, and felt the gushings of his loving heart for me, a poor wanderer from his fold, and one just brought back, through grace, to his sweet embrace. There, within the gates of Zion, I first drew the breath of prayer, and felt the beginnings of those joys which shall never, never have an end. And if I do not remember thee, O Jerusalem, my Church, the place where I was awakened from my long sleep of death, and born into the kingdom of God's dear Son—if I do not remember thee and love thee, let my right hand forget its cunning, and my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

Another ground of the believer's attachment to the Church is, *that it has ever been to him the place of divine manifestations.*

After a poor sinner has experienced the great gospel change, and has been admitted to membership in the family of God, he is

made the constant recipient of the Saviour's richest benedictions. There is now no spiritual good that he may not freely and fully enjoy. The satisfactions of the glorious gospel are all his, and he has no need that is not supplied. Without stint or measure, he now joyfully appropriates to himself all the good things of his Father's house. He takes his seat at the banqueting feast, and fully satisfies all the longings of his immortal nature.

He says, "often God has met me in his Church. In perplexity, in sorrow, in bereavements, in distress, in weaknesses, he has visited me in his house and blest my soul. By his preached word; by the prayers of his ministers; by the sweet, heavenly inspiring songs of praise which have swelled upon my ear; by the memorials of his love and the pledges of his never-failing faithfulness, he has assuaged my grief; dried up the fountains of my sorrow; comforted me in my bereavements and afflictions; strengthened me in my weaknesses, and turned my night into day, my sorrow into joy, and my mourning into rejoicing. Sadness and sighing have fled away, have fled away because He whom my soul loved, revealed himself to me in his Church, and caused my peace to flow like a river. It is the Church, with her ordinances and worship, that has been to me the place of banqueting, of rejoicing, of holy visions, of heavenly raptures. It is in the Church

With her ten thousand harps and voices,
Sounding aloud the Saviour's praise,

that I have caught a glimpse of the heavenly choirs, and heard the song of joy and triumph bursting from the lips of ten thousand times ten thousand redeemed and happy worshippers. It is from the Church, as from Mount Pisgah, that I have looked across the Jordan, and viewed the goodly land with all its soul-satisfying delights, and have longed for wings that I might fly away and be at rest. And I expect, moreover, to be comforted in the Church and by the Church, when the cold waters of death begin to break in upon me, and warn me that my time to die has come. Then, oh then, I expect through the Church's aid, and by my Saviour's presence, to be able to welcome death, and to sing with heavenly ecstasy, Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come. Let me go, let me go, that I may pass away to my Beloved, and enjoy those high and endless satisfactions which his love prepared for me before the foundation of the world.

Jerusalem, my glorious home,
Name ever dear to me,
Soon shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace with thee.

How, O how can I forget the Church, the place of such sweet delights, of such rapturous ecstasies, of such glorious anticipations. Oh Jerusalem, if I *do* forget thee, let my right hand forget its cunning; if I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy."

Who, now, does not see *the importance and blessedness of being in the Church*. Happy the condition of him who has been baptized in the name of the Father, the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, and who has thereby become connected with Zion. Such an one is placed in circumstances most favorable to salvation—he is in the way of being saved. The sacrament of holy baptism is of immense importance, as it introduces us, among other things, to the store-house of the bread of life, and brings us directly to the well-springs of salvation. It initiates us into the Church, where Christian nurture is enjoyed, and where we are blessed with those means, and surrounded by those influences which are so necessary to a proper training for heaven. The condition of all such is greatly to be coveted, as it secures to them privileges and blessings which are unspeakably precious and important. Thrice happy is the state of him who is a member of Zion, and who is therefore a rightful expectant of all the benefits of salvation, both in this world and that in which is to come.

Dear unbaptized reader, neglect a union with the church no longer. There is inexpressible force and meaning in the sacrament of holy baptism, and in the divinely-constituted Church, into which men are introduced by the baptism of water. Neglect no longer this sacred and important ordinance. Exercising repentance towards God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, receive this blessed sacrament at once, and commence a life of obedience to Him who has commanded us to fulfil all righteousness. Think of the glorious prospects which will then open to your view. Think of the bread of heaven, of the water of life, of the presence and enjoyment of Jesus, of the communion of saints, of the feasts of love, of the banquetings, the rejoicings, the heavenly anticipations and possessions. Think of the triumphs in death, of the glorious resurrection of the body, of the smile of approval at the judgment, of the opening of the everlasting doors, of the joyful entrance, and of the saints' everlasting rest in heaven. Think of these things, and then weigh well the importance of a connection with the Church, the place where believers in Jesus are educated for the skies, and nourished for eternal life.

And let those who are in the Church by holy baptism, learn from the foregoing, *the importance of making a faithful and proper use of all the means of grace, in order to their peace and comfort on earth, and to their final and eternal salvation in heaven.*

It is not enough to be in the Church by baptism, important as a connection with Zion undoubtedly is. We may be baptized and in the Church, and yet not saved from sin, and fitted for the enjoyment of God. Other things are also necessary for the attainment of these great and blessed ends. Having repented of sin and believed in Christ with the heart unto righteousness, we must confess the Redeemer before men, receive the holy sacrament of the Lord's Supper, regularly and devoutly attend upon the instructions and worship of the sanctuary, stately lift up the heart and voice in prayer to heaven; in a word, we must use faithfully and properly all those means and helps to salvation which God has appointed in his Church.

Oh ye baptized readers of the Guardian, how is it with you, touching these great and vital interests—the performance of these solemn and important duties? Some of you, perhaps, have never yet publicly confessed the Lord Jesus before men, nor sat with his people around the sacramental board. What mean ye, friends; what mean ye? How can you still refuse to eat and live, while the bread of life is piled up at your very door, and the Church and all heaven are giving you ten thousand hearty welcomes to it? May we not hope that you will now see your interest and your duty in such a light, as that you may be constrained to regard your church privileges as you should, and by faith in Christ stretch forth your hand to the tree of life, and, eating of its fruit and enjoying its shade, live forever? God grant it, Amen.

AT THE GRAVE OF MY FATHER!

FROM THE GERMAN OF CLAUDIUS.

LET peace around this tomb-stone be—	He fell asleep! They laid him here,
Sweet peace of God. Ah! they have laid	Soft, sweet assurance came from God,
A good man here beneath this shade;	And breathed a fragrance round the sod,
And more than good was he to me!	As balm to sorrow, and to fear.

Blessings on me he shed like dew;	And here he rests, from trouble free,
He was to me like a mild star	Till Jesus, with a smile, shall call
That shines from better worlds afar:	His dust. Ah! he was good to all—
Ah! no reward can pay his due!	And more than good was he to me!—H. H

SACRED STUDIES AMID RURAL SCENES.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

I love to breathe where GILEAD sheds her balm;
I love to walk on JORDAN's banks of palm;
I love to wet my foot in HERMON's dews;
I love the promptings of Isaiah's muse;
In CARMEL's holy grotts I'll court repose,
And deck my mossy couch with SHARON's deathless rose.

What a mine of wisdom is the Bible!—an inexhaustible mine of precious gems. The wisest and the best men have dug in it for ages, and yet its depth and width are not yet fully explored. There are veins of wealth lying deep in its pages, that can enrich the wisest of us, and of those who shall come after us. Those who have studied it longest, and know its contents best, still exclaim, each time they hang over its blessed leaves,

Ever charming, ever new!

We have fallen upon an interesting vein in this mine of blessed treasures, which we propose in a series of articles, to work for the pleasure and profit of our readers. We wish to show how, in the Bible, God reflects divine truth from the lower orders of creation, and makes them the instructors of the higher—how He inlays the natural world with spiritual truth, and thus transcribes the truths of divine revelation from the page of the Bible upon the page of nature. Animals, and fowls, and insects, and flowers, are made symbols of divine truth; and we are called upon to read in them the lessons which they are adapted to impart. It is wonderful! Man, occupying so high a position in the scale of being—man, made but a little lower than the angels, is sent to school to the Ravens, which cry unto God and are fed; to the Ants which, by their industry, shame the sluggard; to the Ox which knoweth his owner; to the Stork which knoweth her time; and to the Lilies of the field, which exhibit God's special care for all that he has made. The habits and instincts of fowls and animals, the beauty of flowers, and the fruitfulness of plants, are all made preachers of wisdom to man.

It may seem strange that God should thus select the lower orders and make them teachers of man. Yet there is reason and wisdom in this. The lower order of creation is ever to *serve* the higher. The natural world is not only the platform on which man is to live and act, it is also to administer to his wants, and contribute in various ways to the perfection of his nature and character.

Not only are the fruits of the earth to feed him, but the flowers are to speak to him, the birds are to sing to him, and all the things that he sees are to be the symbols of divine truth to him. God shows him all the realms around him, and says: "All are yours!" For man, as the Lord of this lower world,

The whole realm of nature stands,
And stars their courses move!

No wonder, then, that God writes divine teachings upon every object in nature for the instruction of man. The falling leaf, the fading flower, trees, streams, clouds and stars, are all voices of God to him.

Another reason why God teaches the higher orders by the lower is, because the lower order fulfils the design He had in view in their creation, better than the higher. The higher order is a *fallen* creation, and has thus become perverse and perverted. No doubt the lower order too has suffered, in a measure, by the fall, so that, perhaps birds, insects, plants, and flowers, are not so beautiful as they would have been, had the fall not taken place. No doubt the *curse*, which fell upon the earth, affected all that is in it, and sin, like a blight, has blasted its primeval loveliness. No doubt there is truth in the sentiment of the great Poet, that when man sinned,

Earth felt the wound; and Nature, from her seat,
Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe
That all was lost!

Yet it seems that the disorder is not so great, and so manifest in the lower as in the higher orders. It seems that the whirlwind of vengeance raised by sin, like a hurricane in nature, bore fiercest against the eminences, while the lower regions of nature lay comparatively unharmed.

Observation teaches us that, in many instances, instinct in the lower orders guides them better than reason does man. Instinct, that mysterious feeling implanted into animals and insects by a kind Providence, impels them to self-preservation, and guides them for the best. They follow implicitly the leadings of this instinctive feeling, and it always leads them right. But man often goes flatly against his reason, and pursues a course which he knows and acknowledges to be wrong and evil. Frequent allusions are made, in the scriptures, to the fact that instinct in animals and fowls, is better used as a guide by them than fallen reason is by man. "The ox knoweth his owner, and the ass his master's crib; but man doth not know—my people doth not consider." Is. 1: 3. "The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle, and the crane, and the

swallow, observe the time of their coming; but my people know not the judgment of the Lord." Jer. 7: 8.

The above passages teach plainly, that these animals and fowls do better follow the monitor and guide with which their Creator has endowed them, than does man. No wonder, then, that he sends man to them for lessons of instruction. This is the reason why, throughout the whole scriptures, the various kingdoms of nature are referred to as the teachers of man, and why animals, and birds, and insects, and flowers, have such power of silent utterance, speaking words of wisdom to those who will be wise.

It is a beautiful idea that all objects in the natural world are but divine thoughts embodied. Whatever, therefore, God has made reveals Him. If the rose or the lily, is a divine thought embodied, then, by looking into its nature, we are looking into the divine mind, for there the *image* of the flower existed before it was made. Hence when the scriptures refer to the natural world, it is only to interpret it—to aid mute nature in making itself intelligible; or rather, to express for nature what it groans to utter! When God began to give his revelation to the world, birds, animals, insects, trees, and flowers already existed, and had already those characteristics which made it possible and proper to make them representatives of the divine wisdom. As the God of Nature and of Revelation is the same, and as He formed the natural world first, He no doubt, caused a fitness to exist in the different objects in nature to be *words*, by which he might illustrate truth, and hence the various truths to be taught have been associated with these various objects in nature as their appropriate symbols. Thus, for instance, the loveliness of dove eyes existed, and was known and seen by Solomon; hence he makes dove eyes the scriptural symbol by which to exhibit the mild and tender love of the church toward her children. Nature furnished the sacred writers with great words, in order that they might represent to us those thoughts which were too great for utterance by the mere use of literal terms. Hence the book of Revelation often refers us to the book of Nature. When we would learn from the Bible the nature of the kingdom of God, it refers us to nature, and says, it is like a mustard seed, it is as when one puts a corn of wheat into the earth. The pages of the Bible are small, but the world is large, hence it sends us out to see its teachings expanded and illustrated amid the analogies, symbols, and emblems in nature. The heavens do declare the glory of God, and the whole earth is full of Him—of his wisdom, power and love.

The sacred writers manifest great wisdom in adopting this mode of teaching; and great advantages result to us from studying the Bible in its rural scenes. It makes the whole world of nature a *representation* of divine truth—a vast picture gallery of divine events and transactions. The Bible we cannot always have open before us, but nature we have. Wherever we are the world around us speaks to us through all our senses. Whatever we see or hear may be to us as a herald sent from God with messages of high importance. “This entire moral and visible world from first to last, with its kings and its subjects, its parents and its children, its sun and its moon, its sowing and its harvest, its light and its darkness, its sleeping and its waking, its birth and its death, is from beginning to end a mighty parable, a great teaching of supersensuous truth, a help at once to our faith and to our understanding.”

As the sacred writers have thus inlaid nature with divine truth, the various objects in nature are every moment standing around us as silent but earnest *monitors*, reminding us of the truths with which the sacred writers have associated them. Thus God is in nature in a sense more than poetic, for he comes down and dwells and speaks around us. Thus indeed “he is not far from any one of us!” A Pastor once preached a sermon on the words in the Song of Solomon: “I am the Rose of Sharon and the lily of the valleys,” in which he traced out the analogies between these flowers and the Saviour, of whom they are the sacred emblems; one of his members long afterwards told him that that sermon with its interesting truths came up fresh to his mind whenever he saw roses or lilies—and that these flowers seemed lovelier to him since than they ever did before. This is a practical illustration of the wisdom which God manifests in embosoming his truth in the objects of the rural world. Thus he bids us, in our meditations,

Choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove,

This kind of teaching has a still farther advantage, because it exhibits to us truth or grace in its practical effects. We hear not merely from the Bible what graces are, but we see them embodied before us. We see, for instance, how beautiful is mildness in the dove. We know that the possession of this grace will endear us to others because it endears the dove to us. We see the desirableness of meekness in the lamb. In like manner the odiousness of enmity and deceit are exhibited to us in the serpent and the adder; and we see how these traits in us will make us shunned and detested. Thus nature is to us as a mirror

in which we may examine ourselves, and in our attempts to improve our character we can have all the advantage of "practising before the glass."

We desire, in this series of articles, to conduct the reader, by God's direction, into those illustrations of divine truth which the Bible points out to us in the kingdoms of nature. We have works which treat of the Sovereigns of the Bible, the Women of the Bible, the Mountains of the Bible, and the Bards of the Bible. There is still another field open. We propose to till it; and what fruits we gather we will cheerfully share with our readers. We will begin, in our next, with THE BIRDS OF THE BIBLE.

RELIGIOUS OBLIGATIONS.

How little do we feel the obligations we owe to our Maker. Man is but a chemical organization, in a physical point of view, and yet how sublime, how majestic are all parts of this earthly tabernacle made. Each member, each organ, has its peculiar duty and function to perform; and, as a whole, the harmony that exists in their united actions, has surpassed the vilest intrigues of infidelity.

But, withal, the brute beast possesses the same similarity of organs, and members, and by a natural impulse, instinctively acts, to a certain extent, with the same force. Yet that noble part of man, the conscience—the supreme will—places him above every living being. He thinks, he acts, according to its dictates; and, with the assistance of judgment and memory, is fitted to occupy a sphere in this world, to which nothing can aspire, but the *image* of his Maker itself.

If then our position is such an exalted one, would it not be rational to infer, that this *mind* owes certain duties and obligations to its maker. Such an inference would be rational, just, and reasonable. Nevertheless man, this noble specimen of God's creation, and Christ's redemption, will frequently sink below the brute creation. Moping on the brink of a vast eternity, reckless of all obligations, reckless of all duties; and in old age, lift up his eyes, and with a sort of vanity, say within himself, "My Lord delayeth his coming." Oh, can it be that such a noble being as man can sink to such a degraded state! Alas, we daily see it. His hopes are extinguished in the dark abodes of misery and ruin, now and forever. "Treasures of wickedness profit nothing, but righteousness delivereth from death." E. K. B.

SCHOOL TEACHERS.

And oft he stroked my head with fond delight.—H. K. WHITE.

A true and faithful School Teacher deserves more at the hands of parents, than the dollars and cents which are paid him as his wages. He deserves their respect, and has strong claims on them for those various little acts of kindness which makes it so pleasant to labor for those from whom they proceed. The spirit of love toward each other must pervade the hearts of teacher and scholar, if the teaching and learning is to be of the right kind; and nothing will better bring about this result than acts of confidence and kindness from parents toward the teacher. This will enable the teacher to love the parent; and the child, observing the esteem in which the teacher is held by the parent, will learn by the example to love him likewise.

It is easy to see, that love in the teacher towards his scholars, is necessary to give him a fit interest in them. If he is treated as a hireling, he will soon feel as an hireling, and will be lead, even against his conscience, to labor as an hireling; and instead of being anxious each day, that the children should advance in learning, he will only be anxious that the sun should go down as quick as possible.

We believe there is far too little affectionate co-operation between parents and teachers in our schools. In some cases, the fault may lie with teachers, for we well remember the time when we took no pleasure in the presence of our teacher, because of his arbitrariness, and false, selfish, distant dignity—but in far too many instances, the fault lies with the parents.

It may be said that some teachers are not worthy of confidence and love. True; but such should never be elected as teachers. Happily the time is past when drunkards and men of vicious and polluting habits, can sit in such high and responsible places! It is beginning to be felt, that as teachers of children make among the first and deepest impressions upon their minds and hearts, they ought to be of pure lips, pure habits, and pure lives. Let those neighborhoods, which are blest with such teachers, render them all that attention and kindness which will make their labors successful, and their stay among them of the most pleasant character. In doing so, parents will not only fulfil a duty of gratitude to those who labor for the highest interests of their children, but will, in the end, be themselves the gainers in the speedier intellectual and moral advancement of their children.

H. H.

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MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

THE author and date of this excellent composition are not known; but it is quoted by an author in 1559, as a well known production.

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find,
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
The God of nature hath assigned!
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content to live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice;
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look, what I lack my mind supplies,
Lo! thus I triumph, like a king,
Content with what my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft,
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
These get with toil, and keep with fear
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
No force to win the victory;
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a lover's eye;
To none of these I yield a thrall,
For why?—my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more;
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store;
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
 I grudge not at another's gain ;
 No worldly care my mind can toss,
 I brook what is another's bane ;
 I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend,
 I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

I joy not in no earthly bliss,
 I weigh not Croesus' wealth a straw ;
 For care, I care not what it is—
 I fear not fortune's fatal law ;
 My mind is such as may not move
 For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have a will,
 I wander not to seek for more,
 I like the plain, I climb the hill,
 In greatest storms I sit on shore,
 And laugh at them that toil in vain
 To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill ;
 I feign not love where most I hate ;
 I lack no sleep to win my will ;
 I wait not at the mighty's gate—
 I scorn no poor, I fear no rich,
 I feel no want, nor have too much.

The court nor cart I like nor loathe ;
 Extremes are counted worse than all ;
 The golden mean betwixt them both
 Doth surest sit, and fears no fall ;
 This is my choice ; for why ? I find
 No wealth is like a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease ;
 My conscience clear my chief defence ;
 I never seek by bribes to please,
 Nor by desire to give offence.
 Thus do I live, thus will I die ;
 Would all did so, as well as I.

HUMILITY.

THE bird that soars on highest wing,
 Builds on the ground her lowly nest ;
 And she that doth most sweetly sing,
 Sings in the shade when all things rest ;
 In Lark and Nightingale we see
 What honor hath humility.

THE RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF WASHINGTON.

BY REV. E. HEINER, D. D.

THERE is no one who has shared so largely in the esteem and confidence of the American people, as GEORGE WASHINGTON. Indeed, he who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen," is the admiration of the whole civilized world. The name, and deeds, and character of Washington will never be forgotten. His illustrious career will be gratefully remembered by millions of freemen in all coming time, and his glorious christian example will be imitated by every sincere lover of virtue and the Bible. The young men of America, especially, should study well the religious character of Washington, and make it a model for their own. We have thought that a few brief extracts from authentic records, touching the pious sentiments and practises of him who has been fittingly styled "The Father of his Country," might be acceptable and useful to the readers of the Guardian generally, but particularly so to those young men who are accustomed to look over, with some degree of interest, the pages of this work. Although the fame and character of Washington may be as familiar to us "as household words," yet almost every thing concerning him may be brought again and again to the review of our minds with great satisfaction and pleasure.

There is in every Sunday School Library, or at least there ought to be, a most excellent "Life of Washington," compiled and written for the American Sunday School Union, and published by that excellent Institution, in 1842. To this "Life," and from "Sparks' Life of Washington," we are chiefly indebted for what we may here record of the moral and religious character of Washington.

RULES OF CONDUCT.

Among his manuscript School Books, there is one containing thirty folio pages, filled with various subjects written upon by himself, when only thirteen years of age; and amongst them, under the head of "Rules of Behaviour in Company and Conversation," one hundred and ten rules are written and numbered. A few of these rules are as follows: "Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation; for it is better to be alone, than in bad company." "Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust." "Use no reproachful language

against any one, *neither curse, nor revile*" "When you speak of God, or his attributes, let it be seriously and in reverence." "Let your recreations be manful, *not sinful*." Labor to keep alive in your breast, that little spark of celestial fire, called *conscience*."

That young man who will adopt, and steadfastly adhere to, such a code of rules as these for the government of his conduct when in company, may expect great peace and comfort for himself, and at the same time the high regards and sincere friendship of all who know him. Life will be passed away pleasantly, and death itself will be disrobed of some of its most formidable terrors.

HOW HE REGARDED PROFANE SWEARING.

When still a young man, and whilst commanding a portion of the British army, he applied earnestly for *Chaplains* to perform divine service among the troops, and in his orders he desired the officers "*to punish severely any man whom they should hear swear, or make use of an oath*." And when he was at the head of the American army, he gave orders to the commanding officers of each regiment to procure chaplains, and directed that all inferior officers and soldiers pay them suitable respect, adding, "The blessing and protection of heaven are at all times necessary; but especially so in times of public distress and danger. The General hopes and trusts that every officer and private will live and act as it becomes a christian soldier, defending the dearest rights and interests of his country." And after expressing his regret that the foolish and wicked practice of profane cursing and swearing had become common, and a hope that the officers would by their example, as well as by their influence, check it, he said, "And that both they and the men will reflect, that we can have little hope of the blessing of Heaven on our arms, if we insult it by our impiety and folly. Add to this, *that it is a vice so mean and low, without any temptation, that every man of sense and character, detests and despises it*."

Every well-balanced and upright mind will and must agree with Washington in all this. Profanity is certainly one of the lowest vices; and it is just as useless and foolish, as it is degrading and detestable. And yet how many young men and others are there, who daily live in the practice of this abominable and soul-destroying vice!

Another general order, issued by General Washington, in relation to profane language, and which we will transcribe in full without note or comment, is in the following words:

HEAD QUARTERS, MORES' HOUSE, }
 Thursday, July 29th, 1779. }

“Many and pointed orders have been issued against that unmeaning and abominable custom, *swearing*; notwithstanding which, with much regret the General observes that it prevails, if possible, more than ever; his feelings are continually wounded by the oaths and imprecations of the soldiers. Whenever he is within hearing of them, the name of that Being from whose bountiful goodness we are permitted to enjoy the comforts of life, is incessantly imprecated and profaned in a manner as wanton as it is shocking; for the sake, therefore, of religion, decency and order, the General hopes and trusts that officers of rank will use their influence and authority to check a vice which is as unprofitable as it is wicked and shameful. If officers would make it an invariable rule to reprimand, and if that does not do, to punish soldiers for offences of this kind, it could not fail to have its intended effect.”

GEN. WASHINGTON A MAN OF FAITH AND PRAYER.

During the session of the first Congress, of which Washington was a member, a gentleman asked Mr. Secretary Thompson, how he should be able to know Washington. Mr. Thompson replied, “You can easily distinguish him when Congress goes to prayer: *Mr. Washington is the gentleman who kneels down.*”

In one of the most gloomy periods of the Revolution, a gentleman came to him from Massachusetts. It was the late Governor Brooks. They talked of the condition of the army and of the country. Washington shed tears, and at last said: “My only hope is in God; go back to Massachusetts and do what you can to raise men and money.”

One day during the war, a countryman was passing the skirts of the woods near Washington's camp, and heard a low voice. He stopped to listen, and looking between the trees he saw General Washington engaged in *prayer*. On his return to his family, he said he knew the Americans would succeed, for their leader did not trust in his own strength, but sought aid from the hearer of prayer.

A young lady who lived at Valley Forge, told a friend who visited her after the army had left, that it was the habit of Washington to retire to a short distance from the camp to worship God in prayer.

It was his constant custom, as related by one of his nephews, to be instant in prayer. “One morning at day-break, says our authority, an officer came to the General's quarters with despatches. As such communications usually passed through my

hands, I took the papers from the messenger, and directed my steps towards the General's room. I heard a voice within and paused, and distinctly recognized the voice of the General. Listening for a moment, when all was silent around, I found that he was earnestly engaged in *prayer*. *I knew this to be his habit*, and therefore retired.

It is no wonder, surely, that the Americans conquered, when their captain was a man of so much faith and prayer. Here was the great secret of their success. Washington believed in God, and in his providence and government among the nations; and believing that his country's cause was a just and righteous one, he carried it before the Lord, and asked His aid in its vindication and support. The good man's prayer was heard; his army was victorious, and the united colonies became free and independent states.

After the proclamation of peace in April, 1783, General Washington directed "that the chaplains with their several brigades should render thanks to Almighty God for all his mercies, particularly for his overruling the wrath of man to his own glory; and causing the rage of war to cease among the Nations."

After dismissing the army and assuring them that he would recommend them to their grateful country, and in his "prayers to the God of Armies," he wrote an address to the Governors of the different States, which he said he wished them to consider as the legacy of one who had ardently desired on all occasions to be useful to his country, and who even in his retirement would not fail to implore the divine blessing upon it." He concludes his invocation in these words: "And that He would be most graciously pleased to dispose us all to do justice, to love mercy, and to demean ourselves with that charity, humanity, and pacific temper of mind, which were the characteristics of the Divine Author of our blessed religion; without an humble imitation of whose example in these things, we can never hope to be a happy nation."

On resigning his commission at Annapolis, after he had finished his glorious work of freeing his country, he delivered an address to Congress, which concluded as follows: "I consider it an indispensable duty to close this last act of my official life, by commending the interests of our dearest country to the protection of Almighty God, and those who have the superintendence of them to his holy keeping."

WASHINGTON'S REGARD FOR THE SABBATH.

During his long and useful life, Washington had a becoming

respect for the Lord's day. In making regulations for his family, whilst he was President, he *remembered the Sabbath*; he always attended a place of worship, and was not accustomed to receive any visits, except those of Mr. Trumbull, who was then Speaker of Congress, and who was in the habit of spending an hour with him every Sabbath evening.

After his final retirement to private life, it was his custom to read to his family on Sunday evenings the Bible and a sermon. Sometimes he would sit as if he forgot that he was not alone, and raising his hand, would move his lips as if engaged in prayer.

In town or country he was a constant attendant upon public worship on the Sabbath, and by his devout deportment there, proved that he went there for the purpose of worshipping God. He always acknowledged by his example, that he felt it his solemn duty to keep holy the Sabbath day, and to influence others to do so as far as was in his power.

Bushrod Washington, his nephew, when he succeeded to the Mount Vernon estate, was elected a Vice President of the American Sunday School Union, and in his letter accepting the office, he concludes thus: "The Sabbath was never violated at Mount Vernon, during the life and with the permission of its former and truly christian owner."

WASHINGTON IN THE CHURCH AND AT HOME.

Early in life he was actively interested in church affairs; was a vestryman of Truro parish, in which was Pohick Church, seven miles from Mount Vernon; he was also a vestryman in Fairfax parish, the place of worship of which was Alexandria; he had a pew in each church. On a day appointed for fasting, humiliation and prayer, he wrote in his diary, "*Went to church and fasted all day.*"

His private devotional habits were in accordance with his public life. He usually rose at 4 o'clock and went into his Library. His nephew, Mr. Robert Lewis, who was his private secretary, when he was President, said that he had accidentally witnessed his private devotions, both morning and evening; that on those occasions he had seen him in a kneeling posture, with a Bible open before him; and that he believed such to have been *his daily practice*. A grand-daughter of Mrs. Washington, who lived in the family for twenty years, wrote a letter in 1833, which contains this remark: "It was his custom to retire to his Library at nine or ten o'clock, where he remained an hour, when he went to his chamber. He always rose before the sun, and remained in his Library until called to breakfast. I never wit-

nessed his private devotions. I never inquired about them. I should have thought it the greatest heresy to doubt his firm belief in christianity."

He always, unless a clergyman was present, asked a blessing at his own table in a standing posture. If a clergyman was present, he was requested to ask a blessing before, and return thanks after dinner.

The following touching and refreshing incident shows that General Washington was *free from all religious bigotry* :

While the Army lay encamped at Norristown, he called on the Rev. Dr. Jones, of the Presbyterian Church of that village, and said : "Doctor, I understand that the Lord's Supper is to be celebrated with you next Sunday ; I would learn if it accords with the canon of your church to admit communicants of another denomination ?" The Doctor replied, "Most certainly ; ours is not the Presbyterian's table, General, but the Lord's table ; and we hence give the Lord's invitation to all his followers of whatever name." The General replied, "I am glad of it ; that is as it ought to be ; but as I was not quite sure of the fact, I thought I would ascertain it from yourself, as I propose to join with you on that occasion.—Though a member of the Church of England, I have no exclusive partialities." Dr. Jones assured him of a cordial welcome, and he took his seat with the communicants on the next Sabbath.

We might also state numerous facts in relation to Washington's benevolence and charity, and other traits of religious character, as evidence of piety ; but our space is full—the Guardian itself is not large enough to contain them.

And now, dear reader, who can doubt that the great character of Washington, as a patriot, a hero, and a statesman, was based on sound christian principles. Through all his course of trials and temptations, in adversity or prosperity, he was just, industrious, temperate, honest, generous, brave, humane and modest, a real lover of his country, and an humble worshipper of his God. Is not his example worthy of your constant and earnest imitation ?

LOVE.

There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel hath told,
 When two that are link'd in one heavenly tie,
 With heart never changing and brow never cold,
 Love on through all ills, and love on till they die!
 One hour of affection so sacred is worth
 Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss!
 And oh ! if there be an Elysian on Earth,
 It is this, it is this.

A REVIEW OF THE YEAR 1852.

BY D. WILLERS, JR.

TIME ! Time, the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless ; and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path,
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

TIME, which flies like an archer's arrow, or like a fleeting star, has engulfed the year 1852 into its dark and yawning abyss. A new year has opened its doors, and it becomes the duty of intelligent and accountable beings, to pause, and look back upon their doings and actions, during the dead year ; and to enter the new born year with good resolutions and plans for the future. During the past year, Death, the arch enemy of mankind, has hurled his shafts at many, stopping not only at the cottage of the peasants, but also at the portals of the great and noble. While the religious world laments the services of a Pomp, Stuart, Milledoller, Hedding, Chase, and other devoted disciples of their Lord and Master, the political and civil world regrets the demise of many of its most honored statesmen, orators and heroes. In our own country, the funeral requiem, chanted over the remains of the Sage of the West, Henry Clay, and the profound orator, Daniel Webster, has scarcely ceased its mournful dirge. Not only does the country mourn the loss of these great men, the two brightest stars in the American Constellation of Statesmen, but our legislative and judicial halls have been deprived of the presence and voices of a Rantoul, Sergeant, Forward, Young, and Sibley, men who rendered efficient services in their various spheres of action. Nor were Death's ravages confined alone to America. England deploras the loss of a Wellington, and France, Spain and Russia have lost some of their best Warriors and Statesmen, who have gone to that bourne from which no traveller ever returns. But we will leave this side of the picture, and take a glance at the varied events and occurrences of the past year.

The freemen of the United States have decided at the ballot-box who shall be their President, and the choice has fallen upon the unassuming Franklin Pierce, from the Granite Hills of New Hampshire. While Mexico and the South American Republics are continually convulsed by the aspirations of their military Dictators, we have again witnessed the sublime spectacles of a free people, unshocked by despotic or military interference, and uncorrupted by the evil example of other Republics, deciding

their preferences quietly and without any revolution, thus furnishing another proof that "Vox populi est vox Dei." *

The first session of the 32nd Congress, continued from the previous year until the end of August; and the second session commenced December 6th. During the last summer session, although the discussions to a great extent were of a political and private nature, a number of useful and salutary laws were passed. The last Annual Message of President Fillmore to Congress, is an interesting document, containing many suggestions which are worthy the attention of that body. On the 4th of July last, the United States celebrated the 76th anniversary of its national independence. Our country enjoys an unexampled prosperity, and is at peace with all nations of the earth. During the year our relations with England were somewhat endangered on account of the "Fishery Question," and our intercourse with Spain, in reference to Cuban affairs, rendered unpleasant, but these questions have been peaceably settled by our Government. Thomas F. Meagher, the Irish Patriot and Orator, has safely reached America, (the Asylum of the oppressed of every country) and has declared his intention to become a citizen. November 25th was observed by a large number of the States as a day of Thanksgiving to God, for our national prosperity and the preservation of the public health. During the summer and fall of the year, State Fairs and Agricultural Exhibitions were held in several States, and have contributed to elevate the standard of farming. In the early part of the year, the Mygar hero, Louis Kossuth, traversed a great portion of the United States. Everywhere he was received with unbounded enthusiasm, and the cause which he advocated, won not only the sympathy, but the "material aid" of the American people. As an orator, he has few superiors, and he has enlisted the good wishes of many in his cause. His attempts to induce our Government to abandon the time-honored views of the immortal Washington, as to our foreign policy, have (thanks to heaven) been signally unsuccessful. Since his departure for Europe, recent events in France, and the sober second thought of many of his sincerest admirers, has convinced them of the unreasonableness of his demands, and the futility of all attempts to erect Republics in Europe, at least at present.

The cause of Temperance has agitated the public mind to a great extent, during the past year. The "Maine Liquor Law" has been passed and put into operation in Massachusetts, Rhode

* "The voice of the people is the voice of God."--sometimes.

Island and Minnesota. Whatever may be the differences of opinion as regards the utility and justice of this enactment, there can be no doubt that unspeakable good will result from the agitation of the subject.

Some of the South American States have been convulsed with internal commotions, during the year 1852, but these have been healed, and the commercial relations of these States are yearly becoming more prosperous by the introduction of Steam navigation on the numerous rivers, thus introducing enlightened manners and customs, where barbarism had formerly reigned.

The discovery of Gold in Australia, has produced an increased influx of hardy settlers into that region, thus furnishing the country with an honest and enterprising population, and if reports may be believed, the day is not far distant, when they will declare their independence from Great Britain.

The affairs in Europe have to a great extent remained unchanged. France, however, is an exception. That country has again become an Empire, and its former President, Louis Napoleon, has become Emperor, with the title Napoleon III. The way to the beginning of this consummation had already been opened in the beginning of the year, by the "Coup de Etat" of Napoleon, by which he had caused himself to be elected President for ten years. After that act, gloomy forebodings, as regards the liberty of France, were entertained, and late developments have shown the correctness of these fears. Thus another instance of the instability of European Republics has been furnished, and should make the American estimate more highly the blessings of liberty which he enjoys.

In Asia, "the cradle of the human family," humanity and civilization have made progress, which is owing much to the efforts of missionaries, and the indirect influence of European power. The possessions of the United States on the Pacific, have brought us into closer proximity with Asia, and it is believed that much of the China and East India trade will ultimately be transferred to the United States. Many Chinese have settled in California; and others who had been there, have returned back, carrying with them American manners, arts and sciences. The United States, seeing the utility of a more extensive acquaintance with the Governments of the East, has sent an expedition to Japan, in order to cultivate a friendly intercourse, and make the "stars and stripes" respected and feared by the Government of that densely-populated Empire. The expeditions sent to explore the interior of sable Africa, have in a great degree proved unsuccessful, but they have opened a larger field for the spread of the Gospel, and have made new

accessions to the cabinet of the botanist, chemist, mineralogist and naturalist.

Thus it has been shown that the world in general has gone forward during the past year, in religion, civilization, learning, humanity, the arts and sciences, &c. Could we lift the veil which covers futurity, and cast a glance at the event of the new year, 1853, we would doubtless be startled at the prospect before us. This view, however, the all-wise Creator has for wise purposes hidden from us. We should therefore enter the new year with new zeal and ardor for every good and philanthropic cause, leaving the events of the new year to the guidance of an Almighty God, who rules and governs the whole universe by His infinite wisdom.

THE FOLDED NAPKIN.

BY RECK HARBAUGH.

OUR Saviour was never known to commit an unmeaning or trivial act. This is inferred from the simple fact, that even those little seemingly insignificant acts which are recorded of Him, when carefully examined, are found to be full of meaning.

If we enter the silent, solemn recess of Joseph's new-hewn sepulchre, a most touching and beautiful incident meets the heart. The crucified Saviour, when he awoke from the sleep of death, did not write with his finger upon the side of his rocky vault; he did not leave it for bright angels above to tell the gladsome news: I am not here, I have arisen. John XX: 7, says:

The napkin that was about His head not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself.

Here then we have a speechless witness of our arisen Lord. Let us gather instruction from its silent teachings; and here as ever in the devout study of the Bible, we are not left to grope in darkness. A ray of light streams down from a nail-pierced hand on high, and circling in a halo over this folded napkin, illumines the rock-bound tomb and diffuses its brightness throughout the homes of the righteous dead.

The napkin was that part of the burial clothes, which, according to the Jewish custom, was bound about the lower part of the face of the dead, as we read of Lazarus when called forth from his cave. In this case it may have been part of the clean linen clothes which Joseph bought to wrap the dead Saviour in; or we may infer from the fact of its being bound about the head

of the Saviour, that it was supplied by some one of the friends of Jesus when they took him from the cross. There were women there—Mary Magdalene and Mary the mother of Jesus—her own hands may have taken this napkin from off her sorrow-heaving breast and bound it about the bleeding temples of her dead son—the last sad act of maternal love.

To an inquiring mind two considerations would naturally present themselves:

I. Who folded this napkin?

II. Why, or for what purpose was it thus folded?

If the arisen Saviour did not that which John describes with so much minuteness, then the incident loses its chief moment; if he did, it is worth more than a passing thought that we may know the Saviour's mind.

The only persons recorded, as near the tomb on the Resurrection morn, were the Roman guard at its sealed door, vigilant women, and bright angels. No one of that Roman guard ever entered within the tomb; for no sooner did one of the twelve legions that lie encamped around that holy sepulchre, flash upon them than "they did shake and become as dead men," and when consciousness was restored them, they scattered in precipitous flight, for Mathew says "Behold! *some* of the keepers came into the city."

Nor was it done by the women, although some of them went even within the sepulchre; for Mark says, "They went out quickly and fled from the sepulchre." A folded napkin is not a thing of haste. Luke, moreover says, "When the women entered the sepulchre and found not the body of the Lord Jesus they were much perplexed." A *folded* napkin denotes composure, not perplexity. The angels did it not. Their commission was to sit like the Cherubims over the Ark and Mercy-seat, one at the head and one at the feet where the body of Jesus lay, to tell his weeping friends that he was not there—that he had arisen, and where they might find him. Did Jesus then fold the napkin? He, around whose devoted head it was bound, when they bore him, the dead Christ, to the rich man's tomb? This is all that we know of what transpired within that silent toilet chamber of the Son of God, when he burst the bands of death, triumphed over the grave, and came forth robed in living light.

II. Why did Jesus thus fold together the napkin in a place by itself? Obviously for two purposes—

I. To confound his enemies.

II. To rejoice his friends.

The napkin thus folded, or as the Greek expresses it, *rolled* together, implies the faculty or perception of order, the ability of changing the form and position of things, and of distinguishing the difference when thus changed. It denotes active, operative, effective intelligence, and therefore denotes *life*.

The Saviour was alive—had shaken off the sleep of death, and as if to be employed while the commissioned angel rolls away the stone from the door of the sepulchre, he calmly rolls together that which was about his head, and gently lays it aside, the speechless witness of his triumph over death and hell. Pilate, at the suggestion of malignant chief priests and infidel Pharisees, made sure the door with seal and watch; yet boasted Roman honor could be swoped for a lying bribe—a picked and chosen guard be made to say, “His disciples came by night and stole him away.” Jesus knew that in the wickedness of their unbelieving hearts they would seek to crucify the truth of his resurrection as they did his body, and therefore to overthrow the statement of these Roman liars, he folded together the napkin and laid it in a place by itself. Disciples nor thieves would have had time nor care for such scrupulous nicety when an armed guard lay sleeping at the door.

We have here then the *first proof* of the resurrection of Christ—a proof in itself so simple and modest; so silent and yet so expressive, so humanely divine and divinely human, that the stoutest heart comes down, and like Mary, stands without the sepulchre weeping. I can with Moses before the burning bush, hide my face and fear to look upon God; or with the terror-stricken Israelite amid the thundering and lightning, the noise of the trumpet and the smoking mountain, the thick darkness and the trembling camp—stand afar off and be still, and know that God is God; but when I contemplate the atoning Lamb, the Resurrection and the Life—within that petrean vault, in awful silence and majestic loveliness, calmly rolling together his napkin and placing aside to itself, to assure his weeping friends that he was again with them—there comes before me a scene of impressive tenderness, human kindness, heart-touching, soul-absorbing interest, far, far above all grandeur and sublimity, and equalled only at Gethsemane and the Passion.

Nor did he quit the tomb as a conqueror, flushed with victory, and eager to catch the plaudits of the admiring multitude; but that his friends may gather comfort there, he puts aside with sweet composure a part of his burial clothes—as a token of remembrance and love. As he lay aside his crown of glory in the kingdom of his Father, so now he lays aside the napkin,

that he may regain that crown more bright and dazzling with the lustre of countless souls redeemed from sin and death. He would weep no more; he no more needed a napkin; his drops of blood—his cries of anguish—his stripes and torments—all, all are left in the tomb, and going up to Olivet, the heavens open and the angel throng, whose song of “peace on earth and good will towards men,” proclaimed the babe of Bethlehem, now chant their immortal strains as he sits at the right hand of the Father. The Saviour left the napkin and the linen clothes because he would die no more. He left them that we may so learn to divest ourselves of our corruption as to be ready to meet him at his second coming.

Weep a little longer, Christian; let sorrow fill your heart, and tears fill your eyes. But look up—steadfastly up—see! a rainbow of hope and promise—it springs from the sepulchre to to the throne on high. Yet weep not, but rejoice—rejoice in the gift of all truth, and especially for the doctrine of the Resurrection. Give thanks—give thanks to Christ, THE Resurrection God.

SWEET THOUGHT.

WHENEVER we find our temper ruffled toward a parent, a wife, a sister, or brother, we should pause and think, that in some few months or years they will be in the spirit land, watching over us, or perchance that we shall be there watching over them left behind. The intercourse of life between dear ones, should be like that between guardian angels. As charming Hunt sings:

How sweet it were, if without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His eyes divine, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children who have never
Been dead indeed—as we shall know for ever,
Alas! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths—angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air—
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

NIGHT.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

NIGHT is the time for rest ;
How sweet when labors close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Down on our own delightful bed.

Night is the time for dreams ;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
Mix in fantastic strife ;
Ah ! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are !

Night is the time for toil ;
To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
Its wealthy furrows yield ;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang, and heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep ;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory, where sleep
The joys of other years ;
Hopes, that were angels at their birth,
But died when young like things of earth.

Night is the time to watch ;
O'er ocean's dark expanse,
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the homesick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care ;
Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of Despair
Come to our lonely tent ;
Like Brutus, midst his slumbering host,
Summon'd to die by Cæsar's ghost.

Night is the time to think ;
When, from the eye, the soul
Takes flight, and on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole,
Discerns beyond the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray ;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away ;
So will his followers do,
Steal from his throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for death ;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease,
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends ; such death be mine !

THE BIRDS OF THE BIBLE.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

"Praise Him flying fowl."—Ps. CXLVIII, x.

BIRDS are living, winged flowers—shining gems in the sun-lit sea of air above us. As their home is in higher realms, so they are more highly interesting, than any other part of the lower creation. Gems may shine with colors as brilliant as they, but gems cannot fly, and thus exhibit in their movements all the lights and shades of which the combination of colors is capable. Flowers may be as beautiful in tints, and as graceful in formation, but flowers cannot sing! Who does not love birds?

We all associate with some of them sweet and cherished associations of early life. How they used to sing early in the morning, in the trees around the house—how they hurried with many a chirp and flutter from stake to stake before us, as we went forth to our labor—how they swung, in mowing-time, on tall weeds or on taller swinging tree-tops—how they floated gracefully, leisurely, serenely and high in the warm blue air—how they passed in droves away over the sober landscape of autumn: and how we fancied that they formed the letters of the alphabet in flying, while we watched them till they were lost in the dim, distant blue—then dropped our eyes with a sigh which meant, Alas! they are gone, the beautiful birds!

Much of our childhood comes back with the birds that sang around the homestead. They seem like old friends, when they come for a moment near us; and when they hurry again as hastily away, it causes us to remember that other friends have flown before! We find, too, that as there is in all the world "no place like home," so there are no birds which sang so sweetly as those which sang before our window "in life's happy morning" when our feelings were young. May it be remarked by the way, we never could see either the sense, the reason, or the poetry there is in caging foreign birds and hanging them up at the door. What do *they* sing that concerns us? The heart heareth not the voice of a stranger! I would rather hear a blue-bird than a canary—I would rather hear a crow!—spirits of Fashion, how I shall be anathematized!—than a parrot. Why? Because my mother and I heard these together, before I believed that birds were truer than men; because then, too, like Ossian, "I hear a voice, pleasant and mournful, It is the voice of years gone by. They roll before me with all their deeds!"

Thus incidentally we arrive at the reason why those birds which are mentioned in the Bible are most interesting to us. They bring with them, not only pleasant, but sacred associations. They are the birds which sang in Paradise, which hovered around the tents of the Patriarchs, which cheered the Prophets in the desert, and which gave sweet response to the shepherd's song amid the scenes of pastoral peace and pleasure in the rural regions of the Holy Land.

Then, too, how many sweet and impressive teachings from God, do they drop from their wings, as they fly over us, or sit and sing around us. If the plague of the leprosy—the symbol of sin—is in any house; then shall the priest take “two birds,” one of which he shall slay, and with a hyssop-branch sprinkle the house with its blood, “and he shall cleanse the house with the blood of the bird” that is slain; “but he shall let go the living bird out of the city into the open fields, and make an atonement for the house: and it shall be clean.” What meaneth this? We know that

No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop-branch, nor sprinkling priest,

can take away the leprosy of sin; but we know that they can, and do point to ONE who can do it. As the one bird died that lepers might not die, and the other lived that lepers might live; so Christ died and lived that in death those might still live who receive the atonement.—Lev. XIV.

The bird, and the snare which the fowler lays for it, is often alluded to; and much warning and instruction are derived from it. Saints, looking back upon their previous state of danger, exclaim with joy, “Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and we are escaped.”—Ps. 124: 7. There is also allusion to the sagacity which birds show in discovering the snare, and avoiding it. Some birds are remarkably wary and awake; they think much less of their food than they do of their safety, and hence put their feet forward with caution. If young persons do the same, intimates the wise man, then the snare is spread in vain for them.—Prov. 1, 17. The prophet makes use of the same illustration to show that the greatest danger of falling into evil results from the dispositions of others to entrap us. There is in each man an instinctive love of life and its good, so that he avoids danger; but he is generally led into it by the secret allurements of such as wish to use him for their own selfish interests. “Can a bird fall into a snare upon the earth, where no gin is for him?”—Amos 3: 5. We need not, however, assume that those who ensnare

us, do it because they hate us. No; rather because they love themselves more than they do us. The fowler does not hate the bird, but he loves the prey.

We are to imitate the bird, being watchful and wary. "Deliver thyself," is the charge, "as a bird from the hand of the fowler."—Prov. 6: 5. He that is simple will suffer himself to be led blindly into danger, "as a bird hasteth to the snare, and knoweth not that it is for his life." Those sudden deaths which in so many awful cases overtake the wicked, are most impressively set forth by the same allusion to the snaring of birds: "For man knoweth not his time: as the fishes that are taken in an evil net, and as the birds that are caught in the snare; so are the sons of men snared in an evil time, when it falleth suddenly upon them."—Eccl. 9: 12.

What a delightful assurance do the Scriptures give us of God's care for us by reference to the birds. "I know all the fowls of the mountains."—Ps. 50: 11. We are invited by the Saviour, to consider the fact that God cares for the fowls of the air, as a strong assurance that he will not forget to provide for his children who are worth far more than ravens and sparrows. If he cares for the less, He will also care for the greater. The birds that chirp and sing so cheerfully around our dwellings are daily messengers to us, telling us that the kind Father in heaven has "daily bread" for all that turn affectionately toward Him.

The birds are not only beautiful, but also useful. We have not time here to point out all the various ways in which they serve man. If they rendered us no other service but their company and their songs, we could not well dispense with them. Did you ever reflect how empty the air would be, how still the grove, how lonely the fields and woods without birds. Besides all this, they teach us by their habits, and illustrate to us many divine teachings; and it is a broad command of the Saviour—"Behold the fowls of the air!" We will study farther, and more particularly this interesting portion of God's creation. We will look at them, one by one—the sacred Birds of the Bible.

THE DOVE.

ART thou the bird that saw the waters cease?

—Yes, and brought home the olive-leaf of peace;

Henceforth I haunt the woods of thickest green,

Pleased to be often heard, but seldom seen.

THE first time this beautiful sacred bird is brought to our

notice in the Bible is under exceedingly interesting circumstances. It is about the time the flood began to abate from the earth. It flies out from Noah's hand, over the waste of waters, but finds not yet a place for the sole of its foot, and at length returns to the ark, perches again upon Noah's hand, and is taken in. Again it goes forth and brings an olive-branch in its mouth—the emblem of peace. It was a fit messenger to bring to Noah the joyful testimony that God would cause his anger to subside as the floods do, and thus destroy the earth no more. The dove is a bird of peace.

There is not another bird that has such attractiveness about it as the dove. It is exceedingly neat in all its habits. It eats nothing unclean, drinks only pure water, and feeds upon the purest seeds. There is something in its very looks that wins us in its favor. "The dove is universally admitted to be one of the most beautiful objects in nature. The brilliancy of her plumage, the splendor of her eye, the innocence of her look, the excellence of her disposition, and the purity of her manners, have been the theme of admiration and praise in every age. To the snowy whiteness of her wings, and the rich golden hues, which adorn her neck, the inspired Psalmist has been supposed to allude in these elegant strains: Though ye have lien among pots, yet ye shall be as the wings of a dove, covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold."—Ps. 68: 13. Such is the difference between a sinner before and after he is washed from his sins.

The mildness, tenderness and love of 'dove eyes' are celebrated in scripture. The Church, which like a mother, regards her children with the utmost tenderness, is several times called a dove, and her influence is compared to dove eyes. Compassion beams in her beautiful and attractive countenance. "Behold, thou art fair, my love; behold, thou art fair; thou hast dove's eyes."—Songs 1: 15. The light of love which beams in the eye, is the faithful expression of that which fills the heart. Hence the Church is represented as looking with eyes mild with love towards her confiding children.

Of the blessed Saviour, "mild and meek," who would not break the bruised reed, or quench the smoking flax, and who when he was reviled answered not again, it is said, "His eye are as the eyes of doves by the rivers of water, washed with milk, and fitly set."—Songs 5: 12. Dove's eyes, which are always bright and lovely, assume a peculiar bright tenderness when the bird has washed and drank at the crystal brook. Then their eyes seem softly bright as if washed with milk, and

beautifully set, like a gem enamelled with gold. This is the symbol of Him who was holy, harmless, undefiled and separate from sinners.

Oh how benevolent and kind,
How mild! how ready to forgive!

We know that the eye is the mirror of love, as the dove is the emblem of it. Even among the ancient pagans doves were sacred to love. They represented the chariot of the god of love as being drawn by doves. How apt is the emblem. Their whiteness represents the purity of love. Their bright eyes exhibit the intelligence and tenderness of love. Their tones of mournful pleasantness are the sighings of love in absence.

There are passages in the Prophets which represent the dove as fierce and murderous, as in Jeremiah, "The land is desolate because of the fierceness of the dove—Let us go to our own people to avoid the sword of the dove—They shall flee, every one, for fear of the sword of the dove." To make such passages intelligible, and to reconcile them with what we have just said of the mild habits of the dove, it need only be remembered that the nations which warred with the Jews bore a dove on their ensigns. The fierce dove was the banner of their enemies.

The child-like simplicity, purity of intention, and gentleness of manner which characterize the dove is exhibited as a pattern for christians, and especially christian ministers to imitate. "Be ye wise as serpents, and harmless as doves," said our blessed Saviour to his disciples. "The wisdom of the serpent enables the believer to discern between good and evil, truth and error; the simplicity of the dove renders him inoffensive and sincere, that he may not deceive nor injure his neighbor."

The cooing of the dove is very plaintive and mournful; it touches the heart, and inspires us with a kind of pleasant sadness, like the music of Ossian that steals in the soft summer moonlight over "Ardven's gloomy vale." The tones of the dove are said to become still more mournful when it loses its mate; in such bereavements this bird sits alone in solitary places, and seems to be overtaken with real sorrow, and it is said that in some cases it becomes so disconsolate as even to die of grief! To this cooing of the dove as a token of deep sorrow, Hezekiah alludes when he refers back to that sickness of which he expected to die: "I did mourn as a dove."—Is. 38: 14. So also Isaiah represents sinners, who have brought on themselves sorrow at the last, saying: "We are in desolate places as de men; we roar all like bears, and mourn sore like doves Naham makes allusion to the same mournful habit of this bird

when he speaks of the desolation of Ninevah and their going forth into captivity ; they shall be led away “as with the voice of doves, tabering upon their breasts.”—Naham 2 : 7.

The dove is a migratory bird ; and thus in its return it is one of the heralds of Spring—the season of joy and love. Hence its voice is associated with the Saviour’s gracious approach to his people. When he, the sun of righteousness, has been for a time absent, it is winter in the soul and in the church ; but when He draws nigh again and smiles, it is as the breath of Spring—then his children may sing in joy and love : “Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone ; the flowers appear on the earth ; the time of singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.”—Songs 2 : 11, 12.

In the New Testament the dove appears to us as the symbol of the Holy Spirit. At the Saviour’s baptism “the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a dove upon him.”—Luke 3 : 22. This, says one, was to signify what Christ is : “I. In his own nature to them that come to him, namely meek, harmless, loving. II. In the execution of his office, even He by whom the Father is pacified, and who brings the tidings that God’s wrath is assuaged as the dove with the olive-branch did of the retiring waters of the flood. III. What he is in the operations of his Spirit upon his people, by which they are made meek, harmless and lovely as doves. The dove has an exceedingly forgiving spirit. If a breach takes place between two they are immediately reconciled again ; and they manifest their renewed love by embracing one another. It quickly forgets the severest injuries, as the spoiling of its nest, and the taking away of its young. Of a like spirit are those in whom lives the spirit of all grace.

“They let the present injury die,
And long forget the past.”

It is well known that doves go in pairs. Two seem bound to each other like Saul and Jonathan. This is the male and female. Their conjugal fidelity, and love for each other, is mentioned and praised by all writers. When they have once chosen each other as mates they continue one with each other through life. Thus they become the emblem of the marriage union, and of that still higher mystical marriage between Christ and the faithful, which the waters of tribulation cannot quench, nor the floods of death drown. The one sets the other as a seal upon its heart, so that no allurements can invade nor divide the heart. Its love belongs all to its faithful mate ; so is the Christian’s heart bound in holy jealousy to the Saviour and to his Church.

This explains the strong language in the Songs of Solomon: "My dove, my undefiled is but one; she is the only one of her mother, she is the choice one of her that bare her."—6 : 9.

It is said that one kind, namely, the black dove, after the death of her mate, continues in a widowed state for life, and the turtle-dove, as already mentioned, often dies of grief for her companion. Having lost her companion, the world seems dreary and desolate. She sits in lonely places and calls mournfully for the one who returns no more to her side. Yet still she calls and the woods mourn in symphonious echoes for the departed songster. Perhaps she fancies that her mate has hidden and hears, but being displeased, will not come. This may serve to explain the earnest and affectionate language which the forlorn Church addresses to her absent spouse. "Oh, my dove, that art in the cliffs of the rocks, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice and thy countenance is comely."—Songs 2 : 14.

The dove is a great home-bird. It loves its own grove beyond all other localities; and when it is tamed it is so attached to its homestead, that if it is carried away many miles it will seek its way home. On account of this habit it has become useful in the way of carrying letters. When one of the family goes away from home he takes a dove with him, and when he wishes to communicate anything to those left behind, he ties a letter round the neck of his dove, and it is carried, as news from a far country, more speedily and more faithfully than the mail! It seems that this use of doves was known very early; and there is no doubt an allusion to this in Ecclesiasties 10 : 20, "Curse not the King, no, not in thy thought; and curse not the rich in thy bed chamber; for a bird of the air shall carry the voice, and they which have wings shall tell the matter."

The dove, no doubt, because like the lamb it is so gentle and innocent, was early offered in sacrifice as a sin-offering. Lev. 22 : 6-8. Those who were too poor to offer a lamb were permitted to bring two doves. Mary, the mother of Jesus, brought as a thank-offering for her first-born, "A pair of turtle-doves!" Oh! what thoughts crowd upon us now! He who was Lord of all, and made an offering for all, is presented at his birth with the sacrifices of the poor! But they are doves—beautiful, meek, mild and loving doves. In this we rejoice, for they are embodied prophecies of good things to come.

As it was difficult for those who came from remote parts of the holy land to bring doves with them, the priests permitted the selling of these birds in the holy place of the temple; but

the Saviour declared this a profanation of the sanctuary, and hence on one occasion he "began to cast out them that sold and bought in the temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the seats of them that sold doves."—Mark. 11: 15.

Such are the religious teachings associated with the habits of this Sacred Bird of the Bible. Let us think of them, whenever we see it sit in the grove, lonely like a prophet, and hear its solemn tones, which seem so like voices from a far-off land, calling the wanderer home.

DREAMINGS.

BY WILLIE H. EGLE.

I've been dreaming, I've been dreaming, Where the care-worn and the restless,
 Dreaming all this weary day, Restless of this weary life,
 Dreaming, too, bright, glorious visions Ceaseth from their earthly labors—
 Of a land that's far away. Resteth from their toil and strife.

Where the sunshine's ever glinting— Where sweet music gently stealeth—
 Glinting down on streets of gold, Stealeth on th' enraptur'd ear,
 Where the youthful glow and vigor Earthly songs were never sweeter
 Never paleth or grows old. Than those strains immortals hear.

Where the sunny ray is holier— Fragrant is the perfume wafted—
 Holier far than 'neath the skies, Wafted from the fadeless flow'rs,
 For the glory of his righteousness Which would take the senses captive
 Gleameth up in Paradise. In this changing world of ours.

Where the lovely angel chanteth— O, 'tis glorious this dreaming!—
 Chanteth the undying song, Dreaming weary life away,
 Joined by the countless thousands For I think that heaven is nearer,
 Of the blessed saintly throng. And I hear what angels say!

Still I know the path is rugged—
 Rugged, thorny, steep and long,
 Yet I'll hope thro' all my dreamings,
 Cheering life with Love and Song.

WAPELLO, IOWA, Nov., 1852.

A VICTIM OF THE DANCE.

BY SIGMA.

SOME time since a dance was held in the rural village of B., situated in one of those beautiful vallies in the interior of our State. On the evening appointed, a number of young ladies and gentlemen assembled in the Ball Room of the village Inn. Among them was a young man of about seventeen, who had been persuaded, rather against his will, as it seems, to be one of the party. As the room was closed and crowded, the exercise of dancing threw the young men to whom we have alluded, into a state of perspiration and exhaustion. In order to recover himself from this state, he left the room; but remaining too long exposed to currents of fresh air, he became completely chilled. From this time on he was more or less unwell, and in a few days he became seriously ill and sent for a physician. The physician came; but could do very little to relieve him. The resident minister of the place, learning his illness, called to see him, and exhorted him to attend to the salvation of his soul, and seek an interest in Christ, but with little apparent effect, at least at the time. Another physician was now called in to see the patient, who pronounced his case hopeless and beyond the reach of medicine. The young man became alarmed at the sudden prospect of death and eternity, and desired to see the minister who had called to see him before. The minister came and conversed with him, pointed him to the "Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world," and told him that his only refuge was in him. The young man now seemed to feel his sins and be truly penitent on account of them. He expressed great sorrow and regret that he had ever taken any part in the dance, and called his young companions to his bedside, and entreated them never to engage in it in the future. He told them that the cause of his death was that evening's dancing.

The means employed for the young man's recovery proved fruitless, and in a few days his earthly career was ended. He died thus a victim of the dance—a warning to all who engage in this forbidden pleasure.

And is it not strange that notwithstanding all the warning that meets us from every direction, any one should still engage in this vain and unprofitable amusement. How is it possible that persons, even professors of religion sometimes, can be so infatuated? This young man, in all human probability, owed

his death to his being engaged in dancing. But this is not all; nor is it the worst—would that it were. If dancing resulted only now and then in physical death, it might, along with other evils, be patiently endured. But how many thousands owe their eternal ruin to a passion for dancing. Nothing scarcely can be conceived of, that so robs those who engage in it of all seriousness and soberness, as the dance. The votaries of this pleasure are perfectly spell-bound, and no consideration seems to be strong enough to make them relinquish their favorite amusement. Indeed there have been instances, in which the dance was continued even after one of the party had died almost on the floor!

As an evidence of the infatuation that must take hold of the votaries of this amusement, we need only state, that in Paris during the French Revolution, 1800 Balls were held daily; the object of which was to make them forget their misery. They even went so far as to dance in church-yards, over the very graves of their ancestors! Then too, nothing so unfits persons for serious employment, or for the discharge of religious duties as this practice. Who was ever found on his or her knees, after spending the night in a Ball Room? Who would ever think of asking God's blessing upon such an occasion? Who would imagine that he could engage in this amusement to the glory of God? And yet the word of truth tells us: "Whether ye eat, or whether ye drink, or whatsoever ye do, do it all to the glory of God."

It is often asked whether dancing be right or wrong? And a great many arguments may be advanced *pro* and *con*. Those in favor of dancing, think they have silenced all objections, when they call it an innocent, harmless amusement. The truth however is, its innocence and harmlessness are only apparent; on a closer inspection they all vanish away. "The practice is almost always made subservient to mere sensuality, and stands connected with various sorts of dissipation." Its tendencies—and a thing ought always to be judged by its tendencies—are almost always bad, and in view of these, it ought to be discouraged by all serious and sober-minded persons.

I will present my readers with a test by which the moral character of dancing may be tried. Suppose some one would tell you that the Apostle Paul had danced, or that your minister, whom you reverence as a holy man of God, had danced, what kind of impression would this make on your mind? Would you believe it? Well now if dancing would have been wrong in Paul, or if it would be wrong in your minister—if

your moral sensibilities would be shocked at the mention of such a thing—think you it would be right in *you* to dance? Does not the same moral law and the same rule of right, bind you, that binds others—ministers of the Gospel, &c. It seems to me, that it is pretty good evidence, that a thing would not be *right* in ourselves, if we feel it to be *wrong* in others.

Shun, therefore, the bewitching influence of the dance. Shun it, not simply because it might prove injurious to life and health, but shun it, because it tends to destroy the soul. Even a heathen writer said, that “no sober man dances.” And perhaps if the intoxicating bowl were not one of the invariable adjuncts of the Ball Room, there would be much less dancing than there is. Above all, let not Professors of Religion dance. A christian who was once asked to engage in dancing, gave as a reason for his refusal, that he would not like to be called, to meet his blessed Saviour, from a Ball Room. Reader, would you like to be called to your account, from a Ball Room? I think not.

THE FLOWER.

BY SPERO.

WHAT a volume of thought and feeling,
Is contained in the simple flower,
While its radiant bloom is breathing
The sweet perfumes from every bower.

As the lightnings of heaven delight,
Or thunders which startle eternity,
Are typical of God's anger and might,
So is the flower of His purity.

It is fraught with lessons of power,
To bid these forms of gloom and wrath,
Its own inalienable dower,
Be heaven-bright shapes along our path.

The dewdrop which at morning's dawn,
Rests upon the half-opened flower,
Is like the tear of joy that's drawn,
From happy eyes in rapture's hour.

To him who sits enthroned on high,
Whose voice can cause the gentle streams to flow,
Who built the arches of the starry sky,
Who raised the hills, and laid the vallies low—
Belongs this great and mighty power
Of forming this sweet blooming flower.

MARY GRANT,
IN THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

BY REV. S. H. REID.

The influence of Mary Grant, is not confined to her own immediate family connections. Sympathizing as she does with her own family interests; and laboring, as we have already seen, for the intellectual and spiritual good of her Brothers and Sisters: she possesses also, a fellow feeling in behalf of her race, and shows this feeling in the interest she manifests in behalf of her neighbors and their children.

In her childhood she was introduced into the Sabbath School. There, as might be expected, she showed a very commendable degree of attention and diligence. Regular in attendance, punctual as to time, always showing marks of great respect and affection towards her Teacher, she soon endeared herself to that Teacher, and thus laid the foundation of an acquaintance and fellowship, which nothing but death could, and did, separate.

This young disciple also showed a great interest in the *duties* which were imposed upon her in this connection. Her lessons were always studied with the greatest care and diligence. The Bible was her delight. Its various and numerous verses were memorized with much care and retention; and early did she evince a familiarity with the spirit and force of its teachings.

With great pleasure too, and profit, did Mary Grant receive the instructions and comments and admonitions of her beloved teacher and guide. It was not an unusual thing for her young heart to open itself at such times, when deeply impressed with the power of Christian truth and the claims of the beloved Saviour, until her eyes wept tears of contrition, and the swellings of her heart showed plainly that the truth had found a resting place there.

Equally as much was her mind interested in, and impressed by the well selected books which the library of her school contained. These were read with the same characteristic care and attention which were so observable in all her other duties and conduct. The careful perusal of her book, crowned the labors of her Sabbaths, and the evening's exercises.

It might be very reasonably supposed, that a youth thus trained and taught, would, in turn, and in time, be very efficient as a teacher also, of other youth. And this we find is

the case, to a very great and happy extent, with the subject of this sketch. She is, at this very time, one of the most efficient, devoted, and successful Sabbath school teachers, which the cause can boast any where. Her whole heart seems to be in the work. Full of zeal, tempered by modesty and a well cultivated mind, she moves along day by day, laboring for her Saviour's honor and glory, and the good of her fellow beings. Her piety is of the most trusty and praiseworthy kind. It does not consist of occasional out-bursts of intemperate zeal for God's glory and the good of souls : and then a cold relapse into an icy indifference to all religion and the paths of usefulness. Her mind being under the directions of christian truth, and her heart under the control of this direction, she may be likened to the busy Bee, *always* storing up the honey of a useful and fruitful life.

The results of her influence in the Sabbath School have already been very considerable. She has been instrumental in drawing from the dens of degraded society, several forsaken and forlorn youth, who have been clad in decent apparel by her own zeal and benevolence, and now bid fair to make useful and worthy citizens. Other objects of her care respect her with the fondest feelings, and look upon her as the instrument of their present religious attainments and hopes.

Permit us, in conclusion, to contrast the life and conduct of this worthy subject of our present notice, with the conduct of many of her own sex; and especially those who devote their time and their talents and their means, to the decoration of their persons, and the gratification of a false taste for pleasure and earthly enjoyments. What are these daughters of fashion and folly worth? What are they fit for? To spend money for that which is not bread, and their labor for that which satisfieth not. To involve their toiling Parents in debt, and drive their homes to the sheriff's hammer, and their hearts to despair. What are they fit for? To trip our streets in gaudy gaiety and parade, displaying a rich dress, but—an empty head. To fill the seats of our play-houses, or crowd the ranks of the giddy dance, and thus help to swell that tide of ungodliness which is now, at every rise, carrying ruined souls to everlasting night.

Oh! away with such fuss and feathers, and give me the Mary Grants of society, whose example is beneficial—whose influence helps to heal human miseries and woes, and save immortal souls from eternal despair!

He that marks from day to day
In generous acts his radiant way,
Treads the same path his Saviour trod,
The path to glory and to God.

WONDERS OF NATURE.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

Who can count the endless variety of insects which live and are happy in the sunlight around us? Saint Pierre says, he observed one day some beautiful small winged insects sit upon a strawberry plant on the window of his study. He described them on paper. The next day a different sort appeared, which he also described. So they went on, changing every day, till in three weeks thirty-seven species, totally distinct from each other, had visited his plant; and still the variety was not exhausted. They continued to come till, for want of time and expressions, he was compelled to relinquish the idea of describing them. How manifold are the works of God; in wisdom has he made them all.

Leewenhark, a celebrated natural philosopher, has counted thousands of animals, with fins, in a single drop of water. Robt. Hook counted, in a drop of water as small as a grain of millet, as high as forty-five thousand! This may be smiled at by the ignorant, but to one acquainted with the microscope, it is as true as demonstration.

We are told that there are companies of animals feeding on the leaves of plants, like the cattle in our meadows and on the mountains. They repose under the shade of a down, imperceptible to the naked eye, and from goblets formed like so many suns, they quaff nectar of the color of gold and silver. Saint Pierre discovered, by a microscope, in the flower of thyme, superb flagons with long necks, of a substance resembling amethyst, from the gullets of which seemed to flow ingots of liquid gold. No wonder that insects are fond of lingering about plants and flowers; they are the source of all their luxuries.

There is not the least doubt, that the various races of insects, have each their adaptation to particular plants, just as animals have to climates. For them to be separated from these plants, is to be out of climate, out of food, and out of a congenial element. Little do we think that cutting down a plant is, to myriads of creatures, the destruction of a world!

As insects are affianced to particular plants, so some animals are to each other. They seem to belong to each other as much as the ivy and the wall. Though the shark is so voracious, that he will not only, when hungry, devour his own species, but will swallow anything that drops from a ship into the sea; cordage, cloth, pitch, wood, iron—nay, even knives; yet he will not

injure the pilot fish that swims just before and around his snout! Why? The shark, no doubt, as a check on his voraciousness, is nearly blind, but the pilot fish guides him to his prey! He will spare his benefactors. Is not this an interesting fact in natural history? No doubt the pilot fish is also, in some way not known to us, dependant upon the shark. How wonderful is that divine arrangement, which binds together in inter-dependance, two animals that differ so widely from each other, in every respect.

Natural history abounds in interesting wonders, of which the above furnish a few specimens. How pleasant and instructive it is, in the winter season, when the dreariness of the outward world bids us to go forth to study the works of God in the field, garden and grove, to pursue the same delightful study in books by our firesides. If every young person knew the pleasure that lives in the path of every kind of science, he would soon lose all taste for ball room emptiness, and for all those various kinds of worthless diversions, which please only while they last, and often leave a sting behind. We have often wondered what interest there can be in those various games, at which some persons sit for hours, and even for nights. Not one new thought does the mind receive; not one bitter feeling moves the heart. So in reading tales. What have we when the book is read? The repetition of stale incidents. Not so when we lay down a book of history or natural science. We know more; our minds are filled with useful and pleasant thoughts, and our hearts are inclined sweetly into the way of that new wisdom which we have attained.

RULES FOR THE YOUNG.

IF you wish to cultivate your mind, and succeed in the pursuit of knowledge, observe carefully the following rules:

- I. Take care of leisure moments as you would of gold.
- II. Do not spend more time than is necessary in sleep.
- III. Withdraw from idle and silly companions.
- IV. Have always some good reading on hand.
- V. Read not novels, but History, Biography and works of science.
- VI. Always think, always observe, always seek to learn.
- VII. Think of the pleasure of knowing, and of the disgrace of ignorance.
- VIII. Take as your motto: What has been done can be done.
- IX. "If at first you dont succeed, try, try, try again!" H.

FOREBODINGS OF DEATH.

BY PHILIP HOBAUGH, DEC'D.

THE following stanzas, which we venture to call beautiful, were written by quite a young man, who, while he lived, was a regular and attentive reader of the Guardian. He was very diligent in the cultivation of his mind, and had a great desire to prepare himself for the holy ministry. His verses were, however, prophetic—he passed away with the flowers. His death was one of those which reminds us of the beautiful saying of the Poet:

O sir,

The good die first, while those, whose hearts are dry
As summer dust, burn to the socket!—EDS. GUARDIAN.

I CANNOT tell the reason why,
I sometimes wish that I may die
In Autumn time, when nature gay,
Droops her tired wings in saddecay.

And oft I think, when Spring comes round,
And tender violets deck the ground,
And birds rejoice and upward fly—
Oh! who would then desire to die?

Yet even then, while all seems glad,
I feel betimes so lone and sad,
That in my breast a quick deep sigh
Bespeaks the wish that I may die.

In winter days, when earth is cold,
And northern blasts grow loud and bold,
And birds have fled to a sunnier sky,
I sometimes feel the wish to die.

These thoughts are vain—Oh Lord forgive!
And grant that I may wish to live—
Live to do good—till thou from high
Shalt teach me when, and how, to die.

 BOOK TABLE.

SOME friend has sent us a copy of the "Catalogue of Heidelberg College," at Tiffin, Ohio, for the year 1852. It is gotten up in splendid style. From it we learn that five of the Departments of this new but thriving College, are already furnished with Professors. Several remain still to be filled. There have been connected with this Institution as students, during the year, 174. We see that the course of instruction is full, and Board and Tuition fees unusually low, thus placing all its advantages within reach of all. We call the attention of our readers in Ohio to this Institution.

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THE BIRDS OF THE BIBLE.

THE SWALLOW.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

YE mind me of my childhood days,
Ye chattering, twittering birds;
Ye mind me of my Father's ways,
My Mother's looks and words.
Ye mind me of the work and play,
Of boyhood's pleasant summer day.

WE place the Swallow next the Dove, because like it, it is an innocent, harmless, friendly and domestic bird. Besides, it stands out prominently in the recollections of us all. Who thinks of birds without including the Swallow? Its form, its movement, and its music, are all deeply engraved amid the impressions of our childhood. Who can think of his father's chimneys, his father's barn, and his father's meadow, without remembering the Swallow?

Let us see. Do you not remember the Swallows? How early they were out in the morning; how they were almost ever on the wing; how they swooped over the meadow, zigzagged over the clover field, skimmed the limpid lake, whisked around the chimney or the tower, in the warm twilight of a summer evening. How gracefully they swung up to their nests under the roof—and what a chattering there was from open mouths that reached out over the nest. How they swept away again in a minute, sloping downward as if they would fall to the earth, and then bounded away. How they sat in lines, and twittered, upon the top of the house or barn; and how that twittering increased when one that had been soaring about came and perched among them, looking politely first on one side and then on the other—and after a few moment's conversation, off and away! How swiftly and unhurt they darted through the air-holes in the gable of the barn—in, and out, and away!

Such was the Swallow. Surely you cannot have forgotten it. If you were to go back now to the old homestead, and take your position for an hour in front of the old barn, you would

see the same sight. Other things may have changed, but the Swallows are there. The light-hearted companions of your youth may have changed, flown, died, and loving parents, brothers and sisters, may not smile a welcome to your return, but the swallows twitter as gaily as ever upon the roof, shoot around the barn or dance joyously in the summer sky. You may have changed, your hair may be grey, your steps trembling, your heart heavy, and your countenance sedate or sad from the blight and blast of weary years, yet the swallows seem not to change, but are now, in their habits and ways, what they were in years ago. Though they are not the same swallows which we knew in our youth, yet in another sense they are the same. They are as those were; they do as they did; and we love them as we did those, who, like many of the departed friends of our childhood, have fled away to a lovelier, sunnier, and more genial clime!

Swallows have some peculiar habits, in addition to those already alluded to, with which we do not become acquainted from common observation. Their sight is extremely keen and quick. This is of great advantage to them in darting after flies, which they catch for food, for themselves and their young. They live principally on flies. This accounts for their habit of flying near the ground over meadows, clover fields, mill-dams, rivers or lakes.

They build their nests of clay, mixed with bits of straw or chaff. "It is said, that when they want clay or mud, they plunge themselves in water, then, rolling in the dust, make clay for themselves." Every one must have observed that these birds are in the habit of lighting along the banks of streams, the edge of mill-dams or lakes, and the borders of mud-pools. It is to procure material for their nests. They love to build their nests under the eaves of houses and barns, or against the rafters in the inside, when they can procure access. They seem to be particularly fond of making their nests in the crevices and recesses of ancient looking buildings, such as turrets, towers, and venerable churches. It is to this habit that the royal Psalmist so touchingly alludes in the 84th Psalm: "Yea the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God." He is attracted to the Sanctuary of God like the swallow; he would make that his abode as it does, knowing the blessedness of those who dwell in His house. In this respect the choice and habits of this bird put to shame the choice and habits of those who are of far more value than many swallows! Many seem perfectly willing to surrender their place in the

‘amiable tabernacles’ of God to the swallow. Verily I say unto such; these birds shall rise up in judgment against you, and condemn you.

Swallows are migratory birds, or birds of passage. They come to us in spring and summer, and disappear in autumn to seek a warmer climate. It is said that when they pass away from us they “hide themselves in holes in the earth, or even in marshes, and under the water, wherein sometimes great lumps of swallows have been fished up, fixed one to another by the claws and back; and when they are laid in a warm place, they move and recover, though before they seemed to be dead.”

This may be, and beyond doubt is, the case with some species of swallows—for there are as many as twenty different kinds of them—but the most of these, indeed all except five kinds, belong to the warmer climates, and do not visit us. The two kinds, namely, the house swallow and the tower or chimney swallow, which are most known to us, and the only ones alluded to in the Bible, go and come with the season, and are said to breed while absent as they do with us. They not only return to our country in the spring, but they enter and occupy the same nest. This has been proved by tying a silken thread around the foot of the departing swallow, by which it was recognized again on its return with the next season. Its flight, in departing or returning, is exceedingly swift. By a strange instinct it knows the exact time for moving. All at once, on a bright pleasant autumn day, and lo! the swallows are gone! Suddenly, on a lovely spring morning, behold they are here, twittering and twirling, with much joy and music around the house and barn.

By allusion to the migratory habits of these sacred birds, the prophet Jeremiah gives the Jews a sharp rebuke for their dullness: “The turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgments of the Lord.”—*Jer.* 8: 7. The swallow knows, the prophet would say, when its best interests require it to move, in order thus to escape evil, but sinners are not so wise. When the winter breaks in you find no frozen swallow—one that has paid the penalty of remaining behind with its life; all, all have fled in time; but you do find that sinners die, die dreadfully and forever, because they did not fly to the Saviour before the summer of their opportunities was ended!

The passage in Proverbs 26: 2, is also to be explained by keeping in mind the allusion it makes to the migratory habits of swallows: “As the bird by wandering, as the swallow by

flying, so the curse causeless shall not come." That is, as birds do not move from one clime to another without a cause, so the judgments of God do not come upon sinners without a cause. The bird moves impelled by a cause lying deeper than mere impulse or caprice, so the curse of God falls upon the guilty, not that God may vent his anger, but that the justice and truth of his throne may be preserved inviolate.

Hezekiah, speaking of his deep affliction says : "Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter." *Is.* 38 : 14. There seems to be nothing in the habits of the house swallow to correspond with this allusion, as none of the noises it makes seem to have any striking resemblance to the moanings of agony or the shrieks of pain. It seems rather to refer to the chimney swallow whose chatterings, twitterings, and whirrings in the chimney have some resemblance to the quick, deep, mournful moanings of one whose agony is often suddenly broken with sharp, quick darts of pain.

Only in these four passages referred to is the swallow mentioned in the Bible. Once it is praised for its love to the Sanctuary of God—once its chattering is made the emblem of deep grief—and twice its foresight in moving to a congenial climate when winter breaks in, is referred to as instructive to sinners who sit still till they die.

Let us look at these friendly birds as they hover around our dwelling on the pleasant evenings of summer, and ask ourselves whether we are as wise, as good, as harmless, as fond of home, and as innocent as they.

It just now comes to my mind, and I must mention it, how solemnly we were forbidden to kill a swallow. It seems as if I could this moment see my father's up-lifted finger, and hear my mother's tender words of warning. We would almost as soon have thought of killing an infant in the cradle, as of killing a swallow ! Wo ! was to the luckless wight that was caught stoning the nest of a swallow. He was sure to experience a practical commentary on the latter clause of Proverbs 26 : 3. It was a current tradition, in fear of whose fulfilment all mischievous boys trembled, that if a swallow were killed all the cows at the barn where the outrage was committed would henceforth yield red milk ! Although I feel sure that such dire consequences—the awful mark of murder !—would not have followed it, yet I endeavor to feel thankful that I do not now bear about with me that guilty conscience, which would have followed me through life, had I ever committed so graceless a deed as to kill a swallow ! In this as in other things, I will reverence the injunction of my parents, and ever cultivate the tenderest and friendliest feelings toward all the Birds of the Bible.

A DREAM OF HOME.

BY W. H. EGLE.

It is the lone hour of midnight,
And the moon is beaming with light—
Around are her starry courtiers,
For she is the Empress of Night;
It is the dead hour of silence,
For the earth is hush'd to sleep—
The hour the vigil grows weary,
And the love-lorn maiden doth weep.

It is the dim hour of midnight,
While lonely, earth-weary, I tread
The streets of my native village,
And the haunts of the "sainted dead;"
I approach the roofs of the homestead,
And enter the unlocked door—
Home that with childhood is hallow'd—
Where I never may enter more.

I look around for the faces
That gladdened the winter hearth—
I look around for the loved ones,
The pride and the cherish'd of earth;
They are here, but the seeds of slumber,
Sown by an invisible hand,
Doth press down the eyes of the loving
Of that broken household band.

I kiss the brows of the sleepers,
And cross their hands on their breasts,
For they are care-worn and weary,
And I will not trouble their rests;
I pass from the dear-time threshold,
And pursue my lonely way
To the church where often my fathers
Met to praise their God, and to pray ;

Where oft on the hallowed Sabbath—
The day of our gracious Lord
I listened the voice of the preacher
Explaining the Holy Word;
I kneel down before the altar,
And pray for the loved and dear,
I pray for God's servant, the pastor,
For the flock still worshipping here;

Now I've made my way to the churchyard
Where the precious dead are lain,
Who passed from earth in my childhood,
Yet I hope to meet them again;

Here are tombs with names familiar,
 The friends of my boyhood's pride,
 Who have crossed o'er death's flowing river
 And are safe on the other side.

Again in the homes of the living,
 I wander from door to door,
 And now I'm down by the river,
 Strolling along its shore;
 Its tide is still as restless,
 As musical yet its flow,
 As when I was there in boyhood,
 In the days of the long ago.

But change is marked on each feature—
 Is written on every leaf,
 Tho' but a few months have I wander'd—
 My absence from home been brief:
 There's a change 'neath the roofs of the homestead,
 And change in village and stream—
 But the daylight fair is now dawning,
 And I have awoke from my dream.

OSCEOLA, Arkansas, Dec, 1852.

CONSOLATION.

BY EDITH CLARE.

LAST night, through an opening of the curtain's fold,
 A ray from the evening star down slid
 Upon her forehead, pale and marble cold—
 Breaking the shadow of the coffin-lid.

To-night, from the bosom of the empurpled west,
 Poureth the evening star its golden beams,
 Aslant the snow-drift blown upon her breast,
 No more to stir to throbbings nor to dreams.

Soft paints the star upon the untrodden snow,
 The leafless tree—it troubleth not her sleep—
 Nor does the minstrelsy of winds that o'er her blow—
 Nor tears that broken hearts so wildly weep.

For we, that saw the light of her blue eyes
 Die out, and prest the pale lids o'er
 The rayless orbs, and laid her 'neath the skies—
 Weep that she bloometh by the hearth no more.

But from the moulded seeds beneath the ground,
 Will flowers at spring's clear voice burst bright,
 And O! we know when the archangel's trump shall sound,
 She will arise, clothed in celestial light.

WARNING TO ANONYMOUS LETTER-WRITERS.

BY REV. E. HEINER, D. D.

THERE once lived in the town of K., a well known lady—Miss DITTY, we shall call her,—who was generally suspected of giving very special attention to the preparation of anonymous letters. Whenever persons in the town received letters, or communications of any kind, without a name, Miss Ditty was usually fixed upon as the authoress. Every body seemed to know her, and to have knowledge of the fact, too, that she regarded herself as a very important personage. How could the church and the prayer-meetings prosper without the kind aid and regular attendance of Miss Ditty? She moved in all circles; attended all the religious gatherings; was head manager at the Dorcas and other humane and benevolent Societies, and passed off among some people as a very good sort of a Christian. In all that she undertook, she worked fast and hard, and seldom failed to accomplish her ends. She was persevering to a proverb, and “left no stone unturned” to gain her object.

Miss Ditty’s talents were various. She talked well, and with some effect. Of ministers she was very fond, and often courted their society. True, she was not as popular among them as she might have been; but then to say a word against Miss Ditty’s interference in Church matters, and family troubles, was dangerous in the extreme. The preacher that ventured a step in this direction might expect a fitting chastisement for his imprudence and presumption. All feared the tongue that could inflict so great a punishment, and the hand that could pen *in the dark*, lines so severe and false. Miss Ditty was the terror of reproofing ministers, and of all indeed who ventured to cross the “old maid’s” path. Her age was forty, at a guess. When in her teens, she was much admired, and could have married, if she would—so at least the “old folks” said. The young suitor’s hand she spurned, much preferring a “life of single blessedness” to family cares and troubles.

There were many things in which the heroine of our story was most expert; in one she excelled. *Match-making* was her great forte. In this few could equal her—none surpass her. Most insinuating in her address—with a “tongue as smooth as oil,” and lips that could drop honey-comb sweetness at their pleasure, she could often so touch the loving sensibilities of marriage candidates, whether old or young, as to make them feel that their happiness for both worlds was certainly bound up

with those whom she recommended as suitable companions for them in holy wedlock. Many a match Miss Ditty made. The means which she employed were sometimes honorable ; sometimes base and wicked. Always in trouble, but never disheartened or discouraged. If she failed in accomplishing her purpose by one means, she would try another. Fully bent on having Mr. B. and Miss C. married, she would not hesitate to use any sort of means to carry her point. Sometimes she would write anonymous letters to the parties she wished to bring together, and so construct them as to give them a still higher opinion of each other, and a much lower opinion of any real or supposed rivals in the case. She could write down with a vengeance any one who might chance to stand in her way of match-making ; and the letters, purporting to come from a friend, would be received through the post office. If she happened to fail in the accomplishment of her end, the objects of her special attention might expect such a chastisement as their waywardness and incorrigibleness deserved. She would employ misrepresentations, slander, falsehood, anything she could devise, to injure the feelings and tarnish the reputation of those who had disappointed her.

Some years ago Miss Ditty made up her mind that Mr. A. and Miss B. must become one. She was deeply interested in them both, of course, and her heart was fully bent on their union. After the first acquaintance of the parties, she went to work in good earnest to accomplish her object ; and it is said, that but for her imprudent eagerness and silly behaviour, the match, perhaps, would have been formed, and the nuptial rites duly solemnized. As soon as it became clear to her mind that she would not succeed in bringing the parties together, she breathed out vengeance against Mr. A., and in her heart vowed to be his enemy, as the sequel proved. She determined to injure his reputation, and to rob him of his good name, if possible. As she was wont to do in such cases, she resorted to anonymous letter-writing. First she wrote long letters to the young man, Mr. A., which were filled with base insinuations and slanderous charges against himself. The young lady she represented as one of the loveliest of women, and a thousand times too good for him who had paid her some attention. Next she wrote to a highly respectable and influential divine in the place. Her letter to him was full of praise for the young lady, but for the young man it was replete with misrepresentation and falsehood. When the anonymous letter was handed to Mr. A., and read, he at once suspected that Miss Ditty was the authoress ; and after

a slight comparison of the two letters, he was fully confirmed in his suspicions. He at once called on the *lady*, and charged her with writing the letters. She denied that she was the authoress in the most earnest and decided terms. The charge was repeated, and she then called upon God and angels, heaven and earth, to witness that she was innocent. She wondered again and again how any one could charge her with writing anonymous letters. Who could think her base enough to write such letters, and especially such letters as Mr. A. held in his hand. It was a matter to her of infinite surprise that any one who knew her as well as Mr. A. did, could even suspect, much less charge her, with conduct so dishonorable and wicked. But her long and oft-repeated protestations of innocency, did not satisfy the young man that she was not really guilty.

Time rolled on, and brought the truth to light. Not long ago a friend wrote to a friend in substance as follows: Many years since, about the time Mr. A. was leaving K., there was an anonymous letter written to him, and another to the Rev. Mr. S. A few weeks after the letters had been written, Miss Ditty proposed to me one evening to take a walk with her. During the walk she said that Mr. A. suspected her of being the authoress of those anonymous letters that he had received, and had actually charged her with the authorship. She then said that she was accused wrongfully, and began to appeal to the Trinity in unity, the Bible, the church, and all that was sacred and holy and good to ratify her innocency. I told her all this was superfluous—that her word to me was sufficient. She then repeated her oaths over and over, I may with truth say twenty times. After we returned home, she proposed to me private prayer. I read the 14th chapter of John. In the midst of the prayer she threw herself back and made the most earnest appeal to God to confirm her innocency. Her conduct confused me very much. At length we rose up from our knees and parted. All this time I believed her perfectly innocent; as much so, as I felt myself to be. A few weeks after this interview, she called me into her presence one evening, and prostrating herself before me on the floor she exclaimed, “Oh, Mr. —, I have perjured myself! I have perjured myself! I wrote those letters, yes I am the very person that wrote them. Oh, I have perjured myself, what shall I do? There is no hope for me—good God what shall I do? I have no peace, no rest day nor night. I will go at once and see Mr. A., and falling down before him, confess all.” I tried to comfort her. I proposed that I would go with her to see the Rev. Mr. S., which we did that night, dark

and rainy as it was. With that divine she had a long interview. What transpired I do not know, except that it was agreed upon she should not communicate with Mr. A. for the present, but that she should commit the whole matter to God, and earnestly seek his pardon. To Mr. A. I believe she never did communicate anything on the subject. She is now dead, and I hope died a true penitent.

What a sad picture is here presented to our view! Some most useful lessons may be gathered from this little sketch of one who erred greatly in the direction here indicated, but who, it is to be hoped, obtained forgiveness of God, and is now saved from all temptation and sin. Let her reprehensible conduct of anonymous letter-writing be a warning to all who are in the habit of indulging in the same practice; and above all, may her confessions of perjury serve as a beacon light to those who are in danger of falling and sinning in the same way!

GERMAN JOHN;
OR A FACT WITH A MORAL.

BY REV. S. H. REID.

NOT many days ago, while the wild wind was whistling around my ears, and the ice was freezing beneath my feet, I strolled down to the wharf to buy some wood. As is usual in that quarter of the town, the appearance of a stranger standing on a corner or near a wood office, soon attracted special attention upon the part of a certain class of gentry in these regions. I did not remain long until I was surrounded by some half-dozen of the hale but hungry-looking fellows, slapping their hands around their bodies, and holding their whips under their arms, enquiring most anxiously whether I wanted some wood.

In a very few minutes another leading class of wood and wharf gentlemen made their appearance, with the 'buck' on one arm, and the 'saw' well filed and ready for 'forty cents,' on the other, putting in their proposals for the completion of the job. I soon found that there was not the least difficulty in securing the object of my visit, and accordingly having made my purchase and selected my man, I soon had my wood on its way home.

Just as I was turning away from this scene, an object in the shape of a man made his appearance among the group, who, for singularity of shape and address, I believe I never saw equalled

among all, (and there are many) of the singular beings claiming humanity, in this wide metropolis. His name is John. He is a German by birth, and is a foreigner. The man looked as if he had seen better days, but these days have evidently passed away. I should judge that he is some few inches over five feet high, though from the odd shape of his person, and the sunken position of his head between his shoulders, he is not really so tall. I should judge also that he is not older than perhaps thirty-five years, but the traces of vice and sin make him appear to be nearer fifty.

An Irish carter standing near, addressed him thus—"Well, John, how do you do this morning? Have you had anything to do to-day yet?" John, with his hands sunk far down in his pockets, and his toes, red with frost, pushing themselves out of his torn shoes, exclaimed most piteously, "No, I hash not!"

After interchanging some few words more, John, fixing his eye upon a Beer-shop across the way, soon disappeared, leaving my informant and myself further to consider his history.

"It is a great pity for that man," immediately commenced the Irishman referred to. "At one time he was very wealthy in Germany. So much so that he was enabled to ride in his carriage and live at ease and in splendor; and now he is not worth a farthing, and can scarcely find enough to eat."

"And how does it come," enquired I, "that he is so reduced in his circumstances?"

"Ah! like many more men in the world, he thought he was rich, and that there was no end to his wealth. And he went into bad company, and throwed himself into bad hands, and they soon helped him out of his money, and brought him to want."

"And what does he do now for a living," was my next inquiry.

"Oh, we carters take pity on him, and keep him among us; when we haul boards from the lumber-yards, we give him a fip a load for pushing the boards off the pile on to our carts, and in that way he makes out to live."

"Has he a family?" I inquired.

"Yes, he has a wife and two or three children; but how *they* live I don't know."

And here our conversation ended, and I turned my steps towards my home and my comfortable room. I felt glad that I had a warm home to which to resort, but at the same time I felt sad to think, how many poor human beings were around me, destitute of these common comforts of life, without a whole shoe

to cover their feet from the biting frost, or a garment to shelter them from the piercing cold. And my sadness was greatly increased at the recollection, that *vice* lays at the foundation of a great number of these cases of wretchedness and misery. I felt pained to think that men will give themselves over so fully into the hands of the Tempter, until he robs them of their reason, their self-respect and their wealth; and then turns them over to the tender mercies of charity, or else to die and fill a drunkard's grave. Forcibly did the words of the wise man fall upon my ears and upon my heart—"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not into the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away. For they sleep not, except they have done mischief; and their sleep is taken away, unless they cause some to fall."

WHO STOLE THE BIRD'S NEST?

"To WHAT! to-whit! to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"

"Bob-a-link! Bob a-link!
Now what do you think?
Who stole my nest away,
From the plum-tree to-day?"

"Not I," said the cow; "moo-oo!
Such a thing I never would do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But I did not take your nest away."

"Not I," said the dog: "bow-wow!
I would not be so mean, I vow!
I gave the hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take."

"Not I," said the sheep; "O no!
I would not treat a poor bird so.
I gave the wool the nest to line,
But the nest was none of mine."

"Caw! caw!" cried the crow;
"I should very much like to know
What thief stole away
A poor bird's nest to day."

"Cluck! cluck!" said the hen;
"Do not ask me again.
Why, I have not a chick
That would do such a trick."

"We all gave her a feather,
And she wove them together.
I would scorn to intrude
On her and her brood.
Cluck! cluck!" said the hen;
"Do not ask me again."

"Chir-a-whirr! chirr-a-whirr!
We will make a great stir.
Let us find out his name,
And all cry, 'For shame!'"

"I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green.
"I think I never heard
Of any thing so mean."

"It is very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal.
"I wonder if he knew
How bad the bird would feel."

A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed;
For he had stole that pretty nest
From the poor little yellow-breast;
And he felt so full of shame,
He did not like to tell his name.

BE WATCHFUL.

BY ANN.

“WATCH ye therefore, for ye know not when the master of the house cometh, at even, or at midnight, or at the cock crowing, or in the morning, lest coming suddenly he find you sleeping, and what I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch.”

To whom were those interesting words of our blessed Saviour addressed? To a few of his faithful disciples who had followed him from the temple up to the Mount of Olives. There he sat, and after telling them many important things that would befall them, and admonishing them to beware of false prophets and false teachers, he told them to “watch.”

And what he said unto them, he says unto us all, “watch, lest the master of the house come suddenly upon us and find us sleeping.” Oh, what an awful thing it will be for you, young man, if, when in the height of your dissipation and folly, when indulging in open violation of God’s law, either at the midnight revelry, the intoxicating bowl, the card table, profaning the holy Sabbath, taking the name of the Lord in vain, or any other obscenity, ‘the master of the house should come!’ It will be a surprise of horror and dismay to you to find yourself before the dread tribunal of Almighty God, there ‘to give an account of the deeds done in the body, whether they be good or evil.’

Oh! if another op’ning morn,
On earth should never smile on thee,
Wert thou to meet another dawn
In yon unknown eternity.

Shouldst thou with grief review this day
And tremble at Jehovah’s rod?
Or wouldst thou calmly soar away
To welcome an approving God?

And you, young lady, interesting, amiable and accomplished as you may be—you who have had kind parents to watch over you, who have expended the means which God has given them, profusely upon you—these words are addressed to you also, Watch! Oh! we beg you for the sake of your never-dying soul, to “watch, lest the master of the house come suddenly upon you and find you sleeping!” Watch the insidious enemy of your soul in the many ways he presents himself to entrap you and draw you from God. In the gay and giddy dance, how he flatters you; into the whirlpool of fashion has he not carried you far? and how many flattering tales he has told you concerning this world’s pleasures! He tells you that there is no harm in

taking a stroll or an excursion on the Sabbath day for amusement; in reading an interesting novel or romance; in deceiving your friend with lying lips, or a deceitful tongue; all of which are as false as himself. And when such sins are once indulged in, they will leave a sting behind, and will be the means of polluting your mind, of searing your conscience, and of blunting your feelings to all that is sacred and holy. Take not the first step to any of these vices; indulge not in the first act of them, and you will feel thankful when you come to recline your head upon your dying pillow. For,

Can you find pleasure in pathways unholy?

Hope ye for comfort in wandering from God?

Anguish and shame wait the vot'ries of folly;

Earth has no comfort not found in His blood.

Then we beg you, young friend, watch. Take your Bible in your hand, Christ in your heart, and faith in your soul; and by the aid of the Holy Spirit to guide you, you shall find real, true and substantial happiness, such as the world cannot give you nor take away; for God says, "They that seek me early shall find me;" and, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all things else shall be added unto you." Then when the master of the house shall come, he will not find you sleeping, but watching.

Is there an aged man or woman, whose heads are silvered o'er with age, and whose faltering steps tell that soon life's ebb with them will be o'er, who may chance to read these lines, and who has not been watching his Lord's coming; if so, what a sad sight, what a gloomy thought. What can we say to such? O! aged father or mother, arouse from your lethargy; awake from your sleep, lest you sleep the sleep of death! Then, aged sire, watch; as the Saviour said unto his disciples, he says also unto you—"Watch, for the night is far spent." Not only do we know of nought before us ere the Lord arrive, but we know of much behind us—hours, days, months and years have gone by, and yet that all-important work is not done. Perhaps you are a member of the church—did we say a member of the church! Yes, alas! too many there are that have lived to old age, and we fear have never watched as church members should do. When friends are waiting, the church expecting, the pastor praying, and even the spirits of loved ones departed and in glory, are watching with intense anxiety to see the dear aged ones become as little children, that they may enter into the kingdom of heaven surely they also ought to be in earnest. Therefore, watch, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh.

Finally, humble christian, need we say unto you what the

Saviour said unto his disciples—Watch. Yes, fellow christian, there is as much need now for watchfulness and prayer, as there was in those days. We are told to “watch and pray lest we fall into temptation,” and again, “if any one think he standeth let him take heed lest he fall.” Oh, be wise then; fill with oil and trim your lamps, lest the bridegroom come and ye be not ready to meet him. Let us bow at the cross in humiliation and self-abasement, and through the grace of God, follow Jesus through evil as well as good report. It is but one day’s reviling before men and then an eternity of glory in the presence of God and of the Lamb. Why shrink, then, from the world’s reproach, when it is but a breath at the most, and when we know that it so soon shall cease? Why not rejoice that we are counted worthy to suffer shame for the name of Jesus, when we know that all that afflicts us here is not worthy to be compared to that glory which shall be revealed in us, in that morning when we shall be permitted to join those loved ones who have gone before us into that heavenly kingdom, and who are beacon stars to draw us onward and upward, to that eternal rest which is in reserve for the people of God—a blessedness which eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive. Then, fellow pilgrim, we say once more, ‘Watch.’

My soul be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sins are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He’ll take thee at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.

ADIEU !

‘THERE is something beautifully pious and tender in that word of sad import, “Adieu!” That is, “May God guard you, to God I commit you.”

I NEVER cast a flower away,
The gift of one who cared for me—
A little flower, a faded flower—
But it was done reluctantly.

I never looked a last adieu,
To things familiar, but my heart
Shrank with a feeling almost pain,
E’en from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word “Farewell,”
But with an utterance faint and broken, |
A heart-sick yearning for the time,
When it shall never more be spoken.

EMBLEMS.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

A CIRCLE of radiating beams is generally seen, in pictures, surrounding the head of the Saviour or, eminent saints. It is called by several different names, as "THE GLORY," "NIMBUS," and "AUREOLE." It is the emblem of sanctity; and hence it is used to distinguish venerable and holy personages. It is said to be of pagan origin; images of the gods were decorated with a crown of rays to represent the emanations of the divine essence. When some of the ancient Roman Emperors assumed the honors due to divinity, they appeared in public crowned with a golden circle, an imitation of the rays of the sun. After it became common for the Emperors to wear the nimbus, it got to be considered at length merely as the emblem of *power*, without any reference to sanctity. Hence, between the 9th and the 13th century it was even used in pictures of Satan.

There was for a long time a prejudice against the use of the nimbus or Glory among the christians, on account of its use among the heathen. It is not exactly known when it was first introduced among christian emblems, but it is supposed not before the 7th century. No doubt the fact, that of old God appeared in the Shekinah to his people, where his presence was surrounded with a luminous glory, aided in rendering it acceptable to christians, and led gradually to its adoption. It must be confessed that, notwithstanding its origin, it is a beautiful Emblem, and very significant when surrounding the heads of holy personages, who are always centres of holiness and light. We would feel shocked should we see a picture of the blessed Saviour without the Glory surrounding it.

The FISH is placed upon Church steeples. Why? It is said that it is one of the earliest and most universal of christian Emblems. It became so by its symbolic connection with water as the element used in the rite of baptism. The seven Greek letters which constitute the word fish were also used to form the anagram of the name of Jesus Christ. The Fish was very extensively used as an emblem in the early church. It was placed "upon the sarcophagi or coffins of the early Christians; on the tombs of the martyrs in the catacombs; on rings, coins, lamps, and other utensils; and as an ornament in early christian architecture. It is usually a Dolphin, which among the pagans had a sacred significance."

The CROSS. We need not tell our readers of what this is the

Emblem, or how it became such ! None is better known, and none should be dearer to a christian's heart. It has been an honored christian emblem ever since it was planted upon Calvary, more than eighteen centuries ago. It is the hope of the world. God forbid that we should glory in anything but the Cross !

Sweet the moments, rich in blessing
Which before the Cross I spend ;
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying friend.

Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood ;
Precious drops my soul bedewing
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze ;
Here I see my sins forgiven,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

THE MORAL SAPHET :

OR, A CITY BUILT UPON A HILL.

BY REV. J. HASSLER.

WHEN the Saviour uttered the beautiful symbol, drawn from a natural object, which compares a good man to a city upon a hill, he sat upon the Mount of Tabor. The sides of this mountain are craggy and precipitous. Its top is lofty and towering, reaching towards the clouds, and pointing the weary pilgrim up to heaven as his home. At its base, a landscape of rich and fertile country stretches as far as the eye can see, interspersed with hills and mountains, lakes and vallies, whose fertile plains are made vocal with the sweet music of the joyous shepherd. On the side of this mountain, a vast throng of people are eagerly bending towards one who is seated in their midst. He is not comely, that they should look upon him with delight ; neither is his rank distinguished, nor are his commands invested with earthly authority. It is the calm, the simple, the heart-searching words which fall from his lips, that enchain the attention of the surrounding multitudes as by magic spell. The beaming look of God-like benevolence and holy love that sparkles in his eye, stills every tongue and wins every heart to a willing, to a reverential submission. Above him is the blue vault of heaven ; below him the lake of Tiberias ; around him his disciples ; whilst

in the far-off distance, on another lofty eminence is the city of Saphet—a conspicuous object to all around for miles in extent. Raising his hand, it may be, and pointing upwards to the sun, which doubtless at this very time was throwing his golden beams of light over the whole expanse of country, and then pointing to the distant prospect, where lay conspicuously the city, he turns to the multitude, and appealing to his disciples, says, “Ye are the light of the world. A city upon a hill cannot be hid.”

Just as the city upon yonder hill cannot be hid, so the life, light and influence of the christian character can never be obscured. As a city on a hill is always seen, so the man of christian faith and christian practice can never be screened from the eye of the world. His words are heard—his actions are seen—his conduct is marked—his whole life is ever scrutinized by the watchful gaze of a fault-finding world, more eagerly and more intently even than soaring eagle watches his prey. No position in life is so awfully solemn, and none is so awfully weighty and full of heavy responsibility, as that of the christian man. Like unto a city built upon a hill, he cannot be hid! He is constantly seen—always observed—and is ever regarded by others, as an object either of praise or of dis-praise—as an object to be imitated, or else to be shunned. His affairs cannot be carried on secretly or covertly.

In this natural emblem, therefore, which the Saviour adduced to set forth a man’s character, several ideas are forcibly exhibited to our view—*conspicuousness*, *permanency*, and the *power of example*.

A city built upon a hill is always seen—it is always there—it always serves as a guide to the traveller: so the lives and actions of good men are always visible—are always fixed and permanent in this position—and always serve as a guide for others to steer by; either as they set sail upon the tempestuous sea of life’s voyage, or travel forth upon the wearisome journey of earth’s pilgrimage. Visibility of action, fixedness of purpose and example for others, constitute the essence of a good man’s character, and eventually place him upon a hill of distinction and honor, fixed and immovable.

The city is always seen. This is so from its position, which is high and lofty—towering far above the level of the fertile plain, or the smooth surface of the placid lake. No position is so high and lofty, none so prominent and commanding, and so far eclipsing all other localities, as that of the city built upon the eminence or the towering mount. It is the highest that can possibly be assumed, unless you reach the clouds themselves.

No higher can be obtained upon the earth. So the position of the christian is the highest any mortal can ever assume. It is even superior to the angels, and no higher can ever be attained, unless man should become equal unto God himself. It is so, because of the christian's birth. The christian is born of God. "Not of blood, nor of the will of man, nor of the will of the flesh, but of God." His birth-right makes him an heir of heaven, and gives him relationship to God. He is a Son of God—he belongs to the world of purity and bliss, not of sin. He exists here, but lives in heaven. He thinks, acts and moves here in time, like others, but his life is hid with Christ, in God. He tabernacles in the flesh, but walks in the spirit. He walks with God, because he is a Son of God!

But the christian is born God-like. Not merely born of a divine power, but born in its image, in its life, in its spirit. He has the life of a God in him, a new principle of will, thought and action. He is not merely raised up by his new birth from the depth of sin, but he is placed upon a hill, made a new creature, is a new man. His feelings, thoughts and actions are all new; and do necessarily give forth a new life and a new character, as much so as a good tree sends forth good fruit. He is not of earth, *earthly*; but of heaven, *heavenly*; and exhibits the spirit of heaven in all his walk and conversation.

Such a position must be seen. It is high above the world. The sons of Adam are infinitely beneath it, both in birth and in character. Their views, aims, purposes and plans are all human and selfish. They center upon self and self-aggrandizement. They have no higher good than their own glory. No better motive than human selfishness; no other end than self-complacency. The good of self is the end, middle and beginning of all human life, unless raised up by Christ upon the hill of a divine birth and a divine character. On account of this exalted position the christian is an object of notice and attraction to all the world.

But this city is also fixed in its position and permanent in its locality. It is always there. No midnight storms can molest its security. No raging billows of the stormy sea can reach its height. It is high above all the dangers of the sea, and is secure against the force of the storm. Nothing can shake its rocky foundations. So the man of Bible principle and of Bible practice. Nothing can shake his Faith. He stands upon the Rock, Christ.

No fluctuations of opinion; no provocation of words; no discrepancy of conduct, and no duplicity of language, mark his

steps, or characterize his movements in life. The man of God is sincere in his professions and fixed in his purposes. What he says, he does; and what he does is always consistent with his profession, and in harmony with his new birth and his divine character. His acts and his movements fix him in one place. They give him a permanent position and a fixed locality. No storms of adversity, and no power of man or of the Devil, can move him from his rocky foundation.

One striking characteristic of this firm foundation is, that the Christian is always in love and favor with God.

This is natural from his previous birth-right. In Christ, God is reconciled unto us, and through him we hold fellowship with the Father. The root of enmity is killed, and the christian lives in the sunshine of God's love and favor, as truly so as the city enjoys the light of the sun. It is built high—directly under the rays of the burning sun. Yet this high elevation does not exclude the intervention of clouds, or the thick veil of darkness from coming in to intercept its light. Heavy clouds and thick darkness frequently do intervene between the city and the sun. They often obscure its light and frequently shut up the whole city in the gloom of midnight. This, however, does not prove there is no sun, or that the city is not upon a hill. Thus, too, when the heavy clouds of adversity, or the thick gloom of doubt or affliction, intervene between the christian and his God, they do not prove that the christian has no God, or that he is not a city upon a hill. Job and David are cases in point. They were moral cities, raised up high from the low level of mediocrity and human depravity, by divine power, and yet they were often under a cloud. Many, thick, heavy and portentous were the clouds of sorrow and affliction, that for days and months sat upon the horizon of their spiritual existence and would often eclipse the light of God's favor, yet with all, Jehovah was their God, and they were men of moral power and fixedness of purpose. These interruptions of divine favor are not perpetual. The thickest cloud yields to the rays of the sun. The darkest night gives way to the morning light. So the darkest times and the severest storms of adversity that can ever befall the christian, only drive him closer to his purpose and fix him firmer upon his foundation. These storms, too, only exhaust their strength by their intensity, or blow away their force by their fierceness. When their mission is fulfilled—when God is honored and men humbled, then they yield up their sorrow and their distress into the lap of prosperity, and the sun again sheds forth his beams. The city on a hill is still there

in all the dignity of its height, enjoying the full light of the Sun of Righteousness, shining down upon its lofty front and high battlements, in splendor and beauty !

Another trait in the firm position of this Moral Saphet, is, that he is always in love and charity with his neighbor.

This is so from the fact that he loves God. Love to God is the root of love to man. One begets the other. We love our fellow men because we love God—not before. When the first table of the Decalogue is obeyed, then the second follows. The two are to be kept together and in unison. John says, “If any man say, I love God and hateth his brother, he is a liar ; for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen.” The christian is full of love, compassion, and sympathy for his fellow men. He stays too in this state of mind. He never gets out of it. He has no disposition to do so, though greatly annoyed, wearied and sick at heart, it may be, from the weaknesses and imprudencies of his brethren, yet he loves them still. Not their sins—not their imperfections—not their faults—yet he loves them as his brethren, sinful, weak and imperfect. He has the principle of love in him, and this principle leaves him in no other position than in that of love and charity with man. Though even abused or injured, it may be, by his neighbor, still he loves ; yea, he does more—he prays for him. He lives peaceably with all men. He overcomes evil with good. Love leads him to do so.

A beautiful trait in the holy character of this Moral Saphet is, that he is always in peace with his family, and in active membership with the christian church.

At peace with his neighbor, he lives at peace and in harmony with his wife, his children, and his domestics. The evening and morning prayer—grace at meals—the creed, the catechism and the religious instruction of the holy Sabbath, serve to ward off the evil genius of hate, malice, envy, discord, or family contention and sinful gossip. Where the voice of prayer is heard—where the bible is read—where the catechism is taught, and where the whole family is trained in the fear and nurture of the Lord, there no family disputes can enter, and no quarreling with wife, mother, daughter, or child, can ever disturb the mild and hallowed influence of the family circle. It is only where these things are wanting that the family is distracted and ruined by the evil spirit of domestic discord. A good man is punctual at the family altar, at the family bible, and exercises family discipline and family instruction with care, decision and affection. “He governs the affairs of his household with discretion.”

But the church is the place especially where the moral elevation of man is seen, and where his moral power is felt and acknowledged. To have God for his Father, the church must be his mother. As no child is born without a mother, so no one is born a christian without the church. It is the body of Christ. To belong to Christ I must be a member of his body. Out of this I am dead, and have no spiritual life in me, as really so, and as truly so, as the hand is dead without the body, or the branch without the tree. To have spiritual life I must be in living unison with Christ, who is the fountain of all spiritual grace; and in living unison, too, with his church, where Christ fully communicates his spiritual blessings unto all his people by the preaching of his word and the use of the sacraments. These are not empty symbols or unmeaning words, but do necessarily convey, in their divine appointment and in their proper use, grace, life and salvation for the devout hearer and the believing communicant; as much so, as the waters of Jordan carried life, peace and salvation to the diseased Naaman. A truly great man is only great in union with Christ and in true membership with his church. A Clay and a Webster could not have died in peace out of the church. The moral beauty that clusters around their death-bed scene lies in this very fact, that they confessed Christ—celebrated the Holy Supper, and thus died in membership with the church. To be truly great is to be really good; and real goodness and true virtue exist only in Christ and in his Church. The Church, then, is our Father's house, where all poor wandering prodigals must come for bread, meat and clothing!

Raised up, therefore, from the cities of the plain—the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah—cities doomed to everlasting destruction—and placed upon Mount Zion, the new Jerusalem, the heavenly city—and thus made like unto this glorious city, with a new birth, a divine character, living in love and favor with God, in charity with man, in peace with his family, and in true membership with God's church—such an one is truly an example for others—a guide for others to see and follow. This, then, is the third idea involved in this emblem of a good man, likened unto a city upon a hill—he is a guide for others!

A guide for others to walk by. Let us illustrate the meaning of this by one example. Thomas Jefferson on one occasion, as he entered the halls of Congress while a question was being taken, he simply inquired, how did Roger Sherman vote? and without knowing much of the merits of the question, recorded his vote on the same side. This was a high tribute to the good

sense of the Connecticut shoemaker, and proved him to be a man for others to steer by.

The city upon a hill served as a guide in two ways. It was a guide to the traveller upon land and to the mariner out upon the sea. At the base of this mountain upon which this city stood, played the beautiful waters of lake Tiberias. The fisherman, as he sails forth out upon this sea, knows which way to steer his little craft, for there looms up Saphet, the city on a hill. It is always there, lifting up its white dome to the morning sun, and flashing back his evening rays from its high battlements. He sees it from afar, even out in the centre of the lake; he fixes his eye upon it, he arrives safe in port. It is a sure guide.

Life too is a voyage; Time is the ocean; we are the voyagers; Heaven the harbor; Hell the whirlpool. This sea has its storms and its tempests, its rough and its calm; but also its chart and its guide, its port or light-house. Christ, who is no more upon earth, has left his disciples to be his spokesmen and his representatives to guide way-faring man to himself—to the haven of rest. His light shines in them. He sets them up as cities upon a hill, as light in a light-house, to guide the poor wandering seamen, who are voyagers to eternity, and are in constant danger of being engulfed in the whirlpool of eternal death; to guide such to himself in heaven. If all seamen follow the light of life, heaven is certain!

But the city also guided the traveller. Coming from Syria, or beyond the mountains of Lebanon, he could see which is east or which is west, or north, for there is Saphet, the city on a hill. It informs us which way to steer. Life, too, is a journey. Men are the pilgrims. Christ is the way. Heaven is the place of destination. The cradle is its starting point—the grave its terminus. Christ has commissioned his disciples to go and stand upon this road, and point every pilgrim, weary and heavy laden with the burden of sin, to the way, the truth, and the life. He will give them rest. Travelling in this way home is certain—but if they go another way, heaven is lost and hell is certain! Oh, how important to have cities on a hill to show the wandering pilgrim the way!

This city served one other purpose. The inhabitants hard by could tell their latitude. They could tell which was north, which way was south, by looking up towards Saphet always fixed upon its holy throne. They could fix the points of the compass by it. So, christian reader, the inhabitant hard by your residence, can tell his latitude or spiritual

bearing in reference to Eternity. He can tell by your position whether there is a God or a Devil—a heaven or a hell. Your position determines his—whether he is on the side towards holiness that leads to God, or on the side of sin that leads to hell. Your position, relatively considered, fixes the place of your neighbor. If you are for God, he must be like you—lighted up by the same sun—else he is on the side of sin and eternal despair! Every christian is therefore a moral Saphet. His example shames the sinner and teaches him this important lesson—That unless he is raised up by a new birth and by a holy character, he is a Sodom and a Gomorrah—doomed to everlasting burnings! Oh, what an elevated position—a *moral Saphet*!

MARY LYON.

I have been very much interested in a book that I have lately been reading, entitled: “*The power of Christian Benevolence illustrated in the Life and Labors of Mary Lyon.*” I wish to direct the attention of the readers of the Guardian to this volume. It is a work of deep interest, the attentive perusal of which cannot fail to make a permanent impression upon every ingenuous mind, and thus render the heart truly better and more alive to the great end of our creation, viz: to glorify God and do good to our fellow men. The work is from the pen of Prof. Hitchcock of Amherst College, and this alone would be a sufficient recommendation of its merit and ability. The subject of this memoir is also another strong illustration of the practicality of self-culture; and that it is possible for persons of very limited means to acquire a very thorough education, if they are only so minded. Miss Lyon’s education was mainly acquired by her own industry and exertions. Difficulties, which to others, even of the sterner sex, would have seemed almost insurmountable, she easily overcame. And I frequently thought whilst reading the work, that if our candidates for the Ministry usually possessed half the perseverance and energy of Miss Lyon’s, fewer persons would be discouraged from entering the ministry from a want of means, than is now the case. I am sure that the great majority could with less difficulty prepare themselves for the ministry than she prepared herself for the avocation of teaching. But we will permit the author of the work to speak himself. And our extracts in this article will have reference to the youth and early training of Miss Lyon. In a

future article we may call the attention of the readers of the Guardian to her labors of love in her maturer years, particularly as Principal of the "Holyoke Female Seminary," which was founded mainly by her exertions.

"Mary Lyon was born in Buckland, Franklin County, Massachusetts, February 28, 1797. Her ancestors were among the first settlers of Ashfield, a town adjoining Buckland, in the same county. As far back as they can be traced, they lived, with one or two exceptions, to a very advanced age, were remarkable for their discharge of filial duties, and were of irreproachable character. All were followers of Christ.

"The father of Miss Lyon was remarkable for the uniformity of his temper. He was never known to speak an angry word. Kind and obliging in his manners, he was greatly beloved by his acquaintance, and often was sent for to pray with the sick and dying. Her mother, whose maiden name was Jemima Shepherd, was a person of strong mind and active piety. Her praise is in the churches, and it is enough to say of her here, that Mary was emphatically in her mother's image. These parents were united in honoring the institution of the Sabbath, and to train their children to make preparation for entering on holy time at an early hour on Saturday evening.*

"Under such influences," continues Dr. Hitchcock, "the germ of Mary's character received the culture that decided its future form and growth. It is not known how many of her excellencies or principles of action are to be attributed to early and judicious parental training; for often the descending influence owes its salubrity to the salt some pious hand cast into it at a point so high that it has ceased to be acknowledged or known.

Mary was the fifth of seven children, only one of whom survived her. Her parents were in moderate circumstances, and though they were enabled to meet all the necessary wants of their rising family, yet they belonged by no means to the rich of this world. On the death of their father, in 1802, the family was left mainly to depend on the mother.

Of the early age of Miss Lyon comparatively little is known. "We learn from her friends and acquaintances," continues our author, "that she early exhibited marks of a reflecting mind. They relate little events of her childhood, which, though not uncommon at her age, show her inclination to philosophise on subjects as they passed before her. For instance, when quite a child, a cousin who was visiting at her father's, recollects that

* In New England Sunday is made to commence on Saturday evening, and not at midnight, as with us.

she left the task her mother had given her to perform, and climbed up by a chair to the hour-glass. Her mother coming in at the time, inquired what she was doing. She replied that she had been studying upon it, and believed she had thought of a way by which she could make more time.

“From all the sources left us, it appears that from her childhood to womanhood, she was remarkable for a solidity of mind and a sobriety of deportment rarely found in the volatile season of youth. With teachableness, energy, frankness and warmth of heart, were combined elasticity of spirits and an ardent desire to do something to augment the happiness of her friends. To this were added a keen perception of the ludicrous, a power of humorous description, which rendered her a very enlivening companion.

“In early life her opportunities for education were limited ; but being one of the youngest of a family which is known to have excelled in intelligence and scholarship, she undoubtedly received much instruction at home. Until she was six or seven years of age there was a district school within a mile of her mother’s residence. From the time she was old enough to walk that distance, she attended it regularly when it was in operation. It was then removed two miles from them and she attended it only occasionally. Sometimes she lived with her relatives in Ashfield, sometimes near a school in Buckland, assisting the families into which she was received, as a remuneration for her board.

“She was early noticed for her uncommon progress in study. One of her teachers said, ‘I should like to see what she would make if she could be sent to college.’

“She had some peculiarities as a scholar, which should be noticed. She committed to memory with unusual facility ; yet she did not fail to get a clear understanding of the meaning of her lessons. This shows that she did not recite by mere rote, as is frequently the case with those who are gifted with an extraordinary memory. Nor did her talents lead her to trust to the inspirations of genius and thus neglect her studies ; she always studied with the severest attention, just as much so as if her talents had been of a very ordinary cast. The teacher is now living with whom she studied Alexander’s Grammar ; and he says that in four days she learned that which scholars were accustomed to commit, and repeated it with correctness at one recitation. Her progress in Arithmetic was equally rapid, and she understood clearly and at once the reasons for every operation.

It is said that when quite young Miss Lyon was very atten-

tive to religious instruction. She was always remarkable for her strict observance of the Sabbath, and would not engage in light, trifling conversation on that day. "The old beech tree is still remembered which stood behind a school house in Ashfield, on whose crooked trunk, in a season of religious interest, she used to sit during the school intermissions, and tell those who gathered around her, of the way of salvation, as she had been taught by her parents, though she had not then herself begun to tread in it.

"It is not known that she has left any record of her mental conflict while under religious conviction. Some of her early friends know that the first exercises of her mind, which she was led afterwards to look upon as indicative of a savory change, took place in 1816, under the plain, simple explanation of Bible truth under Elder Enos Smith, the brother of her grandmother. The day which she afterwards regarded as probably the one on which her heart was renewed by the Holy Ghost, was the Sabbath. The sermon to which she had been listening, was on the character of God; and as she walked in the fields on her return home, reflecting on his glorious attributes, her mind was filled with a sweet sense of his love, and her affections seemed for the first time, to flow out towards that Being whom she had revered, and whose character she had approved from her earliest recollection.

"In 1810 her mother married again. Mary, with her only brother, remained on the homestead. For a year previous to this brother's marriage, in 1812, being about fifteen years of age, she took charge of housekeeping, and rendered herself so useful that he paid her one dollar a week for her services to aid her in the prosecution of her studies. From this time until 1819, when her brother removed to the state of New York, her home continued to be in his family.

"From the time of her brother's marriage little is known of her, except that she occasionally attended school, and commenced her career as teacher near Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts, receiving as compensation, at first, seventy-five cents per week with board.

"It was in the autumn of 1817 that she first entered Sander-son Academy, at Ashfield, between four and five miles from her birth-place. She was there emphatically nature's child. Those who knew her only at Ipswich or South Hadley, can realize but little of the Mary Lyon of those days. One remarked of her then—'She is all mind; she does not know that she has a body to care for.' But a warm and true heart soon gained the confi-

dence of her associates. Her whole appearance at that time was so unique, her progress in study so unprecedented, her broad intelligent face so inviting, that no one who was a member of the Academy at that time will ever forget her ; nor how the scholars used to lay aside their books when she commenced to recite. Here she found friends to encourage and assist her in her search for knowledge.

“The slender means which she had collected by services to her brother, by spinning, weaving, etc., were soon expended. She was about to return to her old employment, when the trustees gave her the free use of all the advantages of the Academy. It is supposed that this was the time when she resolved to devote herself particularly to teaching. She collected her bedding, table linen, etc., constituting the full amount of her household treasures, and exchanged the whole at a boarding house for a room and a seat at the table. Nothing could exceed the eagerness with which she engaged in the prosecution of her studies. It was judged by the family where she boarded that she slept, on an average, not more than four hours in twenty-four ; and all her waking moments, except the time occupied by her hurried meals, were spent in study. The Academy in Ashfield, although it may at times have enjoyed more prosperity, yet never has had collected within its walls, at any other time, minds more fitted to bless the world by their influence. But distinguished as some of them have been for talents and acquirements, no one was able to keep up with Mary in her recitations ; and one additional study after another was given her by her teacher, partly as a clog, to keep her within reciting distance of her classes. But all proved insufficient for the purpose. The more her powers were taxed the more she seemed capable of performing. At last her teacher gave her Adams’ Latin Grammar, directing her to omit her extra lessons while committing it to memory, only keeping up with her regular classes in their studies. This he supposed would employ her some time. But within three days she had committed and recited all those portions which students then commonly learned when first going over the work. Her teacher preceded her to the spirit-world, but he was frequently heard to say, that he never knew the Latin Grammar more accurately recited ; and there are many now living who heard the recitations, and can bear the same testimony.

“Her services as teacher soon began to be eagerly sought, and wherever she could find an opportunity to improve herself and others, she would take a class of pupils. When she had

thus obtained sufficient means to justify it, she would go to some place and receive instruction on particular subjects, in which she found herself deficient. No one was more ready to set about and accomplish an improvement in any respect when convinced it was necessary.

“At one time she might be found in a family school in Buckland, teaching all the variety of studies necessary or desirable for an intelligent group of sons and daughters. At another time she resided in the family of Rev. Edward Hitchcock, then pastor of a church in Conway, (the author of this memoir,) learning from him the principles of natural science, and from his wife the arts of drawing and painting. In this place she also taught a select school with ability and success. Then we find her for one term in Amherst Academy, when, for the first time, she encroached on the small patrimony left her by her father. Again, we find her, for a short time, placing herself under a teacher who was known to excel in penmanship, in order that she might improve her hand-writing, which hitherto seems to have been deficient.

In 1821 we find that Miss Lyon, with the avails of her labor and the remnant of her patrimony, went to attend the school of Rev. Joseph Emerson, at Byfield, Massachusetts. This gentleman seems to have had considerable influence in the formation of her character, especially as an educator, and in a religious point of view. Here her intellectual character was appreciated by all such as had any discernment. Mr. Emerson remarked several years afterwards to Miss Grant, with whom Miss Lyon was for a considerable time connected in teaching a female seminary, that he had instructed several ladies whose minds were better disciplined; but, in mental power, she was superior to any young lady that had ever been in his seminary.

In 1822 she became a member of the congregational church at Buckland. From this time forward to the end of her life, she remained a faithful and consistent follower of Jesus Christ, and adorned her profession by an humble walk and conversation.

We have thus seen the difficulties through which this young lady passed in order that she might obtain a suitable education to render her useful in her day and generation. No obstacles could make her shrink back from the path which she had chosen. How encouraging is such an example to persons desirous of obtaining an education, similarly situated, as to means, with Miss Lyon. Let such not sit down in idleness until some favorable opportunity presents itself; but let them employ every advantage they may possess, however small it may be. Every

grain of knowledge you pick up is so much gained. If you have not the means, labor or teach till you acquire them. And when persons see that you are in earnest, one and another will step in to your assistance.

In another article we design to give some account of the self-denying labor of Miss Lyon, as an instructor. S.

MAKING FORTUNES FOR CHILDREN.

BY REV. S. H. REID.

Two leading motives seem to govern men in their desires and efforts to accumulate fortunes. Some are undoubtedly pushed on in their pursuits by an active, enterprizing spirit. They cannot be idle, but find a great pleasure in being employed, and in the success with which their efforts are crowned.

You will generally find this class of men liberal and open-hearted. They are worldly, it is true, and are ever active in catching their chances of making money as these present themselves. And they also know how to take care of the results of their success; but they are not generally stingy. They are ready to feel for the miserable and unfortunate, and are always willing to open their hearts and their hands in relieving the distressed, and in helping those that are worthy of help. Their motto is, to take all that Providence is pleased to give them, in blessing their labors; and then to use these gifts for their own peace and well-being, as well as the good of others. There is no wrong connected with such a course in life by any means, providing those who are thus growing rich in the securement and possession of this world's goods, are also laying up a due portion in the world to come. If it is the tendency of such temporal prosperity to beget within them a feeling of love and thankfulness towards the Giver of all good gifts, and also a feeling of charity and kindness towards their fellows, then we say, that the mere fact of their busy attention to their worldly employments, and their success in these, is not improper nor condemnable. These men may be said to be using the world as not abusing it. They are attentive to their duties in the world because they cannot be idle; at the same time they are not so foolish as to make an idol of their possessions, and then bow down and worship it.

There is another class of the men of this world who seem to be moved by a different spirit and different motives in the mak-

ing and keeping of money. They may be seen toiling very diligently and indeed laboriously in their pursuits. They arise early and retire late. They push on their plans with the utmost vigor. Their thoughts seem to be absorbed with the sole object of making and hoarding property. They make rapid haste to get rich, and show as much concern to keep what they make. With these there is no liberality—no fellow feeling. The calls of charity are unheeded; the welfare and prosperity of society is no object of concern with such. They are wrapt up in themselves, and care for no others. Even the interests of the soul are lost sight of in the noise and bustle of the wheels of mammon.

If now, we stop such men in their busy strides after gain, and enquire for whom or what they are so much concerned about this world, and why they are toiling, with such a greedy appetite, after its possessions; most probably the reply will be, that they are making fortunes for their children! They wish to leave their sons and daughters independent in the world, and this is the reason of their great concern in the securing of this world's goods. Of course we cannot endorse such a course of conduct in any man. We look upon those who are governed in their accumulations of property by such motives, as altogether one-sided and wrong. Not that we regard it as improper to put property into the hands of our children after we are no more; and not that we think it wrong to keep our eye fixed upon the future interests and welfare of our offspring, in our present worldly pursuits. Not by any means. If we are guided in this respect, by proper and sane principles and conditions, we may even be instrumental in securing and entailing *much* property with impunity. If, in making these provisions for our children, we see to it that they are being put into the possession of good moral and religious sentiments and truths, and that they are early made to employ *their own* hands and exercise *their own* talents in labor, and thus become acquainted with the way and manner through which property is made and secured; then we think that in putting fortunes at their disposal, after we are no longer here to see that they make a right use of them, we do not run that risk which we otherwise do run by neglecting these precautions. We do most sincerely think, that for any man to employ a whole life in toiling to get rich, so that he may have the power, on a dying bed, to leave large amounts of property to a family of sons and daughters, who perhaps have not learned the first lesson of industry and economy, is a course of downright madness. We recognize in this very course, of many heads of families, the fruitful source of

much of the misery and wretchedness which we see in the world.

In the first place, to employ all our time and all our strength in making money for our children, while they are permitted to grow up in idleness and sin, is to neglect our own spiritual interests, and thus lose, at last, the great business and object of life, which is the salvation of the soul. Alas! what folly! How much that man is to be pitied, who thus lives and perverts life. Better far that we leave our children struggle with the want of wealth, and labor with their own hands for a livelihood, than that we should be toiling and tugging for them, and after we have finished our unwise course, then lie down in everlasting burnings as our reward. If that man was pronounced a fool, who laid up much goods, simply for his own personal and carnal enjoyment, while he was not rich towards God, of how much sorer punishment do you think he is worthy, who will do this for others, who perhaps may never thank him for it, and at the same time ruin themselves.

But in the second place, how often do we see it to be the case, that making fortunes for children when they do not know how these fortunes have come, is their ruin. Raised up in the lap of luxury and idleness they illy know how to manage a large property when it falls into their hands. Surrounded, too, with a thousand temptations to use their money improperly, how rapidly often do their fortunes flow into the hands of the dram-seller, the gamester, or the pick-pocket. And in addition to all this, what a shipwreck is made of body and soul! Better, a thousand times better would it have been for many a youth, if he would have been born poor!

EARTH'S ANGELS.

EARTH hath its angels, though their forms are moulded,
But of such clay as fashions all below,
Though harps are wanting, and bright pinions faded,
We know them by the love light on their brow.
I have seen angels by the sick one's pillow;
Theirs was the soft tone and soundless tread;
When smitten hearts were drooping like the willow,
They stood between the living and the dead.
There have been angels in the gloomy prison,
In crowded halls, by the lone widow's hearth,
And where they passed the fallen have uprisen—
The giddy paused, the mourner's hope had birth.

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THE NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

WE present our readers this month with a beautiful, delicately finished steel Engraving of that great Architectural wonder, the Crystal Palace. It has been erected on Reservoir Square in the city of New York, by a company of gentlemen, under a Charter of the Legislature of the State of New York. The capital is two hundred thousand dollars, with the privilege, if needed, of raising it one hundred thousand more. The Hon. THEODORE SEDGWICK is President of the Company; and G. J. B. CARSTENSEN and C. GILDMEITER, are the Architects. The Exhibition of the "Industry of all Nations" is to commence on the 2nd day of May next.

The main features of the building are as follows: It is, with the exception of the floor, entirely constructed of iron and glass. The general idea of this edifice is a Greek Cross, surmounted by a dome at the intersection. Each diameter of the cross will be 365 feet 5 inches long. There will be three similar entrances; one on the Sixth Avenue, one on the Fortieth, and one on Forty-second street. Each entrance will be 47 feet wide, and that on the Sixth Avenue will be approached by a flight of eight steps; over each front is a large semi-circular fan-light 41 feet wide and 21 feet high, answering to the arch of the nave. Each arm of the cross is on the ground plan 149 feet broad. This is divided into a central nave and two aisles, one on each side; the nave 41 feet wide, each aisle 54 feet wide. The central portion or nave is carried up to the height of 67 feet, and the semi-circular arch by which it is spanned is 41 feet broad. There are thus in effect two arched naves crossing each other at right angles, 41 feet broad, 67 feet high to the crown of the arch, and 365 feet long; and on each side of these naves is an aisle 54 feet broad, and 45 feet high. The exterior of the ridgeway of the nave is 71 feet. Each aisle is covered by a gallery of its own width, and 24 feet from the floor. The central dome is 100 feet in diameter, 68 feet inside from the floor to the spring of the arch, and 118 feet to the crown; and on the outside, with a lantern, 149 feet. The exterior angles of

the building are ingeniously filled up with a triangular lean-to 24 feet high, which gives the ground plan an octagonal shape, each side or face being 149 feet wide. At each angle is an octagonal tower 8 feet in diameter, and 75 feet high.

Four large and eight winding stair-cases connect the principal floor with the gallery, which opens on the three balconies that are situated over the entrance-halls, and afford ample space for flower decorations, statues, vases, etc. The four principal stair-cases consist of two flights of steps with two landing places to each; the eight winding stair-cases are placed in the octagonal towers, which lead also to the small balconies on the tops of the towers and to the roof of the building.

The building contains on the ground floor 111,000 square feet of space, and in its galleries, which are 54 feet wide, 62,000 square feet more, making a total area of 173,000 square feet for the purposes of exhibition. There are thus on the ground floor two acres and a half, or exactly 2 52-100; in the galleries one acre and 44-100; total, within an inconsiderable fraction, four acres.

SPRING FLOWERS.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

BLEAK winter, with its ice and snow—
Its lone and weary hours—
Wakes longings in my boyish heart,
For spring-time's lovely flowers;
And days when summer sunshine sleeps
Within the mossy dell,
And zephyrs wake to beauty rare,
Each rose and lily-bell.

The stream which murmurs songs of love,
Sighs for the tiny things;
Each bird which goes a warbling wild
For these poor earth-gems sings;
Each star in yonder heaven of blue,
Yearns for their rich perfume,
And, weary, I am sighing too,
And longing for their bloom.

O, dear to every one, I ween,
Are these sweet, simple gems,
More precious to the longing heart
Than costly diadems:
Their language breathes so much of love,
Of innocence and truth;
And O, I love to see them deck
The brow of blooming youth.

THE BIRDS OF THE BIBLE.

THE SPARROW.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

“ARE not five Sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God.”—OUR SAVIOUR.

THE words *Tzeppur* in Hebrew, and *Struthio* in Greek, are used, in the sacred writings to designate, not only a particular but also a whole class of birds. There is a particular bird called Sparrow; but there is also a *class* of birds which are all called, in general, Sparrows, although each one has also its own specific name. Naturalists, especially Goldsmith, rank all birds, from what is less in size than a pigeon down to the humming-bird, as belonging to the Sparrow kind.

Sparrow is, therefore, sometimes synonymous with “little bird.” This will account for the reason why the word is sometimes translated “bird,” as in Leviticus 14: 4, and at other times “sparrow,” as in Psalms 84: 3. As the whole class of birds called Sparrows, have a general likeness to each other in all their habits, as well as their size, it is not necessary to determine—which it is perhaps impossible to do—whether the sacred writings allude to the species of Sparrow in particular, or to all little birds in general. We will confine ourselves to the bird which is known under the specific name, Sparrow; a description of which will make plain all the allusions to it contained in the Bible.

There are three kinds of Sparrows now known among us, and they are no doubt the same as are alluded to by David, King of Israel, and by Jesus our ever blessed Redeemer and Saviour.

THE SONG SPARROW.

This is the most numerous and the most generally diffused in this country, of all our Sparrows. It is also the earliest, longest and sweetest songster. It is the first to break, with its hymns of joy, the silence of winter, in early spring-time, and its notes are heard latest in autumn. It is said, that some even remain with us during the winter, in close sheltered meadows and swamps.

In the summer it sits for hours at a time in some small bush, and chants its pleasant and artless notes as if for their own sweet sake. It loves the borders of rivers, of meadows, and of swamps, no doubt on account of the low brush which abound in such localities, and which it particularly loves.

It builds its nest upon the ground under tufts of grass, building it of dry grass, and lining it with horse hair. Sometimes

it also builds in the thick low branches of pine and cedar trees, five or six feet from the ground. It is of a chestnut color, marked and streaked with dirty white. Its breast is decked with spots of a chestnut color.

THE CHIRPING SPARROW.

This species is perhaps still more familiar and domestic than the song sparrow. In the summer it loves villages and cities, where it builds its nest in the branches of trees in the streets and gardens, and gathers for its food the crumbs in the yard and before the door. It lines its nest softly with the hair of cows and other animals. Towards autumn it becomes less sociable, and departs to the fields and brush till the weather becomes too severe, when it departs to the south. The frontlet of this little bird is black, its crown chestnut, its upper parts are variegated with black and chestnut, and the under parts pale ash.

THE FIELD SPARROW.

This is the smallest of the Sparrows. It loves dry fields covered with long grass, builds a small nest on the ground at the foot of a bush, and lines it with horse hair. It does not sing, but has a kind of chirruping, much like a cricket. This species of the Sparrow abounds in the Carolinas and Georgia. When they are disturbed, they haste to the bushes and cluster so closely together that a dozen may be shot at a time. In color it resembles the other two species.

All these different kinds of Sparrows are friendly birds, and love the habitations of man. They are pert, quick, loquacious creatures, and fond of motion. They are not found in deep solitudes, but in the open and thickly settled country. Indeed this is the case with all small birds. Various reasons exist, why sparrows and other small birds love the habitations of men, and the open country. Here they are not so much exposed to those larger birds which are often their enemies and seek to devour them, since these ferocious birds generally dread the abodes of men, and like all robbers keep at a distance. Tender buds, seeds and insects, which constitute the food of all small birds, are also not so abundant in deep forests, as in cultivated regions. Thus, fears on the one side, and favors on the other, make these birds the companions of man. A wise and good God has made it so. They fill the groves and trees around with their melody; and, in the fields, they speed the weary hours of toil with their cheerful songs. "All is yours." For man—for the joy of man a kind God has made it so! Let him that has a heart for it, praise Him.

The love which these birds have for the society of man, and their distaste for deserts and loneliness, explains that beautiful passage in the 84th Psalm: "The sparrow hath found out a house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my king and my God." This Psalm was no doubt written by the royal singer while he was in banishment from the throne and the sanctuary through the rebellion of his unnatural and ungrateful son. In his exile he remembered with what joy and music the different domestic birds, and among them the sparrow, dwelt around the sanctuary—he saw them as he went up to worship, their nests and their brood undisturbed—they are still there, while he is afar off! The allusion is touching! As one that is home-sick, longs to see even the smallest familiar object around the homestead, and in a sense, envies even the birds that sing in the trees along the garden fence and in the orchard, so does this pious king, the tendrils of whose heart are twined in eternal associations around the sanctuary, long to exchange his exile for the place of the swallows and sparrows, whom no misfortunes chase from the home of their choice.

From the small size of the sparrow, and the consequent smallness of its value in the market, our blessed Saviour takes occasion to illustrate the doctrine of particular Providence. "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father. Fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."—Math. 10: 29-31, Luke 12: 6, 7. The illustration is one that ought to move the heart of all Christians who are "of little faith." If God thinks of so small a bird as a sparrow, defends it and provides for it, will he not much more do so to an immortal being, created in his image, redeemed by his blood, and destined for his glory in an endless life? In the sparrow, that bounds over the ground before us, there is more than a volume can teach, to inspire confidence and joy in the Providence of God.

And will my God to sparrows grant
That pleasure which his children want!

Besides the above, there is only one other passage in the English Bible where the word sparrow occurs. This is in Ps. 102: 7. "I watch, and am as a sparrow alone upon the house-top." Here, however it is plain that the word should have been rendered "bird;" as also it is rendered in the German Bible. There is nothing in the habits of the sparrow that can apply to this passage. It is not a lonely, mourning, sorrowing bird; but just the opposite, cheerful, bustling, happy and fond of company. Besides, this lonely bird on the house-top, is associated,

as in the preceding verse, with the pelican of the wilderness, and the owl of the desert. This bird must be like them in its nature and habits ; and the afflicted Psalmist speaks of his own sorrowful and lonely spirit, as mingling his groans and lamentations with its notes of wo—sitting in the gloom of his own spirit through sleepless nights, and like a gloomy nocturnal bird, pouring his grief in sad notes into the ears of a slumbering world.

We will not thoughtlessly pass by the sparrow, nor disregard its notes when it sings in the bush beside our path. A crowned Poet sung about it, and the Saviour spake of it. Sweet truths are associated with it. It is not the least interesting of the sacred Birds of the Bible.

LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

So our little errors
Lead the soul away
From the paths of virtue,
Oft in sin to stray.

Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Like the heaven above.

Little seeds of mercy,
Sown by youthful hands,
Grow to bless the nations,
Far in heathen lands.

EARLY DEATH.

EARLY in the morning a damsel went into the garden to gather a wreath of beautiful roses. She saw only buds, closed and half open, suffused with dew, fresh and fragrant. "Not yet will I pluck you," said the damsel. "I will wait till the sun opens your bosoms, then ye will have lovelier tints and sweeter odor."

She came at noon, and behold ! the worm had reveled in the roses, the sun had faded them, and they were lifeless and pale. The damsel wept ! And on the next morning she gathered her flowers early.

Those children whom God loves best he gathers early out of this life, before the sun smites them, before blight is in their hearts. The Paradise of children is a high stage in the heavenly blessedness ; the most righteous adult cannot reach it. For his soul has received deeper stains of sin. H.

"POOR DE CAUS."

A CHAPTER ON STEAM AND GENIUS.

BY J. M. WILLIS GEIST.

THE age just closing has been emphatically the age of Steam. Steam has imparted a new soul to Commerce, to Mechanics, to Art and Science. It has brought the two great rivals of the civilized world, by nature separated by over three thousand miles of unfathomed deep, within a ten days neighborhood of each other. Nor have the operations of this great vaporial civilizer been confined to the heavy interests just named. It has condescended to humbler though little less utilitarian spheres. That which drives the leviathan castle through the elementary rage of the great deep, has also become the familiar working friend of the farmer and housewife. It pumps water for the husbandman's cattle and boils food for his swine. It cooks his dinners and warms his chambers. It churns his butter and imparts the finest flavor to his coffee. Steam, in a word, has wrought a complete revolution in the commercial and utilitarian departments of the world's history.

We have spoken of the age *just closing* as the age of Steam: for the year 1853, big with the hopes of the prophetic future of Human Progress, has whispered in our incredulous ears that "the days of Steam are numbered!" The age of CALORIC is upon us! Commerce, Mechanics, Agriculture, Art and Science, Porkulture and Epiculture, all are henceforth to be served most faithfully and obediently by a newly discovered Motor; and this agent of wonderful achievements for the future is simply *heated air*, applied, on the Ericsson principle, as a substitute for Steam. Already has Caloric driven the complicated machinery of industry by land, and its experimental advent by sea has fully established its motive claims upon the commercial world.*

Farewell, then, to the age of Steam! and all hail to the youth of Caloric!

But before we bid good-bye to Steam in such eulogic style,

* We are surprised to see that many of our scientific savans (the editor of the *Scientific American* among the number) are endeavoring to prove Erricsson's Caloric Ship a failure, because in her experimental trip she only made six or seven miles an hour, being nearly three times as long in reaching Washington as the Baltic was a year ago. This learned editor should remember that the *Savannah*, the first Steamer which crossed the Atlantic. (1819,) was *twenty-six days* in running from New York to Liverpool, or nearly three times as long as the Baltic now requires to make the same voyage. The first experiment in Caloric navigation has therefore been as successful as the first experiment in Ocean Steamers. Is modern science to ignore the possibility of scientific progress? We fear the persecutors of Galileo, Columbus, De Caus, Fitch and Fulton, still live, by metempsychosis, in Scientific Gotham!

we have a word to say of its *ingratitude*. No, no! good reader—we don't mean that. We were never scalded by steam, nor blown, like Lieutenant O'Brien, in such hot haste from a steamer that we had not time to shift ourself. We had no loved or loving wife, nor helpless cherub, on the ill-fated steamer *Henry Clay*. Nor father, nor mother, sister, brother nor friend on board the mystic shrouded *President*, which went out on that fathomless tomb, that gives us no return of its dead, and never came back again, not even with a word of mournful certainty to break the cruel grief of suspense. Nor were we ever hurled, with reckless violence in a steam car, down an awful chasm, recovering our stupified senses in time to behold the mangled corpse of an idolized son, and hear the frantic wailings of a heart-riven, now childless mother. Steam never thus injured us in person or estate, and our charge of ingratitude cannot therefore spring from "malice aforethought." Nevertheless, if Caloric insures us all the benefits of Steam, without a sad stereotype of its awful calamities by sea and land, surely no one will moisten its tomb with tears of regret.

The closing age of Steam, with all its triumphs of Progress and attendant civilization, has been marked with the basest ingratitude to the Genius which discovered and proclaimed its practical usefulness. The history of FITCH, FULTON and EVANS, is well known. The trials, privations and neglect endured by "Poor John Fitch" have been elaborately and faithfully laid before the readers of the Guardian by a master mind. The question of right to the credit of *inventing* the steamboat we will not attempt to discuss at this time. It is sufficient that we know the world *now* admits great and irreparable injustice was done to the noble genius who first successfully combatted wind and tide with an artificial motor—whichever of the three that man may have been. Then neglected grave of poor Fitch, beside the waters of the Ohio, "with no monument save the wild flowers about his grave, no requiem save the monotonous sound of her perpetual flow," is disgraceful evidence that Steam Progress has shamefully outran national justice and gratitude. Yet, in the sentiment of a beautiful writer, even now, though then unforeseen, that neglected spot on the banks of the Ohio has become poor Fitch's most appropriate resting-place. His prophecy is fulfilled. Each day, each night, at all hours, great argosies, that put to shame the fleet of Xerxes, pass and repass that shore—one continual procession, keeping eternal music with stentorian voices through iron valves, and charming far echo with the constant chime of passing bells.

The records of our National Legislature, as well as those of the State which enjoyed the first-fruits of his genius, are blotted with the traces of foul ingratitude to the memory and family of Fulton. Although General Jackson seized a steamboat which Fulton had placed upon the Mississippi and Ohio, at a heavy expense to himself, the only one then on the Western waters, and rendered it valueless by damage sustained in the public service, Congress for years refused to acknowledge the right of his surviving children to a fair compensation for losses sustained by their father, after he had laid his genius and his life (for the disease of which he died was contracted through exposure in serving the public,) an offering on the altar of his country! The popular thunder of an age of steam hushed the modest plea of poor inventive genius.

Nor are these the worst instances of the blind ingratitude of Steam Progress. Fitch and Fulton had, after all, greater pretensions to talent than genius. They merely *applied* a great Idea to a practical purpose. The theory of Steam as a motor was furnished them by another. They borrowed the idea and made it the foundation of their own fame. They only worked beneath the light of a greater intellect!

And where did that greater light shine? History, with her easy virtue and gossiping tongue, has given the MARQUIS OF WORCESTER the credit of first promulging the theory of steam-power, in his *Century of Inventions*, a book published by him in the year 1663. But the Marquis of Worcester was an impostor. The only claim on which his historical and scientific fame is based was a stolen idea. And that idea was stolen from one whom an imperial court wrote down a madman, and, lest the justice of their judgment should be questioned, persecuted him until his mighty genius was dethroned and he became a madman indeed!

In the Bicetre, or Bedlam, of Paris, in the year 1641, confined in a madman's cage, behold the genius who first conceived the great idea that has since wrought a civil revolution in the affairs of men! Poor SALOMON DE CAUS! For saying, in the modest confidence of that true genius which ever feels its own superiority, "*I have made a discovery which will enrich any country that will put it in operation,*" you were accused of insanity, shut up in a Bedlam, and kept there until madness did indeed eclipse the light of intellect forever! "Such is the fate of genius!" For to accident rather than history are we indebted for what little we know of poor De Caus. Fulton and Fitch have at least been honored with steamboats known by their re-

spective names. A few magnanimous pens have moved over the record in justice to their memory, and an enterprising citizen of Fulton's native county, has ventured to name our beautiful *Fulton Hall* in honor to his memory. But poor De Caus, to whom they were actually indebted for the grand idea of this new motor, has not so much as been honored by having his name placed upon a canal propellor! Where is the gratitude—the justice—the sense of shame—of steam civilization? Poor DE CAUS, raving, and pining, and dying, in the Bicetre of Paris, because Monsieur Cardinal Richelieu mistook a genius for a madman, and gave him a cell in Bedlam in lieu of a seat with kings and wise men, will form our only and best answer to this question.

To the private correspondence of the celebrated Marion Delorme, with the Marquis de Cinq Mars, who was beheaded at Lyons in 1642 for suspected court intrigues, and to whom it is supposed M'lle Delorme was secretly married, we are indebted for the only authentic account of the manner in which Edward Somerset, the Marquis of Worcester, availed himself of De Caus' theory of steam-power. In the beginning of the year 1641, the Marquis was in Paris, and in visiting various places of interest and curiosity he was accompanied by the charming Marion. In a letter to her presumed husband, the Marquis de Cinq Mars, dated Feb. 3, 1641, she gives a full and minute account of the interview between De Caus and Worcester, from a translation of which we make the following extracts:

"As we crossed the lunatic quarters, of the Bicetre, and I, more dead than alive with fear, leaned on my companion, an ugly face showed itself behind great bars, and commenced crying, in a broken voice—'*I am not mad! I have made a discovery which will enrich any country that will put it in operation.*' And what is the discovery? said I to our guide. * *

* 'This man,' said he, 'is Salomon De Caus. He came from Normandy four years since, to present to the notice of the King a treatise on the marvelous effects that can be obtained by his invention—that is by Steam, to propel machines, drive carriages, and do, for aught I know, a thousand other miracles. The Cardinal dismissed the madman without an answer; but Salomon de Caus, instead of being discouraged, commenced following Monseigneur the Cardinal, everywhere, until he, tired of finding him at his heels, and importuned by his follies, ordered him to be shut up in the Bicetre, where he has now been three years and a half, and where, as you have heard, he cries to every stranger that he is not mad, and that he has made a wonderful discovery. To prove this, he has even written a book,

which I have here.' My Lord Worcester, who had been all attention, demanded the book, and after having read some pages in it, said, 'This man is not mad; and when you threw him into that cell, you shut up the greatest genius of the age!' After this we left; and since that time the Marquis has continually spoken of Salomon De Caus."

About the authenticity of the letter from which we have made this extract, there can be no doubt. It was written by Marion to illustrate (to her husband or lover, we have no evidence as to which he was in reality,) Worcester's singular turn of mind, "how he led her from one object of curiosity to another, always choosing the saddest and most serious, and fixing his large blue eyes on those he questioned as if to penetrate their inmost thoughts—how he was never contented with the explanations given him, and never regarded objects in the same light with those who showed them to him." The original manuscript of the letter was found among the effects of the Marquis de Cinq Mars, some years after his execution, all the material facts of it being corroborated by the Private Memoirs of the French Court; and it also formed the text for the much admired painting by Lecurieux of "De Caus in Bedlam," which appeared in the Louvre in 1845, and was copied into Volume IX of the Union Magazine, which first attracted our attention to the interesting subject.

The Marquis of Worcester, having read enough of De Caus' manuscript to convince him of the practicability of converting steam into a motive power, went home to England and commenced his experiments: but with the sad fate of poor De Caus constantly before him, and being unable to interest even his friends and acquaintances in his alleged discovery, he did not venture before the public with his treatise until twenty-two years after he had read the manuscript of De Caus in the Bicetre. From this period, (1663) history erroneously dates the discovery of Steam as a motor. The progress made in *practicalizing* the great theory of De Caus may not be uninteresting to the general reader, and will enable him to form some idea of the real claims of different experimentors.

1641. De Caus' discovery of steam as a motor first made known to the Marquis of Worcester.

1663. Marquis of Worcester published his theory of "a way to drive up water by fire."

1681. Papin invented his Steam Digester.

1698. Captain Savery constructed an engine for raising water.

1699. Papin's engine exhibited to the Royal Society.

1713. Atmospheric engine invented by Savery and Newcomen.
1736. First idea of steam navigation set forth in Hull's patent.
1769. Watt's invention of condensing in a steam-chamber distinct from the cylinder.
1768. Watt's first patent granted.
1775. Watt's engines erected on a large scale in manufactories, and his patent renewed by Parliament.
1778. Thomas Paine proposed the application of Steam in America. Watt's Expansive, and the Rotary Motion Engine, were also constructed this year.
1779. Dr. Falck proposed the construction of double-acting Engines on Newcomen's principle.
1781. Watt's first patent for his Double Engine granted. The Marquis Jouffroy constructed an engine on the Saone.
- 1783-4. "Poor John Fitch" experimented in steam navigation on the river Delaware.
- 1785-6. Oliver Evans made similar experiments.
1787. Rumsey made similar experiments in Virginia.
1789. Symington made a passage on the Forth and Clyde canal.
1791. Henry Jackson erected the first steam engine in Dublin.
1792. Jouffroy experimented in France.
1797. Chancellor Livingston built a steamer on the Hudson.
1801. First experiment on the river Thames.
1802. Symington's experiment repeated with success. Trevethick's high-pressure engine invented.
1804. Oliver Evans experimented in locomotive engines, and Woolf constructed his double-cylinder expansion engine.
1806. Manufactories first warmed by steam.
1807. Fulton performed *the first successful trip in steam navigation on record*, on the Hudson river, making the passage to Albany in 33 hours.
1811. Blenkinsop first applied steam power (to convey coals) on a railway.
1812. The first steam vessel in Europe commenced plying on the Clyde.
1814. Fulton constructed the first steam frigate ever built, named "Fulton the First." Steam was applied to *Printing* the same year in the London *Times* office.
1819. The ocean first crossed by a steamer, (the *Savannah*), which went from New York to Liverpool in 26 days.
1825. The steamer *Enterprise* sailed from Falmouth to India—the first steam voyage to that region.
1829. Locomotive engines used on the Liverpool railroad.
1838. War steamers built in England. The *Great Western*

arrived at New York from England the same year, making the passage in 18 days.

1840. The *Brittania*, the pioneer of the present Cunard line of Steamships, reached Boston, after a passage of 14 days, 8hs.

The first American steamship of any note was the *Washington*, which ran to Southampton in 1847. The American line so popularly known as the Collins steamers are now the fastest in the world. The number of steam vessels in the United States is about 2000, five hundred more than are owned by Great Britain.

Such is a brief history of the progress of Steam, since its discovery by poor De Caus, over two hundred years ago. What mighty achievements have marked this progress we need not pause now to enumerate. We can sum up the whole matter in a single sentence—the prophecy of genius uttered by De Caus in the Bicetre—“*I have made a discovery which will enrich any country that will put it in operation.*” When the haughty Cardinal Richelieu denied De Caus an audience with the King, being then deeply engrossed with diplomatic schemes which required all the funds of the treasury, he robbed France of a greater mine of wealth and fame than she ever enjoyed; but when he shut up so much genius in a madhouse, he inflicted a blot upon his country’s historic page which the diplomatic and bloody achievements of a long line of Napoleons can never erase.

We have written this hasty sketch—already extended far beyond our intended limits—in the hope that with the names of Gallileo, Columbus, Fitch and Fulton, each of whom suffered contumely by a cotemporary age and neglect from succeeding generations, the name of SALOMON DE CAUS will be written in the history of all civilized nations. Let this *triad* at least be made immortal—GALLILEO, COLUMBUS, DE CAUS. The first said, *The World moves*; and he suffered persecution and imprisonment as a “heretic:” the second declared, *A New World exists*; and he was laughed to scorn: the third insisted, *Steam will enrich the World*; and he was locked up with madmen and suffered to die in a lunatic’s cell!

The World does move, the New World does exist, and Steam has enriched them both, notwithstanding that Gallileo, Columbus and De Caus were each “obliged to wear those chains which Ignorance ever forges around the limbs of the sleeping giant Truth, but which, on his awaking, are parted and cast away like shreds of flax.” Hereafter, when GENIUS knocks at the door of public justice, whether that door be guarded by government or popular sentiment, let the battle-cry of her defenders be—

Remember Poor De Caus!

ON THE VERGE—OVER IT!

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

I HAVE watched the drops of rain—
 Clear drops of rain that to the eaves hung fast—
 Pure drops, without a soil or stain :
 I knew their tremulous hanging could not last ;
 Yet did they hang, till softest breeze swept past,
 When down they fell,
 And, sad to tell,
 Were one with mire and bubbles in the pool below.

I have watched the thistle down,
 The soft, white thistle down, that hung
 On leaves by Autumn's frosts made brown—
 Hung, hooked with tiny grip, hung fast and long ;
 Till softest air that played the trees among,
 Bore it away,
 Behold ! it lay,
 A drenched and floating wreck upon a dull dark pond.

I have seen a tender youth—
 A youth long bound in heart by sweetest ties—
 By sweetest ties to God and truth ;
 He seemed for honor made, intent to rise ;
 Till subtle evil came in smooth disguise,
 Came, with a smile,
 Came, dark and vile !
 Came, with its poison—and its certain death !

THE BLOSSOMS AND THE LEAVES.

ONCE when the blossoms in May were falling off, thin, pale, and small, the leaves exclaimed :

Ah ! these feeble and useless things ; scarcely are they born, when they sink to the earth ! But we, behold we stand firm and endure the heat of summer, growing ever broader, brighter, and more flourishing, till after many months of usefulness, when we have given to the earth the most beautiful ripe fruit, clothed in gay-colored robes of honor, and amid the cannonading of the storm, we sink to rest.

But the fallen blossoms replied :

We sink to the earth cheerfully, after we have first given *birth* to the fruit !

O ye quiet, unobserved, and quickly faded souls, in the retired study—ye little regarded ones of the school-room—ye noble well-doers, whose names are not in history—and ye retired mothers, be ye not discouraged before the glitter and parade of those who sit on mountains of gold, or stand on triumphal arches, making a vain show of doubtful honors ; be ye not discouraged—ye are the blossoms which give birth to the fruit. H.

A DYING SINNER;

THE FOLLY OF DEFERRING REPENTANCE TO A DYING HOUR.

BY REV. S. H. REID.

IN nothing does the perverseness of our nature so fully show itself as in the disposition to postpone the work of repentance and a preparation for the future. Though this be the *first* work claiming our attention, yet it is in many cases, the very last to excite serious concern. And not until they are brought to the very gates of death, and are thus *compelled* to look the future in the face, will thoughtless men think concernedly about the interests of their neglected souls. Cares of far less importance share largely their attention and time. Even things which perish in their using, are permitted actually to engross the thoughts and the heart; but the higher interests of the precious spirit are either wholly pushed aside, or are expected to be crowded into the uncertain moments of a dying hour.

But alas! how many are disappointed in this respect! And when they descend, with anxious and trembling steps, the dark valley and shadow of their end, how amazed are they to find, that the opportunities for repentance, which they in their earlier life, had promised themselves, were but visionary, and now when the agonizing soul would eagerly seek for them, they cannot be found.

The dying chamber has often confirmed the truth of these statements. Again and again has it lifted up its warning voice and called upon men to prepare to meet their God. I have now an account of a most touching incident of this character in my hands, and in the hope that it may serve as a means under the blessing of God, to impress the reader with a sense of the danger of delay in the concerns of eternity, I now present it accordingly.

PAROCHIAL MEMORANDUM.

A few years since, a gentleman called at the parsonage to inquire if I would visit a sick person recently brought to this city for medical aid—representing him to be dangerously ill, and by no means prepared for the issue. The inquiry was immediately answered by the expression of my readiness to accompany him; but as he deemed it advisable to make some preparation for the interview, he left me with the understanding that he would see his friend and arrange an appointment. The next morning I received the following note:

“Sir: Mr. —, the gentleman I spoke to you of yesterday, will be glad to see you this evening, at four o’clock. If your convenience will admit, I will meet you at — hotel, in —

street, and accompany you to Mr. ——'s room. With my acknowledgments for your kindness, and with the highest respect, I am your obedient servant, —— ———."

I attended at the place and hour designated, and was at once introduced to the chamber of the sick man. The character of our interview determined me to commit it to writing; not with any view to publication, but simply to aid my recollection of a scene which I desired not to forget. This will explain the brevity, and at times, apparent abruptness of the conversation. I have on a few occasions been led to mention the sad case, and unless much mistaken, with salutary effect. As it may now be stated without the possibility of revealing the parties concerned, the impressive lesson which it affords ought not to be lost. I, therefore, send the memorandum, that it may find a place in the Guardian.

Memorandum.—"I found Mr. —— laboring under chronic diarrhoea, in its last stage. His physicians had relinquished all hope of his recovery, and assented to his being apprised of his condition. He was extremely weak—hectic flush on his cheeks—his eyes glassy—in face and form a skeleton—his mind sound, but feeble.

"After the customary salutations, he observed that he knew no one here: that he saw me because I had been named to him by his friend as one in whom he might have confidence; that he did not feel capable of attending to his religious interests; that he did not know whether he believed, or what he believed, but that if the Bible be true, he must be lost. All this he uttered slowly and with a composure which seemed to proceed from the indulged hope that the Bible might not be true. He appeared to be finding a kind of shelter in a state of doubt, and to be willing to have his doubts strengthen, as the only expedient for avoiding that horror of despair to which their dispersion would consign him.

"I asked him if he did not know one thing—that he was *a sinner*. He replied, yes, if the Bible is true. But, I observed, the Bible aside, take the testimony of your own conscience—does it not convict you? Have you not often violated it? Why, yes, I have. Then you know you are a sinner, and that you have offended God? Where can you find a remedy? How can you prepare to meet Him in judgment? He was silent.

"With regard to the Bible, I remarked, it is accompanied by evidence sufficient to show its divine origin; but if men neglect to consider these, they cannot be expected to produce conviction. Have you examined them? No, never as I ought to have done. Then I am not surprised that you do not believe.

What a sinful state of mind and heart that must be which has made you so indifferent about knowing the will of your Creator, that you have neglected even to consider the claims of a book purporting to be from Him ! Many of the evidences of the origin of that book, which have proved satisfactory to others of all grades of intellect, and in every condition of life, are now beyond your reach. You have neither strength nor time to examine them. But there is a kind of evidence which may yet be available to your conviction. And what is that ? he asked. The evidence in the book itself. The account which it gives of your own heart, and of your ruin as a sinner. This, if you will be honest with yourself, you may know to be true. And this being so, you know you require a remedy for your guilt. Where can you find one ? None appears in which you can have the least reasonable confidence, till you again look to the Bible. There you find a plan for the relief of sinners, such as no human mind could have conceived, and such as is suited to all the necessities of the case for which it is intended to provide.

“I then set before him the arrangements of God’s wisdom and grace for our salvation, endeavoring to explain to him the effects of sin—its guilt as a violation of the divine law, and its defilement as a polluting disease of our moral nature—the one rendering us deserving of the wrath of God, the other making us unmeet for a holy heaven. And, in this connexion, showing what God had wrought by the mission, sufferings, and death of His Son, as an atonement for our guilt, and His provision for our sanctification, by the renewing influences of his Spirit.

“I had scarcely finished, when with a firm and solemn voice, he said, I shall go to hell ! O, God, and must I then go to hell ?

“Such an expression of countenance I never beheld. It was not distorted ; it was an awful fixed gaze, as if he distinctly saw his inevitable doom, and deep despair had settled on his soul !

“I observed to him that I was not at all surprised at his conclusion. It was but the candid utterance of the testimony of his own heart, in confirmation of the verdict of the Bible—that the fearful doom which he denounced on himself must take effect, unless he availed himself of the remedy proffered in the Scriptures, which was as real as the ruin of which he had now become so conscious.

“No, no ! he exclaimed, there is no hope for me. I am too great a sinner ! I have too long neglected that remedy !

“I replied, the facts are, no doubt, as you state, but you must not measure God’s mercy by your own apprehensions, but by His express declarations.

“Oh ! tell me then, he cried, what he has said ! I repeated to him these passages :—‘My thoughts are not as your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.’ ‘Come now, let us reason together saith the Lord : though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow ; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.’ ‘Let the wicked forsake his ways and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy on him ; and to our God, for he will *abundantly* pardon.’ ‘The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin.’ ‘Whoever will, let him come.’ ‘He that cometh, I will in no wise cast out.’

“He listened to these passages with intense interest and then with agonizing perplexity, asked : But what can I do ? tell me anything—tell me if it would avail to dash myself out of that window. I will do anything ! But, O no, I must go to hell ! I must go to hell !

“I exhorted him not to yield to despondency, and remarked that sinners were exposed to fatal temptation, under two forms. At first, when in health, the suggestion is, ‘time enough yet—the work for eternity can be easily and quickly despatched.’ When this fails, then the suggestion is, ‘it is too late—your sins are too great.’ That he had yielded to the first, and involved himself in the guilt of presumption ; now his danger lay in yielding to the other, and giving up in despair.

“Then what, O what shall I do ? Shall I be baptized ? I stated to him that baptism is a profession of faith in Christ, which, in his state of mind, he could not sincerely make ; and, of course, it was not yet proper : that his concern should be, to repent truly of his sins, and seek a personal interest in the atoning death of Jesus, through faith. These exercises I endeavored to explain to him.

“But, said he, I have often purposed and promised, and as often disregarded all ! It will be so now ! I shall go to hell ! Oh ! what shall I do ?

“I entreated him to call upon God for the help of his Holy Spirit, to create in him a new and contrite heart, and lead him to unfeigned faith in the Lord Jesus.

“Perceiving that the interview, if prolonged, might defeat its object, I knelt by his bed-side, and engaged with him in prayer, during which he often cried out in anguish of mind, and accompanied my feeble supplications with his own impassioned petitions for mercy and help.

“I then took my leave, promising, at his earnest request, to visit him again.”

I saw him once more, for a few moments only, and my ministrations in his case were ended. May I never have occasion to pass through another scene of such trial and responsibility! The truthful statement needs no comment. It is presented for the serious consideration of those whom it may concern, with the prayer that He who works by various means, may render it subservient to their salvation and His glory.

TO AN ABSENT WIFE.

BY G. D. PRENTICE.

'Tis Morn :—the sea breeze seems to bring
Joy, health and freshness on its wing;
Bright flowers, to me all strange and new,
Are glittering in the early dew,
And perfumes rise from every grove,
As incense to the clouds that move
Like spirits o'er yon welkin clear;
But I am sad—thou art not here!

'Tis Noon ;— a calm, unbroken sleep
Is on the blue wave of the deep;
A soft haze, like a fairy dream,
Is floating over wood and stream,
And many a broad magnolia flower,
Within its shadowy woodland bower,
Is gleaming like a lovely star;
But I am sad—thou art afar!

'Tis Eve :—on earth the sunset skies
Are printing their own Eden dyes;
The stars come down and trembling glow,
Like blossoms in the wave below,
And like an unseen spirit, the breeze
Seems lingering 'midst those orange trees,
Breathing its music round the spot;
But I am sad—I see thee not!

'Tis Midnight :—with a soothing spell
The far-off tones of ocean swell—
Soft as a mother's cadence mild,
Low bending o'er her sleeping child;
And on each wandering breeze are heard
The rich notes of the mocking bird,
In many a wild and wondrous lay;
But I am sad—thou art away!

I sink in Dreams, low, sweet and clear,
Thy own dear voice is in my ear;
Around my cheek thy tresses twine—
Thy own loved hand is clasped in mine;
Thy own soft lips to mine are pressed—
Thy head is pillowed on my breast;
Oh I have all my heart holds dear,
And I am happy—thou art here!

OLD AGE AND CHILDHOOD.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

WE have just borne to the tomb an aged mother. She was in the ninety-third year of her age—was born in the early part of the year 1761. When the Revolutionary war began she was a young girl 15 years of age. Through what a length of eventful history has her life passed! Sitting lonely, as she often did in the last years of her life, and thinking back over the many years through which the path of her life had lain, she could say, like the traveller in the East amid the tombs of the Patriarchs,

How many, many memories,
Glide o'er my spirit now.

There is something beautiful in the death of an aged saint. It is a fulfilment of the pleasant prophecy: "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season." When one is stricken down by death in middle life, in the midst of usefulness, and perhaps in the midst of a dependant family, we look up in wonder, asking why is this? to which faith only can reply, Thus hath the Lord done! When one is taken in infancy, we say it is as the opening flower, which some one loved, and plucked and bore away. But when one dies in old age, we say it is as when the full blown rose drops its petals of itself amid its own ripe, rich perfume, just before the storms of coming winter have rudely blown upon it.

Sometimes childhood returns again to the aged saint at the close of life. We shall never forget an aged mother who could neither see nor hear, and the only evidence she could have of any one being near her, was when she was touched. When her daughter touched her cheek with the back of her hand, she smiled in all the simplicity of an infant, and said: "Here it is so lonely! Mother, let us go home!" She thought she was a child and the touch of the hand, wakened up the feeling: "Mother is here!"

But how shall we weep over this? Why should we? It has been beautifully said, "The second childhood of a saint is the early infancy of a happy immortality." And what if this, too, be a part of receiving the kingdom of heaven as a little child!

It is a wise and happy arrangement. When we were children our parents were not; now that they are children we are not. They cared for us then, sympathized with us in our little sorrows, and smiled in our little joys, and had patience in all our childish caprices, so must we now do to them. Ah! forget not to be kind to aged childhood. "Make soft beds and warm for the aged, and let them enjoy richly, for things else the

desire not ; and in the December of life, when the nights are longest, give them Christmas holidays, and make for them Christmas trees, for are they not children again, growing back still farther into helpless infancy."

Have we wandered from the point in view? No. The last years of the life of this aged mother—this we intended to say—deeply impressed upon our mind one lesson of wisdom worthy of being exclaimed into the ears of this hasty age. It was the fact that when her sight had so far failed that she could read no more, and her hearing had become so hard that it was difficult to speak words of encouragement and comfort to her, she spent hours, that would otherwise have been lonely, in calling up and conning over hymns, prayers, and passages of scripture *which she had committed to memory in early life*. In this way her memory supplied that which the senses could no more serve to communicate. She frequently referred to this as one of the chief sources of her consolation.

Thus there is mercy in the very fact that childhood returns in old age ; for with it come also those stores of treasure which were early committed to the memory. Impressions which the cares and pursuits of the more busy periods of life had covered over or dimmed, now kindle again into their original life and beauty. Besides this, those passages committed in early life merely by rote, and without any interest in them, and perhaps without at the time making any sensible impression, now bring to the heart their true meaning with power and effect. Thus seed sown in early life, and lying without growth for years, now silently springs up into a joyful harvest. "In the evening it shall be light."

This instance shows that it is not in vain to require children to commit to memory hymns, prayers, and passages of scripture, though they may not at the time fully know or appreciate their import. They cling to us, and may prove, not only our comfort, but our salvation. It was, I think, Randolph who said ~~that~~ he was able to become an infidel, when he tried to be so, in everything but in that which his mother had taught him ! Of the great John Quincy Adams it is said, that he, even when occupying the highest post of honor in our country, always repeated on going to bed,

"Now I lay me down to sleep!
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Yes, they are sweetest, truths which we learned in childhood. They are so soft and holy, like all recollections that come to us

over the waste of many years. They mingle, in the evening of age, with the returning impressions of the tenderest and happiest days of life. The heart suggests them rather than the mind—they are feelings rather than thoughts—and they have so much heart in them, just like the tones of a mother's voice! Ah! happy is he whose heart is rich in these treasures; they are talents at usury which will bring an hundred fold. For, do not the impressions of early life stick longest and last to the reprobate? When a father speaks no more—when a mother's tongue is still in death—when broken vows and resolutions lie along the backward track of the young prodigal's life—and when shapes of despair, like foul dark birds of the night, croak notes of wo in the gloom of despair around him—then, Oh then still, does the voice of early impressions hum its undertones in the spirit,

When the world's din and passion's voice is still,
Calling the wanderer home!

MY DREAM OF LIFE.

BY J. M. WILLIS GEIST.

I.

My soul once had a vision—
A life-long dream—
In which I seemed to float on gaily
A down life's stream,
Attended by but one companion,
So pure and fair,
That Virtue seemed to make her bosom
A throne of prayer,
Where Beauty loved to linger
And dally ever,
Companion of the Graces
That leave her never.

II.

That Dream of Life has perished—
'Tis gone—gone—gone!
That hope, so fondly cherished,
Never can be won:
The beau ideal of my soul—
One moment seen—
Now lives to spurn my heart's control
With Queenly mien!
SHE, whom I loved in fancy
Long years aflow,
And only found to lose her,
Is gone—gone—gone!

III.

That Dream of Life—how strangely
It comes—comes—comes!
Hoping, fearing, pausing, trembling,
How my heart roams—

Wandering through its world ideal,
 By rapture bound
 To her, whom now I'm forced to feel
 Too LATE I found!
 Oh! what a sweet delusion—
 Can it be a dream?
 Some fairy-wrought illusion?
 Such it would seem.

IV.

This Dream of Life is ever
 Flitting to and fro—
 Like the shadow on the landscape
 It doth come and go:
 To day, I think its form is real—
 To morrow comes—
 Again a heavenly form ideal
 My dream assumes!
 And I will fondly cherish
 This life-dream ideal
 'Till life's last hope doth perish
 In death's stern real.

V.

Then I will have a vision—
A waking dream—
 Of Life's immortal joys elysian
 In LOVE'S SUNBEAM—
 Which shines, and shone, and will shine ever,
 (For "God is Love!")
 Eternal years, departing never
 From skies above!
 We all in life are dreaming
 Of our ideal—
 But our only hope redeeming
 IS CHRIST THE REAL.

LIFE'S BETTER MOMENTS.

BY CATHARINE M. SQUIER.

LIFE has its moments
 Of beauty and bloom;
 But they hang like sweet roses
 On the edge of the tomb.
 Blessings they bring us,
 As lovely as brief;
 They meet us when happy,
 And leave us in grief.

Hues of the morning,
 Tinging the sky,
 Come on the sunbeams,
 And oft with them fly,
 Shadows of evening
 Hang soft on the shore;
 Darkness envelopes them,
 We see them no more.

So life's better moments,
 In brilliance appear,
 Dawning in beauty,
 Our journey to cheer.
 Round us they linger.
 Like shadows of even;
 Would that we, like them,
 Might melt into heaven.

KNOWLEDGE IN EXTREME POVERTY.

ANECDOTES illustrating the devotion with which knowledge has been pursued under the pressure of severe penury, or other forms of worldly misfortune, are evidences, not of any calamities to which literature has a peculiar tendency to expose its votaries, but rather of the power with which it arms them to conquer and rise superior to calamities. Students, and authors, and men of genius, have had their share of adversity with others; but few others enjoy their peculiar advantages, if not for warding off, at least for bearing up against it! The man who is most to be pitied under misfortune, is he whose whole happiness or misery hangs on outward circumstances. The scholar has sources of enjoyment within himself of which no severity of fortune can altogether deprive him. Hence, a man who is truly in love with philosophy, will often think but lightly of sufferings and privations which would to another be almost intolerable. If his body be in want, his mind has store of riches.

The learned theologian, HENRY BULLINGER, one of the distinguished names of the Reformation, supported himself at school for several years by his talent as a street musician. His contemporary and fellow laborer in the same cause, Wolfgang Musculus, had commenced his career as a scholar in a similar manner, having for some time sung ballads through the country, and begged his way from door to door, in order to obtain a pittance wherewith to put himself to school; he was at length charitably received into a convent of Benedictine monks, who, greatly to his delight, offered to educate him and admit him to their order. Musculus was afterward, on embracing the tenets of the Lutherans, reduced to such distress, that he was obliged to send his wife to service, and to bind himself apprentice to a weaver of Strasburg, who no sooner discovered his religious opinions than he turned him out of doors. He had then no other resource but to offer himself as a common laborer, to assist in repairing the fortifications of the city. Yet even in this situation he employed every moment he could spare in study; and applied himself, in particular, with so much ardor to the Hebrew language, that he placed himself eventually at the head of the scholars by whom that branch of learning was cultivated in his time.

Another great orientalist of that age, and in many respects one of the most extraordinary characters of any age, WILLIAM POSTELLUS, was, when merely a boy, so fond of reading, that he would often, it is related, while engaged with his book, forget to take his meals. Having set out from his native village

in Normandy on the road to Paris, in the expectation of finding means to pursue his studies in that capital, he was attacked, in the course of his journey, by robbers, who took from him all the little he had in the world, and used him, besides, so barbarously, that his vexation and the wounds he had received together, obliged him to take refuge in a hospital, where he lay for two years before his health was restored. On his recovery he bent his steps once more towards Paris; being at the time, however, in such a state of destitution that he had no way of obtaining wherewithal to buy himself a coat, except by offering his services as a reaper, to assist in cutting down the crop which then happened to be ready for the sickle. Having arrived in Paris, he thought himself fortunate in being received as a domestic into the college of St. Barbe, not doubting that even this situation would afford him, in some degree, those opportunities of improvement which he so ardently longed for. Accordingly, having contrived to get possession of a Greek and a Hebrew grammar, he soon made himself master of both these languages, solely by his own efforts; and although the fragments of time he could steal from the labors of his humble place were all the leisure he had for study, he afterward became one of the greatest scholars of his time, being distinguished especially for his knowledge of both ancient and modern languages, of which there was scarcely one that he was not familiar with.

Pope ADRIAN VI., was the son of a poor barge-builder of Utrecht, who, desirous of procuring for his son a good education, and yet unable to pay for it, found means at last to get him admitted among the boys educated gratuitously at the University of Louvaine. While attending this seminary, however, the pecuniary resources of the young scholar were so extremely scanty, that he was unable to afford himself candles whereby to study at night. But he did not, on that account, spend his time in idleness. He used to take his station, we are told, with his book in his hand, in the church porches, or at the corners of the streets, where lamps were generally kept burning, and to read by their light. After passing through a succession of ecclesiastical preferments, which he owed to his eminent acquirements and unimpeachable character, Adrian was appointed preceptor to the young Archduke Charles, grandson to Ferdinand, king of Spain, who afterward became so powerful and celebrated under the title of the Emperor Charles V. To this connexion he was indebted to his elevation to the papal throne, which he ascended in the sixty-second year of his age, and occupied for two years, having died in 1523. The short time he held this lofty station was not, however, the happiest period of Adrian's

life, as the following inscription, which he desired to be placed over his tomb, may testify: "Here lies Adrian VI., who esteemed no misfortune which happened to him in life so great as his being called to govern."

There are some fine examples of the enthusiasm with which the cultivators of the fine arts have devoted themselves to the acquisition of that knowledge and skill to which they afterward owed their eminence and fame. The dream of every young artist's ambition is Rome. The French painter, FRANCIS PERRIER, when a young man, living in poverty and obscurity at Lyons, was haunted by so eager a desire to visit "the eternal city," that he gladly consented to act as a guide to a blind person who was travelling thither, on condition that the latter should pay the expenses of both; and in this way, after a journey of above four hundred miles on foot, he arrived among those monuments of ancient and modern genius, which, ere he had yet seen them, he had so long and fondly worshipped in fancy. The first engagement he obtained was an humble and laborious one, to make copies for a dealer in paintings from originals of merit; but he profited by the advantage it afforded him of studying the works of several distinguished masters. Perrier afterward appeared in Paris, and obtained a high reputation among the artists of his day. He died in that city in 1660.

CLAUDE LORRAINE is said to have been originally apprenticed to a pastry-cook, and to have been, on his first appearance in Rome, so destitute of resources, that he was obliged to accept of the meanest employment connected with the art he was desirous of studying, and in which he afterward obtained so rare an eminence. SALVATOR ROSA, who was born in 1615, a few years later than Claude, had made himself already an able painter, principally by the study of nature, while still residing in his native village, in the neighborhood of Naples, and before he had ever been able to gratify his earnest desire of visiting Rome. Salvator's genius, indeed, was nursed in hardships and sorrows, which yet had only the effect of strengthening and exalting it. When very young, he had been left, by the death of his father, the sole support of his mother and sisters; and so heavily did this burden press upon him, that, although he wrought hard, he was sometimes it has been said, after finishing a picture, scarcely able to save enough from the scanty price he received for it to purchase the canvass for another. He was in his twentieth year, when a friend and brother artist, somewhat richer than himself, proposed to take him to Rome with him, and to pay the expenses of both; an offer which Salvator gladly accepted. When he found himself

at last in that celebrated capital, his ardor would scarcely suffer him to take sustenance or repose, while he examined with the enthusiasm of a painter and a poet, the precious remains of ancient art by which he was surrounded; and the incessant fatigue to which he exposed himself at last brought on an attack of fever, which rendered it necessary for him to be carried back to Naples. It was some years before it was again in his power to visit Rome; but it continued to fill all his visions of the future, and to make his residence at Naples seem an exile. At length, however, his eye rested once more on the objects among which his heart had so long been. Rome was at this time crowded with painters, whose names have now become the household words of fame, and several of whom were already regarded with an admiration as great as is ever bestowed on living genius. But, undismayed, by their glory, Salvator aspired from the first to be, not the imitator of any of them, but their competitor and rival; to form a style and found a school of his own. We need not say how greatly he succeeded in this object, since his name, too, is now familiar to every ear, as one of the most distinguished in the second generation of the great painters of Italy.

The celebrated MARMONTEL was born of parents who belonged to the humblest rank of people, and was indebted for the elements of education to the charity of a priest. The late French general HOCHÉ, who distinguished himself in the wars of the Revolution, was originally a stable-boy. While in that situation, and after having enlisted in the army, which he did at the age of sixteen, he used to work at any employment he could find during the day, to get money to buy books, which he would often spend the greater part of the night in reading. LAGRANGE, the French translator of Lucretius, was so poor while attending the University, that his only food for the day was a little bread, which he carried with him from home in the morning, and used to eat in an alley or the vestibule of a church during the intervals between the different classes. Dr. JOHNSON was indebted for his maintenance at college to the scanty aid of a wealthy individual, who professed to keep him there as a companion to his son. The late learned Dr. PARR, after having, at the early age of fourteen, distinguished himself above all his school fellows at Harrow, was taken from school by his father, who wished to initiate him in his own business of surgeon and apothecary. Young Parr, however, continued still to pursue his studies with as much benefit as before, by getting one or other of his old companions to report to him the master's

remarks on the lesson of every day as it was read ; until his father, finding the contest with nature likely in this case to turn out in vain, at last consented that he should proceed to the University. He had been but a short time, however, at Cambridge, when his father died ; and this event leaving him almost literally penniless, compelled him with a heavy heart to bid farewell also to this new theatre of his ambition. Yet these cruel disappointments, and a long succession of other struggles with indigence and misfortune by which they were followed, did not prevent Parr from attaining eventually the distinction he merited, and becoming one of the greatest scholars of his time. Such early difficulties form often, indeed, the very influences to which no small portion of the future eminence of their victims is to be attributed. The late illustrious mathematician, Lagrange used to say, that he certainly never should have been the mathematician he had turned out, if he had been born to a fortune instead of having to make his own way to one.

It is related of the painter Joseph Ribera, commonly called Lo SPAGNOLETTA, that after having for some time pursued his art at Rome in great indigence, he was patronized by one of the cardinals, who, giving him apartments in his palace, enabled him to live at his ease ; but that, after a while, finding himself growing indolent amid his new comforts and luxuries, he actually withdrew himself from their corrupting influence, and voluntarily returned to poverty and labor, thus exhibiting the choice of Hercules in real life, and verifying the beautiful fiction of Xenophon.

Rise, O young friend—rise reader of the Guardian, and say no longer that you are too poor to be wise. The path to the pleasant eminences of science lie open to all, and in most of cases—yes in most of cases—the rich loiter, while the poor crowd on and gain the prize.

A HINT.

Harsh words are like the hail which beats
The herbage to the ground ;
Kind words are like the gentle rain
Which scatters freshness round.

As polished steel receive a stain
From drops at random flung,
So does the child, when words profane
Drop from a parent's tongue.

OUR EARLY LOVES.

BY ELIA.

AH! those were glorious days—the days of our boyhood! How our blood tingles in the veins when we think of them! The old school-house, which rang with the peals of our merry laughter. Those joyous, light-hearted laughs which children only have; we have them not now; a sickly smile perhaps, or boisterous explosion, that exercises the lungs and lips only, not the heart. Then, too, the play-ground, I can yet see the hole, made to roll the ball into; the shinnies too—I can yet see the old holes in the school-house where we hid them after play.

In those plays we all displayed the germs of our character. And now when I look upon my mates grown up, it is a rare instance not to find that developed which I can dimly remember as theirs when we played together. We can remember who always kept good balls, paddles, shinnies; who were honorable and just—who cheated and lied—who, by cunning arguments, convinced the more unsophisticated—they come now before me as I beckon to them and stand clearly out—I find them but the duplicates of the present, on a smaller scale. The recollections of our school-days are essentially the same the world over. Still when we compare them we find in ours in America a wilder freedom; the birch dared not to be used so arbitrarily—our parents, still retaining the untamed spirit and unconventionalized manners of the early settlers, would not permit unwarrantable exercise of arbitrary power—just released from the stamp-act, and the galling contempt of Britain, they took our part—we were *too* free some of us had better been birched a little more.

One reminiscence of our boyhood comes back to us like a fairy dream; but has more—we feel assured of its reality. Memory loves to linger fondly over it. Its light shining through the “rose-colored vial” tinges that part of life with its soft hues, making it lovely to look upon, and suffusing the encrusted heart of manhood with tenderness, and making it soft and new as it was then. We are apt when looking back, to forget the thorns and think only of the flowers. In the landscape behind us “distance lends enchantment to the view.” Behind and before us all looks beautiful; it is only where we stand that there are sharp rocks and painful footing; it is only above us that the dark cloud hangs—the east, the west, the north, and the south are clear as “Italia’s sky.” It is well it is so. We laugh at the past and prepare for the future. What is this pleasing reminiscence? It is our early loves. How innocent they were! How from all mercenary thought and lustful desire! There they are brightly pictured free from taint or spot. Sure angel’s

loves could scarce be more pure ! How pretty and guiltless, how enchanting and fairy were our day dreams then ! They were not crushed ! No ! It seems one happy circumstance that those delightful, dream-like visions which a youthful, inexperienced, and uncorrupted fancy formed for us, and put up along our imaginary way, are not cruelly crushed and torn down over our heads blinding, disturbing and discouraging. No ! he who made us was more thoughtful and kind. Time, the "As-suaging Goddess," as she showed us more of the world and a corresponding capacity to take it in ; as she showed how different life is from what we imagined, kindly and gradually made known to us the impossibility of their realization. Not rude was she, nor did it jar us to discover it, but we went on building again, again to be quietly swept away. So quietly and delicately is this done, that we scarcely feel regret for them. The world has appeared in a new light. The building did not suit. It was a mere "airy nothing." Let it go, another is easily built.

But our early loves. They seem so free from the motives which afterwards influence us. We see no wealth ; we see no rank and family ; even beauty seems to have very little to do with them, but innocence casts a halo of beauty around every one. It is the commingling of pure and happy spirits—the guileless heart goes out, like the tendrils of the creeper, eager to catch something to cling and twine around ; almost unconscious of what it seeks, the gentle air blows it hither and thither, until as by chance, we might say, it caught the unknown object, innocently entwines itself, sure in that time of life of finding the object as good and guileless as itself. There is too an individuality about it that is pleasing. The hills of our native valley are the bounds of our world. We know little beyond the circle of acquaintance. Notwithstanding we have read of a world out beyond, that idea is too vast for our undeveloped minds to comprehend, and it is as though it were not. In fact Byron's prayer is almost realized,

"Oh that the desert were my dwelling-place,
With one fair spirit for my minister."

It is the littleness of our world, and the absence of those motives which afterward distract us, we seem to be alone. We have no rivalry, or at least we have not yet the hardihood to endeavor to supplant. Indeed though we meet no return we are in blissful ignorance of it. We live on a smile and build on a glance. So unsophisticated are we, that the possibility or probability of the fair object of our thoughts not loving us never enters our mind, but we live on in a sort of presumed certainty. There are butterflies then too, as well as afterwards, and there are

young hearts that are steadfast and loyal. Some have impressions, like the light fleecy clouds they flit along the smiling sky, and rapidly float away to join the innumerable throng that went before, and mingle with them in one confused, indiscriminate mass; never recalled and only remembered when seen far away hovering dimly on the edge of the horizon.

There are others which the stout and loyal young heart has never effaced, and though perhaps never renewed, they are remembered with pleasure. They are the lights which shed their mellowing rays upon the landscape which is behind, and look lovingly upon him as he gazes back with moistened eye and softened heart, after being rudely buffeted, and forgetting them for the time being, amid sterner scenes. There they linger, seemingly always departing yet never going, until when about stepping into the boat, when "the fair mermaid pilot calls him away" to another land, they come up nearer and become as yesterday; driving away the rough and painful recollections of middle life, gently taking their place, to gladden reflection and give an imitation of far purer joys.

FEMALE EDUCATION.

There does not appear any reason why the education of women should differ in its essentials, from that of men. The education which is good for human nature is good for them. They are a part—and they ought to be in a much greater degree than they are, a part—of the effective contributors to the welfare and intelligence of the human family. In intellectual as well as in other affairs, they ought to be fit helps to man. The preposterous absurdities of chivalrous times still exert a wretched influence over the character and allotment of women. Men are not polite but gallant; they do not act towards women as to beings of kindred habits and character, as to beings who, like the other portion of mankind, reason, and reflect, and judge, but as to beings who please, and whom men are bound to please. Essentially there is no kindness, no politeness in this; but selfishness and insolence. He is the man of politeness who evinces his respect for the female *mind*. He is the man of insolence who tacitly says, when he enters into the society of women, that he needs not to bring his intellects with him. I do not mean to affirm that these persons intend insolence, or are conscious always of the real character of their habits: they think they are attentive and polite; and habit has become so inveterate, that they really are not pleased if a woman by the vigor of her conversation, interrupts the pleasant trifling to

which they are accustomed. Unhappily, a great number of women themselves prefer this varnished and gilded contempt to solid respect. They would rather think themselves fascinating than respectable. They will not see, and very often they do not see, the practical insolence with which they are treated: yet what insolence is so great as that of half a dozen men, who, having been engaged in an intelligent conversation, suddenly exchange it for frivolity if ladies enter.

For this unhappy state of intellectual intercourse, female education is in too great a degree adapted. A large class are taught less to think than to shine. If they glitter, it matters little whether it be the glitter of gilding or of gold. To be accomplished is of greater interest than to be sensible. It is of more consequence to this class to charm by the tones of a piano, than to delight and invigorate by intellectual conversation. The effect is reciprocally bad. An absurd education disqualifies them for intellectual exertion, and that very disqualification perpetuates the degradation. I say the degradation, for the word is descriptive of the fact. A captive is not the less truly bound because his chains are made of silver and studded with rubies.

The intellectual education of females is certainly not what it ought to be, or what it might be. Some waste their hours over "grammar books," and "geography books," and lesson books—over Latin sometimes, and Greek; and, if the remark can be adventured on, over stitching and hemming too. *Something* must be amiss when a girl is kept two or three hours every day in acquiring the art of sewing. What that something is—whether it is practised like parsing, because it is common, or whether more accurate proficiency is expected than reason would prescribe, I presume not to determine; but it may safely be concluded, that if a portion, equal to a fourth or a third part of those years which are afforded to that mighty subject, the education of the human mind, is devoted to the acquisition of one manual art like this—*more* is devoted than any one who reasons upon the subject can justify.

If then we were wise enough to regard women, and if women were wise enough to regard themselves, with that real practical respect to which they are entitled, and if the education they received was such as that respect would dictate, we might hereafter have occasion to say, not as it is now said, that in "England women are queens," but something higher and greater; we might say that in every thing social, intellectual, and religious, they were fit to co-operate with man, and to cheer and assist him in his endeavors to promote his own happiness, and the happiness of his family, his country, and the world.

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THE BIRDS OF THE BIBLE.

THE SWAN.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

THE Swan is twice mentioned in the Bible, Lev. 11 : 18, and Deut. 14 : 16. It is referred to in both passages as one of those birds which the Jews were forbidden to eat. The word translated Swan, is, in Hebrew, THINSEMETH, which means "to respire." Some of the learned have given it as their opinion, with many reasons, good and bad, that the original word does not mean the Swan, but some other bird or animal ; some say one kind, some another. Till they are all agreed, we will take it to mean the Swan, in harmony with the Latin vulgate, the English and German translations.

There are several kinds of Swan—the tame, the wild, and the black. The tame swan is entirely and beautifully white. The wild swan is of an ash color along its back and the tip of its wings. There are also others differences between them, enough to make them different species of birds. The wild bird is almost one-fourth less than the tame. There is also a marked difference in their physical build—more, perhaps, than a mere change in their habits of life, in the water and out of it would effect. There has been discovered in New Holland, a new and truly singular species of swan of which the ancients knew nothing. It is like the others in every respect, only it is smaller than they, and its plumage is perfectly black, except a few of the primary and secondary quill feathers, which are white. The bill is of a bright red above, crossed at the anterior part with a white band. The legs and feet are of a dull ash color. Black swans are extremely shy ; and when disturbed, they fly away in a direct line like wild geese.

The swan is by nature a water fowl, like the duck and goose, being also very much like them in shape. The one species has long since been tamed and trained to the new habits of living around the homestead like other domestic fowl. It, however, loses all its beauty and gracefulness by being removed from its element, and being confined to the land. Out of the water it stretches out its neck stupidly, and all its motions are awkward.

Though so uncomely on the land, no sight is more beautiful than a swan smoothly sailing on the quiet surface of a lake or stream. It moves in stately majesty, seemingly without any effort, exhibiting a thousand graceful attitudes.

The Poets, who are ever looking out for the beautiful, have not failed to notice the gracefulness of the swan on the surface of the water. Milton describes its beauty and grace in sailing

"As it proudly rows its state,
With arched neck, between its white wings mantling."

Goldsmith, who always observed nature with a Poet's eye, says: "There is not a more beautiful figure in nature. In the exhibition of its form, there are no broken or harsh lines; no constrained or catching motions; but the roundest contours, and the easiest transitions. The eye wanders over every part with insatiable pleasure, and every part takes a new grace with a new motion."

When Scott's beautiful heroine was floating in a light shallop near the edge of the lake, and was suddenly surprised by the approach of a hunter, her graceful gliding from the shore and turning to hear his address, is compared to the movements of the swan.

"A stranger I," the Huntsman said,
Advancing from the hazel shade.
The maid alarmed, with hasty oar,
Pushed her light shallop from the shore,
And when a space was gained between,
Closer she drew her bosom's screen;
So forth the startled swan would swing,
So turn to prune his ruffled wing."

Coldridge, when he describes his tender-hearted and lovely Genevieve, refers most beautifully to this bird:

Fair as the bosom of the swan
That rises graceful on the wave,
I've seen your breast with pity heave.

The swan, says Goldsmith, is as delicate in its appetites, as it is elegant in its form. It feeds on corn, bread, and such herbs as grow in the water, or such roots and seeds as it finds on the margin of streams. It builds its nest in some retired nook along the bank, or on an islet in the stream, which it peculiarly loves. The nest is built of water plants, long grass and sticks. The male and female both labor industriously together in building the nest. It lays seven and eight eggs, beautifully white, and much larger than those of a goose. They guard their young with great jealousy, and have been known to inflict serious wounds upon intruders with their pinions, even to the extent of breaking an arm or leg.

The young swan requires a whole year to arrive at its full growth. It is longer also in the shell than any known bird.

It is also very remarkable for its longevity. Geese have been known to live a hundred years; but it is said by some that swans, which are superior to geese in size, and firmer in their flesh, live as high as three hundred years!

What about the sweet song of the swan? Alas! the cool, calculating moderns have been cruel enough to attempt to rob our minds of all those musical and poetic associations which we have been wont to connect with this bird. The ancients are rich and eloquent in their allusions to the music of the swan. Who has not heard that just before it dies, it breathes forth notes of unearthly sweetness; to which Poets have compared the last peaceful breathing of the dying saint whose farewell to earth is

“Like the song of the swan, that is sweetest when dying.”

But alas for the unpoetical discoveries of a later day! Even Goldsmith says, “The tame swan is the most silent of all birds; and the wild one has a note extremely loud and disagreeable. In neither is there the smallest degree of melody.” Another author says “it can only hiss,” which it does when provoked!

The Greeks say earnestly that the swan does sing sweetly. Yes, the Greeks, who had the greatest contempt for music, would not say that a bird sings when it does not sing. We go with the Greeks! We are assured also that the windpipe of the swan very much resembles a musical instrument. Pendasius says that he “often heard swans sweetly singing in the lake of Mantua, as he rowed up and down in a boat.” Now hear! We, the Senior Editor of the Guardian say, that in our boyhood, we often saw swans sail high in the blue air, going from the “sweet south” towards the north in spring-time, and that we heard them while flying breathe forth melodious notes of a somewhat mournful kind, awaking one’s feelings to longings after the infinite not unlike the plaintive coo of the turtle dove. We would rather charge prosy naturalists with not knowing what melody is, than see the swan lose the melodious honors of a thousand years.

Swans, it is said, were formerly held in such great esteem in England, that by an act of Edward IV, none except the son of a king, or one worth five marks a year, was permitted to keep a swan. The fine for robbing them of their eggs was imprisonment for a year and a day, and fined at the king’s will. Hear it, ye cruel, wanton nest robbers! These birds are not now so much valued; and it is said that multitudes may be seen sailing in beauteous pride upon the Thames and the Trent.

Spirit of Purity—make my Spirit pure as the white bosom of the swan. Spirit of Grace—make me graceful in mind, heart and life, like its movements. Spirit of Comfort—grant me, like the swan, to breathe most sweetly when dying.

OLIA.

BY W. H. EGLE.

THERE is a change upon the air—
I'm 'neath another sky,
And other eyes look into mine,
And other forms are nigh.

The air is blander, and the sun
Beams warmer on me now,
And bright-winged birds are singing from
The waving cypress bough.

And in the brightsome, gladden'd vales
Bloom fairer, prettier flow'rs—
And time doth pass so sweetly by,
I deem *these* golden hours.

But tho' there's change in everything
My straining eyes can see,
Yet *I'm* the same as erst I was—
There is *no* change in *me*.

My heart is still as warm and true
As in the "dear old time,"
When flow'rs, and birds, and murm'ring streams
First taught us how to rhyme.

In all my wand'rings, Olia dear,
Thou'st ever been to me
A bright star-ray amid the clouds
Which shadow life's wild sea.

And art thou, too, the same, as when
Beside the dear-loved wild,
You play'd with me in summer time,
A free and merry child?

Ah, yes! I feel thou'rt still the same
As in those days of yore,
When we wereroaming, loit'ring by
Our native river's shore.

There's yet a smile when I may smile,
A tear when I may weep;
And thou would'st by the sick couch still
A weary vigil keep.

Our Father's blessing, Olia dear,
Rest on thee e'er and aye,
Throughout life's weary, trackless path—
Throughout its long, long day.

And, O, remember, Olia, though
There's *change* in all around,
None ever shall within this heart—
This heart of mine be found!

UNCERTAINTY OF HUMAN EXPECTATIONS.

BY REV. W. D. C. RODROCK.

HOWEVER much we are inclined to cherish and cling to our present life, how dark and uncertain is the state of being in which we now exist. Human life is not adequate to answer those bright hopes and high expectations which in the sunny period of youth and imagination we so warmly entertain. When we first set out in the pathway of life, bright day dreams and visions of romantic bliss are continually floating in our minds, and we fondly lay the scene of perfect and unalloyed happiness before us for all coming time. Evil days—days of trial and sorrow, are all concealed by the brightness of the scene stretched out before our gaze. The great drama of life seemingly presents but one continual round of mirth and

“Fulness of satiety.”

But stern reality soon changes the picture. We awake and find that after all, the world is but a restless and turbulent scene. We soon pass through the many changes that await us, and feel “the briars and thorns” of the desert wherein we dwell. Our calculations and hopes are not unfrequently blasted in the bud ; our designs and plans are frustrated in the very moment of expectation, “and we meet with sorrow, and vexation, and disappointments on all hands.” There are others, too, besides ourselves, in whose lives and welfare we are deeply interested ; lives in which our happiness and our all is placed, and on which our hopes depend. “Just when we have laid a plan of happy life ; when after the experience of years we have found out a few chosen friends, and have begun to enjoy that little circle in which we would wish to live and to die, an unexpected stroke disappoints our hopes, and lays all our schemes in the dust.” Just after much thought and care we have erected a beautiful structure, or what might more familiarly be termed an “air castle,” and we have fenced it, as we fondly hope, from every wind and storm that blows, and indulge ourselves with the pleasing anticipation that it will always endure, a mysterious and invisible hand interposes and overturns it from the foundation. Such are our calculations, and such the fate they meet with on the shores of mortality. Those halcyon days which in youth filled the mind with ecstasy and delight, turned out to be after all an ideal picture of the imagination, and consequently never reached their realization. That beautiful structure, so carefully reared and fenced in, had to crumble to the dust, showing us that we have no abiding place here. That we are but mere pilgrims and sojourners, wandering about in a dry and lonely

desert where no water is ; and that if we wish to fill or satisfy the immortal longings of our souls, and obtain a true and lasting happiness, we must look for that "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." For truly in the beautiful language of the Poet,

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers ;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours."

There, too, the Christian looks for that "rest which remaineth for the people of God ;" and there, too, all his hopes and expectations will be realized, when "this mortal shall have put on immortality," and "death be swallowed up in victory."

THE DOOMED MAN.

THERE is a time, we know not when, A point, we know not where, That marks the destiny of men, To glory or despair.	And yet the doomed man's path below Like Eden may have bloomed ; He did not, does not, will not know Or feel that he is doomed.
There is a line by us unseen, That crosses every path ; The hidden boundary between God's patience and his wrath.	He knows, he feels, that all is well, And every fear is calmed : He lives, he dies, he wakes in hell, Not only doomed, but damned !
To pass that limit is to die, To die as if by stealth ; It does not quench the beaming eye, Or pale the glow of health.	Oh ! where is this mysterious bourne, By which our path is crossed ; Beyond which God himself has sworn, That he who goes is lost ?
The conscience may be still at ease, The spirits light and gay ; That which is pleasing still may please, And care be thrust away.	How far may we go on in sin ? How long will God forbear ? Where doth hope end, and where begin The confines of despair ?
But on that forehead God has set Indelibly a mark, Unseen by man, for man, as yet, Is blind and in the dark,	An answer from the skies is sent ; "Ye that from God depart ! While it is called to-day, repent, And harden not your heart."

Translated from the German by the Senior Editor.

DEFECTS IN THE EDUCATION OF DAUGHTERS.*

BY DR. FREDERICK JOACHIM GUENTHER.

MY HONORED FRIEND! You have laid a heavy task upon me. You request me to give you my views on the most important points involved in the education of Daughters, and especially your own daughters.

To say anything to the point in relation to the education of daughters, is itself difficult—still more difficult is it to speak faithfully and without reserve to a Mother, especially when we find it necessary, in many points, to differ from the prevailing views of the times: but how much more vastly still are difficulties increased when I am asked to speak to a Friend who is already well acquainted with all the best treatises on this subject—and finds them for the most part unsatisfactory!

You are right—a Treatise on the subject of Education generally reads well, and much is to be learned from it; it contains many good general rules, warnings, and encouragements, and yet, in regard to the principal questions which come up in practice, a mother is frequently in great perplexity. Whither, now, shall she look? “To her Husband!” This is easier recommended than carried out. I know what it is, when the wife, perhaps after supper in the evening, would speak with her husband on training and education, when he has spent the day in the toil and care of business, and now seeks refreshment and comfort in the circle of his family—and, alas! so good are not even all husbands that they are satisfied to spend their evenings in the house and with their families. The most distressing thing of all is, as you have often remarked to me, that the most frequent occasions for such interviews and consultations, are some instances of bad conduct, or at least unpleasant manifestations with which the wife, from motives of tenderness, does not choose to disturb or destroy the only joyful hours of her husband. Is it not so? Yes; and then, too, men are often not at all disposed or able to enter into these things with such minuteness of detail, as alone can be of use to a mother: that is, which will enable her to express all her great and small scruples in a way to have them met and allayed by her husband. Then, too, the education of daughters is so peculiarly the sphere

* The rest of this excellent series shall follow in future numbers of the Guardian. The whole is in the form of familiar letters to a Mother. These letters themselves, which have never yet appeared in English, are worth double the amount of the subscription price of this Magazine. We are glad to meet something in this form so well suited to the interests of our Monthly.

and business of the mother, that it seems almost odd for her to depend always on seeking for counsel; and then . . . I could proceed still farther to enumerate the difficulties and embarrassments, which I have for the most part first learned from you, and which have given you occasion to invite me to continue those—to me ever memorable—consultations on the educational duties of wife and mother, which have, on former occasions, so much engaged our attention.

You think, as you are pleased to say in your kind letter, that I have, by my experience, gathered a treasure of very peculiar, and as it seems to you, quite original ideas on the subject, which you desire me to communicate to you. O yes, one who as a Teacher, with zeal and delight to teach and to learn, has passed through different Female Schools, of the common, middle, or as they are now called, higher class: one who, in addition to this, has for years, day after day passed his happiest hours in the circle of so excellent a family, having the opportunity of speaking daily with such a finely cultivated, pious, and loving mother, in the greatest minuteness and detail, in regard to the education of her five daughters, and, above all, having learned from her to seek out the deepest ground of these little manifestations and to feel a tender concern in reference to them: one, also, who is acquainted with life in its most diversified spheres, with its deep pains and little joys: and one, finally, who has raised children in most difficult and critical circumstances, and is still raising others; such an one has at least had some opportunity, from the multitude of his experience, to attain to some independent views on this subject. But sorry, very sorry indeed would I be, if these ideas had in truth to be denominated “original and quite peculiar.” This would be the best proof of their unsuitableness. Not even *new* should I desire them to be. The most that may be said of them is, that they stand opposed to the spirit of the age. But whether we may or must come in conflict with the spirit of the age, is a matter that we will not discuss; I will, in a simple way, address myself to your reason, and if you, from this point, find nothing to oppose to the views I shall present, you will easily see why both of us cannot agree with the manners and modes which are at present becoming popular, and how even it may be a holy duty to resist them with all our power.

You would be pleased if I would write a large volume on the education of daughters! You perhaps would read it, perhaps also many an anxious mother would do the same; but the greatest number would think otherwise, and even though nothing other or better, could be found, would leave it unread. Let us,

therefore, be satisfied with a smaller range, and grant that I treat only on those points, which are connected with peculiar difficulties, and in which a mother needs counsel; especially permit me to exhibit those defects which I believe are discoverable in the present mode of educating females.

It is peculiar to us, men, that we in all cases must first of all have a foundation, upon which we may build our thoughts and reflections. How could I do otherwise? It is necessary, then, that we first address ourselves to the preliminaries, and lay a foundation for all our future considerations. What, therefore, claims our attention first of all is—THE END TO WHICH THE WIFE AND THE DAUGHTER IS DESTINED. This stands first in all books on education, and hence I will also begin my Letters with it.

The most of those who treat on this subject, say that woman is destined for a MOTHER, and that the whole of her education, physically and spiritually, should be directed towards fitting the daughter to fill this sphere. Do you remember how Jean Paul exhibits and explains this point in his *Levanna*? O yes, and many educators have even been so consequent as in public institutions to deliver lectures on training children, to young maidens, and such as were scarcely out of the years of childhood! That you, my honored friend, do not expect of me to show farther zeal against this practice, I know full well. Moreover, it is plain that nothing can well be more unnatural, senseless, and injurious to all the delicacy and tenderness of female feeling, than openly or repressed, to say to a female: "You are to be a mother! and then you must train your children so or so, etc!" We might also reply to this idea of the destiny of woman, that not all females become mothers, either because they do not all become wives, or because the divine grace of maternal honor is denied them. Tutors by profession, that is, Authors on this subject, can easily dispose of this reply by saying that such a woman has missed her destiny!

Now, I ask: suppose a mother educates all her daughters with a view of their filling the sphere of mothers, and awakens thus in their hearts a multitude of representations and sensations, (which—so nature has ordered it—are always only to be dark adumbrations until their fulfilment,) and awakens their expectations in reference to the fulfilment of the true end of life in the highest degree, and misfortune will so have it that none of them ever enters the maternal ranks, will not now the natural misfortune, which is already in itself sufficiently heavy, be yet

infinitely increased, when it is associated with the consciousness that the whole end of life is missed?—and missed, too, without the person's own fault! I say, it is cruel in the extreme in a mother, to fix so uncertain a point as the *end* toward which to determine the education of her daughter; and, if she is sincere, cause herself to live in the painful uncertainty whether one or the other of her daughters, might not, by disappointment, inherit the whole sum of sorrow thus treasured up for her through the whole course of her education.

After all, this book-wisdom is not so bad a thing. You, yourself, my honored friend, were for some time enthusiastic in this direction, reading and thinking over all of it, and resolved to aim at such ideals as are there presented: and what did it amount to? You proceeded in your training in the same way as before, trusting in all cases to your judgment and feelings at the moment; if in any cases you applied what you had learned, it was introducing new plays, or in otherwise improving and directing old ones; upon the whole, however, you felt unsatisfied when you compared your mode of procedure with the mechanical rules of books, and discovered a wide difference between them. Be of good cheer, the warm heart of a mother has taught you better than that which is written in books; and only when you sought to improve that, did you go amiss, and render yourself unsatisfied. Nature does not suffer itself to be excluded or annihilated—it can only for a time, be disturbed and led astray.

How is it; did you ever discover that your mother made it her aim and end to educate and train you for a mother? And yet you are one, and truly—this is shown by the blessing which you have thus far had in your children—no ordinary mother! It is true, then, mothers did not yet study so much in books or training, or rather at that time this book-wisdom was just coming into fashion, and your father was so sensible a man as to save his wife from such things. It gives me still the greatest pleasure, when I chance to read in such perverted books, to know, that in general their influence is small; for they are rendered comparatively harmless by the correct feelings and natural sense of mothers. For this reason I am satisfied that such authors shall continue to philosophize into the air, teaching that young women must be educated for mothers, and that this end and destination of their lives, must not for one moment be left out of view; they will do no injury, if only they do not in public schools, draw such consequences from their principles, as those to which reference has just been made. As not every daughter becomes a wife, and as not every wife becomes a mother, there-

fore, it cannot be the general aim of education to train daughters for the maternal state, and cultivation for this state cannot be the aim of life.

I would suppose this to be of itself sufficiently plain. O, is this end then such an exalted one, that it was not possible to rise above it in seeking for the destination toward which the education of daughters should look. I contend even that it is a degradation of woman to assign to her this as the highest end of her life. Only once disrobe the excellent essays on this subject of their rhetorical ornaments, separate from them and from yourself all sentimentality, suppose for one moment the exclusion of love from this relation, and then say what it means when we are told that the end of woman is to be a mother ! What is all feeling, what are all charms of fancy, all poetical accompaniments, what all elevating and fascinating pictures, if the prosy man cannot also find a kernel for his satisfaction, if he is not able to discover in all, the worthy and the noble ? If we take the whole idea prosaically, what is such a destination else than that woman is doomed to the dark side of life, to serve lust and suffer pain, and even creep upon the earth a groaning sacrifice !

To this you reply, that God himself has said : "I will greatly multiply thy sorrow and thy conception ; in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children : and thy desire shall be to thy husband, and he shall rule over thee." But consider well that these divine words were spoken after that unhappy fall through which sin came into the world, that they, therefore, do not so much point out the destiny of woman, as they pronounce the penalty which should, from then on, rest upon the weaker race. I know full well, that on such few grounds as those I have thus referred to, you are not yet willing to give up the opinion you have hitherto cherished, that woman can know no higher and sweeter calling than to be a mother, and to educate and train well her children ; you, perhaps will silently say, that I have no heart and no mind for what is fortune, and blessedness, and high honor to a mother, and that I, therefore, speak as a blind man does of colors. Is it not so ? O yes, and I am rejoiced that you should think so, and that every mother should think so ; and it would be denying that I myself had a warm-hearted mother, who had placed her whole happiness in her children, and made it her whole calling to train them right, if I did but for one moment overlook the decided truth and the exalted value which are involved in the acknowledgment and fulfilment of this calling. But this is not the point in hand ; to be a mother is the vocation of her who has become a mother, and is the most worthy end to which she can devote her life ; but the privilege

of entering the maternal state, and it remains subject to the divine grace, and can therefore never be a definite expectation, and still less can it furnish so decided an end towards which to direct a daughter's education. We have, therefore, yet found that which is the true end toward which the education of daughters should be directed.

YOUNG AGAIN.

BY GEORGE CANNING HILL.

An old man sits in his high-backed chair
Before an open door,
While the sun of a summer afternoon
Falls hot across the floor,
And the drowsy click of an ancient clock
Has notched the hour of four.

A breeze blows in and a breeze blows out
From the scented Summer air,
And it flutters now on his wrinkled brow,
And now it lifts his hair,
And the leaden lids of his eyes drop down,
And he sleeps in his high-backed chair.

The old man sleeps, and the old man dreams;
His head drops on his breast,
His hands relax their feeble hold,
And fall to his lap in rest :
The old man sleeps, and in sleep he dreams,
And in dreams again is blest.

The years unroll their fearful scroll ;
He is a child again ;
A mother's tones are in his ear,
And drift across his brain,
He chases gaudy butterflies
Far down the rolling plain.

He plucks the wild-rose in the woods,
And gathers eglantine,
And holds the golden buttercups
Beneath his sister's chin,
And angles in the meadow-brook
With a bent and naked pin ;

He loiters down the grassy lane,
And by the brimming pool,
And a sigh escapes his parted lips
As he hears the bell for school,
And he wishes it never were nine o'clock,
And the morning never full.

A mother's hand is pressed on his head,
Her kiss is on his brow—
A Summer breeze blows in at the door,
With the toss of a leafy bough.
And the boy is a white-haired man again,
But his eyes are tear filled now.

From the German.

THE LEFT EYE.

A CALMUC TALE.

A RICH old man, who resided at the extremity of the camp, quite apart from the rest, had three daughters, the youngest of whom, named Kookju, was as much distinguished for her beauty as for her extraordinary wisdom.

One morning as he was about driving his cattle for sale to the Chan's market place, he begged his daughters to tell him what presents they wished him to bring them on his return. The two eldest asked him for trinkets, but the handsome and wise Kookju said that she wanted no present, but that she had a request to make which it would be difficult and even dangerous for him to execute. Upon which the father, who loved her more than the two others, swore that he would do her wish, though it was at the price of his life. "If it be so," replied Kookju, "I beg you to do as follows: sell your cattle except the short-tailed ox, and ask no other price for it except the Chan's left eye." The old man was startled; however, remembering his oath, and confiding in his daughter's wisdom, he resolved to do as she bade him.

After having sold all his cattle, and being asked for the price of the short-tailed ox, he said that he would sell it for nothing else than the Chan's left eye. The report of this singular and daring request soon reached the ear of the Chan's courtiers. At first they admonished him not to use such an offensive speech against the sovereign; but when they found that he persevered in his strange demand, they bound him and carried him as a madman before the Chan. The old man threw himself at the Prince's feet, and confessed that his demand had been made at the request of his daughter, of whose motives he was perfectly ignorant; and the Chan suspecting that some secret must be hidden under this extraordinary request, dismissed the old man, under the condition that he would bring him that daughter who had made it.

Kookju appeared, and the Chan asked :

"Why dost thou instruct thy father to demand my left eye?"

"Because I expected, my Prince, that after so strange a request, curiosity would urge thee to send for me."

"And wherefore dost thou desire to see me?"

"I wish to tell thee a truth important to thyself and thy people."

"Name it."

"Prince," replied Kookju, "when two persons appear before thee in a cause, the wealthy and the noble generally stand on

thy right hand, while the poor and humble stand on thy left. I have heard in my solitude that thou most frequently favorest the noble and the rich. This is the reason why I persuaded my father to ask for thy Left Eye ; it being of no use to thee, since thou never seest the poor and unprotected on the left."

The Chan, incensed and surprised at the daring of this maiden, commanded his court to try her. The court was opened, and the president, who was the eldest Lama, proposed that they should try whether her strange proceeding was the effect of malice or wisdom.

Their first step was to send to Kookju a log of wood, cut even on all sides, ordering her to find out which was the root and which the top. Kookju threw it into the water and soon knew the answer, on seeing the root sinking, while the top rose to the surface.

After this they sent her two snakes, in order to determine which was a male and which was a female. The wise maiden laid them on cotton and on seeing that one coiled herself up in a ring, whilst the other crept away, she judged that the latter was a male and the former a female.

From these trials the court was convinced that Kookju had not offended the Chan from motives of malice, but the inspiration of wisdom granted her from above. But not so the Chan ; his vanity was hurt ; and he resolved to puzzle her with questions, in order to prove that she was not wise. He therefore ordered her before him, and asked :

"On sending a number of maidens into the wood to gather apples, which of them will bring home most ?"

"She," replied Kookju, "who, instead of climbing up the trees, remains below and picks up those which have fallen off from maturity or the shaking of the branches."

The Chan then led her to a fen, and asked her which would be the readiest way to get over ; and Kookju said "to cross it would be the farthest, going round nearest." The Chan felt vexed at the readiness and propriety of her replies ; and, after having reflected for some time he again inquired :

"Which is the safest means of becoming known to many ?"

"By assisting many that are unknown."

"Which is the surest means of leading a virtuous life ?"

"To begin every morning with prayer, and conclude every evening with some good action."

"Who is truly wise ?"

"He who does not believe himself so."

"Which are the requisites for a good wife ?"

"She should be beautiful as a pea fowl, gentle as a lamb,

prudent as a mouse, just as a faithful mirror, pure as the scales of a fish ; she must mourn for her deceased husband like a she-camel, and live in her widowhood like a bird which has lost its wings."

The Chan was astonished at the wisdom of the fair Kookju ; yet, enraged at her having reproached him with injustice, he still wished to destroy her.

After a few days he thought he had found the means for attaining his object. He sent for her and asked her to determine the true worth of all his treasures, after which he promised to absolve her from malice in questioning his justice, and to admit that she intended, as a wise woman, merely to warn him.

The maiden consented, yet under the condition that the Chan would promise implicit obedience to her commands for four days. She requested that he would eat no food during that time. On the last day she placed a dish of meet before him, and said, "Confess, O Chan ! that all thy treasures are not worth as much as this joint of meat !" The Chan was so struck with the truth of her remark that he confessed the truth of it, acknowledged her as wise, married her to his son, and permitted her constantly to remind him to use his *Left Eye*.

ROBERT RAIKES.

ROBERT RAIKES was born at Gloucester, in 1735 ; and was the founder of that noble institution, THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. It originated in the year 1780 :—Mr. Raikes went out one morning on business into the suburbs of the city, and was shocked at the wretched appearance of the children in the streets. He asked an old woman if they belonged to that part of the town. She said they did, and if he could see them on Sundays cursing, swearing, playing at chuck, and all that is bad, he would be shocked indeed. Mr. Raikes then thought there could be no harm in *trying* some plan to stop this awful profanation of the Sabbath, and he took the little word "Try" for his motto. He inquired of the old woman whether there were any well-disposed women in the neighborhood who kept schools for teaching children to read. She told him of four. These he engaged, for a shilling the day, to take as many of the little heathens to teach on the Sunday as he could send. And the women agreed with pleasure. This was the origin of Sunday Schools. Mr. Raikes was called to his reward, April 5th, 1811, at the age of 76. "He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him." In 1786, there were already in different parts of England, not less than 250,000 children under Sabbath school tuition.

MAY SCENES AND THEIR LESSONS.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

"THOU renewest the face of the earth."—Ps. 104: 30.

SPRING has come once more. The lovely season is at the door. All nature smiles in the light of hope. God appears everywhere as the LIVING God. HE sendeth the springs into the valleys, which run among the hills. They give drink to every beast of the field. By them shall the fowls of heaven have their habitations, which sing among the branches. He watereth the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of his works. He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herbs for the service of man: that he may bring forth food out of the earth. O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches. So sings the grateful heart of the royal Psalmist.

The scriptures are wont to refer us to nature, not—as Deists would say—as a source, but as the occasion of religious instruction, and with a view of illustrating revealed truth. Revelation refers to the world around us, and the seasons as they pass, as a vast parable, which pictures to us divine truths in all their details, so that we may have them constantly before our eyes. Thus the broad surface of nature becomes to us a grand panorama, passing before us as the seasons pass, revealing in each move some new representation of God's wisdom and ways. Stupid indeed must he be who is not able to look and learn.

Let us make a May-day excursion into the animated world of life and love as it now lies in all the beauty of Spring around us. What do we see?

First of all, we see the spirit of gratitude and praise. There arises to heaven a varied and ceaseless hymn of grateful praise from all things. There is nothing dull—nothing silent—nothing dead. All life seems to feel itself blest in the fulness of its own being, and in a tremor of joy looks up to adore. Rivulets leap in joyful liberty, and pouring themselves a cheerful offering into larger streams, are still heard in softer, deeper, humbler tones to sing along, Praise Him. Seeds open, germs creep out to look up, and, double-bladed, spread forth two arms toward heaven, as did the High Priest when he prayed. In the bud the future flower begins to swell against the sides, like a heart that has more blessings than it can hold, till at length, upon the very top of the plant, it bursts in beauty, sending its fragrance up to God, while it still holds wide its cup, as if to wait for his favor. The song-birds make the groves vocal, but

love best the trees nearest the house, as if they would join with man, who has been better taught than they, in saying, "Our Father who are in heaven." Even insects creep forth, and become happier in the genial sun, as if they had heard the voice, "Praise him, creeping things."

Is man silent? Can his heart remain dull and dead, when the very spirit of praise lives and breathes around him? Can he, the intelligent High Priest of Nature, stand with cold heart and closed lips before the altar? Can he do this, and hope to be forgiven?

Does not this lovely, active season of the year also teach us that we ought to work. All nature is not only active in praise but also active in doing good. Where is there any thing in nature that does not seem to be active with some good end in view. The "springs which run among the hills," and glide through reviving meadows, betray by a "streak of livelier green" the modest secret of their own goodness. Plants are patiently laboring up to that point when, after having cheered man's heart, and regaled his senses, with their beautiful and odorous blossoms, they shall be able to shake their ripe fruits into his basket. Birds sing not merely to idle away time, else they would go to deep solitudes—where no singing birds are ever found—they sing only in the open country, and near the habitations of man, by which they seem to say, Not for us, but for you are all our songs. Even insects, however small, and seemingly destructive, are secretly serving man, or other orders of animated nature, and thus doing their part of work in the vast whole of Infinite Wisdom, Goodness and Love.

Is man idle? Man, who has so high a commission from God, as to be lord of this lower world! Man who has

A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

Shall he be idle? If he will be idle, let him hide himself, as it becomes one ashamed! Let him not come forth into the presence of flowers, birds and insects—yea, let him ever hide himself from the view of the crawling worm, for is not he nursing the infant life of the future winged insect?

This lovely spring season teaches us to hope. Every thing around us is promise and fulfilment. Every thing is cheerful and gay; and all gloom seems to have gone with the winter.

It teaches us to hope for all that we need to sustain our temporal life. We see that the earth, like a kind mother, is preparing to feed all her children. Roots, seeds, germs, buds and plants, are all supplied with the needed nourishment. Beasts,

birds, insects and worms are all fed. Shall man alone want? Why take ye thought for what ye shall eat and drink! Behold all around, in growing herbs, in blooming trees, and in green field, is the promise of bread. If He water the fields with showers—if He feed birds, insects and worms—will He not much more feed you, O ye of little faith!

These May scenes inspire us to hope for a still farther renovation of our spiritual life. He who renews the face of nature into life, beauty, and bloom, will revive the humble christian's graces. The kingdom of spirits is nearer to God than the kingdom of nature. The graces of the Spirit in the hearts of saints, are more to his glory than smiling fields and flowery gardens. He will surely cause in his children's hearts, the spring to appear. As the south wind glides softly and sweetly over the earth, so will He cause the Spirit to "blow upon his garden that the spices thereof may flow out." Then shall our beloved come into his garden, and eat his pleasant fruits.

Spring time causes us to hope also for the world that lies dead in trespasses and in sins. We look around, and behold it is winter! Hearts are cold—all their affections are bound as by chains of ice. Desolation reigns among the hosts of the wicked. There is neither life nor love. We cry earnestly into this valley of death: "Can these dry bones live?" There comes an answer every where from the world of nature. He who changes dreary winter into cheerful spring, can so in like manner breathe upon this dead world of sinners, and cause them to arise and live.

Sweetest of all is the blessed hope which Spring inspires in our hearts in view of our beloved dead! The very grass that grows upon their graves is a promise that they shall rise. The soft odorous breeze that plays around the spot where their bodies repose, seems to call to them: "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out her dead!" We need not closely inquire whether the analogies of nature prove that the dead shall rise; for this is not necessary, since we know that the surer word of revelation teaches that those who sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. It is enough if these May scenes, so full of life, love and hope, enable us, with firmer faith and sweeter unction, to pronounce that glorious Article of our common faith: **I BELIEVE IN THE RESURRECTION OF THE BODY!**

See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

ACTIONS AND THEIR EFFECTS.

BY LIREM.

Individuals make little circles of society, but miniatures of the whole world, as it seems to the looker on in some other planet. Far down to the end of the world must the influence of these circles extend. To relate the past does but show us how ourselves are placed. They warn and teach us not to delude ourselves with the thought that we are acting for ourselves alone, and the consequences stop with us. Had we presently before us this we would perhaps act differently. Can we bear the awful thought that our children will curse us even when we are dust? Is it so that they that were unborn while we live shall rise as witnesses against us? Have we ourselves no bitterness against any, whose very images and faces have faded from memory? Alas, it is even so! The actors in the scenes which have suggested these thoughts have long ago retired. None now live that saw them but their deeds have come down to us. They are tales now told, with many exciting but the feelings which virtue and vice commonly excite. The sorrow and wretchedness they caused has apparently passed, giving place to others; but in some hearts there is misery yet; and the influence is no doubt yet unseen working on. Some mounds, some marble slabs yet intimate there were such beings; but a more enduring memorial remains, to rise to its full height when the world is judged. Ah! many such there will be we list not of; they will be a surprise. An increasing joy to the good; an overwhelming terror to the bad. And if we would consider how far a virtuous life extends its influence, it would add to the warning derived from that of vicious actions. We rarely think of them, too, only as they concern our own life—which is infinitely insignificant beside the long train of good things which they effect for posterity. Viewed in this light they add greatly to the satisfaction of doing them. Our own virtue further gives hopes, too, of its continuance in our children. “To be assured of the continuance of virtue in one’s children hereafter, is better than the continuance of life. All the enjoyments with which we meet are to be regarded as concerning us in relation to others. Even a man’s honor gains a new value when he can feel that after he is dead a good action will be remembered as being done by his father. Such considerations sweeten the old man’s evening, and his soliloquy delights him when he can say, ‘No man can tell my child that his father was unmerciful and unjust—my son shall meet with many a man who will say, I am obliged to thy father, and be my child a friend to his child for-

ever.' " No one travels alone nor in a solitary path ; yet it is his own path and he should take care that it be straight and not interfere with that of his companions, nor a stumbling and vexation to those who come after. For, by example or necessity, others may have to make theirs crooked.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

GOLDSMITH was one of nine children of a very poorly endowed clergyman of the church of Ireland, in which country he was born in the year 1728. Of academical instruction he had his full share ; for he attended successively the Universities of Dublin, Edinburgh, and Leyden. At the two last-mentioned places he studied medicine, which he had chosen as his profession, after having been originally intended for trade, and then successively for the church and the law. His eccentric, imprudent, and reckless habits, however, which had been constantly involving him in one difficulty or other from his boyhood, acquired strength with his years ; and he had not been long at Leyden when he found himself reduced by his thoughtlessness and extravagance to a state of destitution, as bad as that which a short time before had forced him to take flight from Edinburgh. On this he left the university, and set out to travel over the Continent, possessed of nothing in the world but the clothes he wore and his flute. It was on the latter he depended for his support, his practice being, when, after walking all day, he arrived at a village in the evening, to assemble the inhabitants around him to dance to his music, in return for which they generally gave him lodgings for the night and wherewithal to procure him food for the next day. In this manner he walked over a great part of Flanders, the south of France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. At last he arrived in London with, it is said, only a few pence in his pocket. In this emergency he was fortunate enough to meet with his countryman and college acquaintance, Dr. Sleigh, and by the aid of this gentleman he obtained the situation of assistant teacher in a school at Peckham. Soon afterward he offered his services to an apothecary in the metropolis, and with him he lived for some time. It was while in this situation that he first turned his thoughts to literary labor as a means of support. He began by writing for the Monthly Review and the Public Ledger, to which last he contributed the series of essays in the form of letters from a Chinese residing in England, to his friends in China, which were afterward collected and published under the title of the

"Citizens of the World." He had been employed in this manner for several years, gaining only a scanty and precarious livelihood, when, in 1765, he published his celebrated poem, "The Traveller." This immediately brought him into notice, and placed him among the first writers of the day. He had now better employment, and as much as he could undertake; but, his improvidence continuing as great as before, his difficulties were not much diminished. The very year following that in which the Traveller appeared, Dr. Johnson found him unable to leave his lodgings in consequence of a debt he had contracted, and to pay which his kind friend disposed of the manuscript of his "Vicar of Wakefield." That exquisitely beautiful tale accordingly appeared in 1766; and soon after was published his "History of England," in a series of letters from a nobleman to his son, which immediately excited great attention and became extremely popular. From this time till his death, Goldsmith gave to the world a succession of works, which prove that, with all his faults, a want of industry cannot be laid to his charge. His comedy of the Good-natured Man, a History of Rome, and another History of England, in four volumes, the poem of the Deserted Village, the Comedy of She stoops to Conquer, a History of Greece, and his four volumes entitled a History of Animated Nature, besides abridgments of his different historical works, and numerous minor pieces in prose and verse, all of which proceeded from his pen between the years 1768 and 1774, in the latter of which he died at the early age of forty-six. Nor are even those of the works we have enumerated, which partake most of the character of mere compilations, unmarked by many traces of the author's genius.

Goldsmith, as Johnson has said of him on his monument in Westminster Abbey, touched no subject which he did not adorn. The purity and elegance of his style, and the chastity, in all respects, of his manner as a writer, form a remarkable contrast to what we are told of his general conduct and demeanor. The dissimilarity is said to have been equally great between the wit, spirit, and good sense of his literary productions and the eccentricity of his conversation, which is described as sometimes approaching to childishness. But Goldsmith was an extraordinary instance how perfect the reflective or meditative powers of the mind will sometimes be, while those which fit a man for the business of active life are weak or wanting. A mere child as he seemed when called upon to exert the latter, in the ease with which he wielded the former he had few equals and no superior. As his friend Johnson used to say of him, with his pen in his hand he was a sage, without it a fool. Most of Goldsmith's

follies, however, were the result of a simplicity and good nature which did no dishonor to his heart, however they may have impeded his advancement in the world.

From the time he rose into notice as a writer till his death, he was the prey of his poor brethren of the quill, who, when he had received any money for his works, borrowed or begged from him his last sixpence. Nay, he was often wont, it is said, to borrow money to satisfy these plunderers. The consequence was, that he was always in difficulties, which he certainly needed not to have been if he could have taken better care of his gains; for he was both one of the most successful and, as we have seen, one of the most industrious literary laborers of the day. Considering, indeed, the idle and wandering life he had so long led, Goldsmith's comparatively steady application in the latter years of his life, as testified by what he actually accomplished, deserves to be accounted not a little remarkable. It is probable, however, from the knowledge and general cultivation of mind which he displayed even in his first literary works, that he must long have been a more diligent student than we should be inclined to think, from the general sketch that has been handed down to us of his early history.

THE BETTER LAND.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band.
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire flies glance through the myrtle boughs?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?—
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
Far beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
—It is there, it is there, my child!"

UNFASHIONABLE THOUGHTS ON FASHIONS.

BY OLEANDER.

WE do not generally go by moods, or wait for "the inspiration," when we wish to write an article; on the contrary we always seek to make the "case" mould the "circumstances" instead of allowing the circumstances to mould the case—that is, the case of the mind. This time, however, we vary from our rule, by way of exception, and write because we feel in the mood.

Fashions!—this is our theme. We write *in haste*, for the same reason that a certain man once rode in haste. He was seen galloping homeward as fast as his animal could run! When asked why he "thus did ride," he answered that he had purchased a fifty dollar bonnet for his "dear" wife, (dear enough, surely) and that he was afraid the fashion might change before he got home. Yes, a writer on fashions must write fast, or Godey's Fashion Plates will come on before he is done, and straight—his piece is behind the age! No stopping in the 19th century; the only way is run!—get out of the way! or be run over!

But Fashions is our theme, and for the sake of our literary reputation we must proceed systematically.

First, then, the *nature* of fashions. Well, really, after sitting and thinking, author-like, with our finger along side of our nose, for a reasonable length of time, and waiting for an idea, we have concluded to say that fashions *have no nature*—they are all *art*. They have nothing of their own; all belongs to something else. They are only imitation. So we pass on.

Secondly, to speak of the *kind* of fashions. This is a rich field! Here our pen nimbles along like an Arabic pony. The kind of fashions we must treat under two heads, subjective and objective. The first has reference to the person; the second to the person's clothes.

I. Subjective or personal fashions. This again divides itself into two parts, viz: those which are proper to males, and those which are proper to females; but, as they relate to the mutual intercourse of both sexes, we must treat them together. Let it be known then, that the latest and most approved style of *walking* for males is thus: The position of the body turned very slightly sideways—the face half averted—and the right hand gracefully inserted under the lap of the vest, on the left side. The eyes must not be sternly set as though there was determination to aim at something; but inquiringly easy, and somewhat roving, as if you were wondering whether you are doing it right, and whether the same was properly noticed by others.

As to ladies, we hope there are none so ignorant as to think that the fashion of sweeping the entire pavement from side to side is still in fashion. No. Nor yet let any one think, that casting the eyes directly forward and slightly downward, is according to rule. That used to be the way formerly, and was foolishly considered to be modest; but it is now done away—let any one just look at the Fashion Plates, and demonstration will strike him right at one blow. Hear! The face must be turned up, or averted from the earth, to at least an angle of forty-five degrees, as when a boy is watching his kite. The general swing must be somewhat careless and easy, but at the same time there must be manifest sufficient determination not to turn out for peer, prince or pastor. If an old man or woman is coming along let them go over the curb for a moment, for—fashion, like law, must have its course.

When two are walking together they must 'swing along fast—their bodies and faces slightly inclined towards each other, but their eyes turned archly and consequentially out. They must talk sufficiently fast to amount to a moderate jabber; and while they are passing some one they must make some remark that will show something of the scale in society in which they move. When they are yet at a short distance from the person they are meeting, they ought to stare at him as if they intended to bid him the time of day, but when near enough to do so, they ought suddenly to turn away, leaving him to make his bow alone. This will convince the one they meet, that they do not belong to the vulgar class.

II. Objective Fashions. Under this head we must treat of clothes. Now, first of all, the rule in regard to clothes is this: Make it a point to show off. For what are clothes for, in respect to others, but to be seen. My clothes cannot make another person look pretty, neither can they keep another one warm; the only use they are to him is to look at. Then, and therefore, it is my duty to show them off to the best advantage. This must be plain at once.

The best way to draw the attention of others to our clothes, is to show that we ourselves know and feel that we have something from the store! To arrest attention on the street, the best way is to walk with uplifted head right straight on, just as if we would walk over any one that will not turn out. This at once convinces the one we meet that it is to the *outside* he must look for the substance of us. To arrest attention at church the best way is to go a little late, so that we may come in alone, and then sweep along the aisle to the front seat if possible—this gives

an opportunity to all. It is well, too, during the service, to arrange and compose the different articles of dress; it will at once show to all that it is important that every thing is in its place.

Being of a philosophic habit, we have long since accustomed ourselves to look upon fashions philosophically. Thus, we are now convinced, that as fashions are but the externalization of what is within, they ought to be regarded in the same light as signs on stores and shops—to tell what is within. Then, too, it seems to be logical to say, that when there are many outward fixings there cannot be many inward fixings. The one, as the old writers say, doth exclude the other. Here endeth this lesson!

LIVE IT DOWN.

BY RUFUS HENRY BACON.

SHOULD envious tongues some malice frame,
To soil and tarnish your good name:

Live it down!

Grow not disheartened; 'tis the lot
Of all men, whether good or not:

Live it down!

Rail not in answer, but be calm;
For silence yields a rapid balm:

Live it down!

Go not among your friends and say,
Evil hath fallen on my way:

Live it down!

Far better thus yourself alone
To suffer, than with friends bemoan
The trouble that is all your own:

Live it down!

What though men EVIL call your GOOD?
So CHRIST himself, misunderstood,
Was nailed upon a cross of wood!

And now shall you, for lesser pain,
Your inmost soul for ever stain
By rendering evil back again?

Live it down!

Oh! if you look to be forgiven,
Love your own foes, the bitterest even,
And love to you shall glide from heaven.

And when shall come the poisoned lie,
Swift from the bow of calumny;
If you would turn it harmless by,
And make the venomed falsehood die,

In God's name live it down!

THE TREATY-TREE.

BY LIREM.

While generations died
 And other generations came, it stood.

The stranger passing, stopped and doffed his hood,
 And, with uplifted look, admired the tree.--H—

THERE is no land in which there are not many hallowed spots. Palestine is consecrated ground. Every valley and hill-top, every mountain and dell, suggests the memory of the holy men who dwelt there; the prophets who taught and martyrs who died. Most of all it recalls—if ever it could be forgotten—the lowly one, cradled in a manger and dying on a cross. “Not a mountain rears its head unsung,” nor a grove unknown in poetic lays. Dark deeds and cruel wrongs; noble actions and tender scenes have embalmed them in the world’s heart, and indelibly traced them on the tablets of its memory. Tradition, too, hands them down from father to son, and truly they live on the lips and dwell in the hearts of the people.

New as our land is, wayward and flitting as our people are, we, too, have places around which linger loved associations, and have hearts to cherish them. The noble race of Red Men departed; the stern men that drove them back with blood and fire; the peaceful men that dwelt in peace with them, until time quietly brushed them away, unable to withstand the influence of the superseding race; the brave and unconquerable that asserted their freeman’s rights in the face of a disciplined foe; the high intellects that directed the counsels, treading a stormy and trying way; have all their grounds, over which when we walk, we think of them and people them again with the living actors. We linger there, with tender feelings and more vivid recollections—though they be often sad and mournful, yet full as often glad and exulting—because they are *our own*.

It is thus with feelings of reverence that we contemplate the spot where the Elm Tree stood, beneath whose wide spreading branches the Founder of our glorious State—the Keystone of the Arch—William Penn made his *league of friendship* with the Indians. We recall the scene joyfully, because it honors us in that it shews that our ancestors were honorable and just to the original occupants of the soil; which, alas! can be said of few of the first settlers. It is a happy recollection, because it secured peace and quiet for seventy years, and relieves us from the sickening details of horror that are interwoven with the story of the first years of many of our sister States.

And it is satisfactory, because the dying thoughts of the Indians were not embittered with the gathered memorials of heaped-up wrongs ; but on the contrary, William Penn was endeared to them, and "though they could not write as the white man, they would keep them in their memory, and give them as something sacred to their children." Their love was not confined to himself and followers, but his descendants have felt its blessed effects.

It then becomes a worthy duty to hold that spot as hallowed, and keep well in mind itself and its circumstances. It would be superfluous to define the location. It was long a mooted question as to the spot where it stood, but now there is no doubt that it was where now the monument stands, on the Delaware. Tradition names that one, and facts go far to confirm. West has made himself a name in painting it ; and we will ever remember him kindly for portraying a scene so intimately connected with our early prosperity, and exhibiting a spot endeared to us by the recollection of the happy consequences flowing from what was done upon it. The Baptists and Methodists often held their meetings beneath it in summer time. No more fit altar could have been found in this wide land than that. The tree itself to be considered an emblem of peace, and it was befitting that praises should ascend from a spot so memorable for a treaty that diffused many blessings ; and that prayer be offered there for its continuance.

The tree was blown down in 1810. It was wide-spreading, but not lofty. The main branch leaning toward the river was one hundred and fifty feet in length. The girth of the tree was twenty-four feet, and its age, as told by the circles of annual growth was two hundred and eighty-three years. A very patriarch of the forest, to be revered for its age and size, without regarding the events it commemorates. Many pieces of it have been made into various articles, kept as sacred relics, and viewed now with curiosity and pleasure. An arm chair was made of it and presented to Dr. Rush.

It is to be remarked that the treaty has been spoken of only as one of friendship and peace. There is now no written one extant, and the titles by which we hold our lands in Pennsylvania, are by virtue of one made in 1685 by Thomas Holmes, President of the Council, in Penn's absence, having returned to England.

Though we have not the "Treaty of the Tree," yet it is referred to in nine articles in a treaty made at Conestogae, the 26th of May, 1728, between Governor Gordon and Captain Civilty and other chiefs, which were probably the main heads of it.

There is a tradition that this was made on the first of May, and for a long while afterward it was celebrated as a day of festivity beneath it. Were this true there would be a peculiar interest to Pennsylvanians to keep up those manifestations of joy and make it a time-honored festival. Adding to the associations which cluster around it, coming with us from our motherland—from olden time, so many that make us happy. The recurrence of the day would be hailed with increased fervor; since we have it not only with associations that we can call our own, but many more, dear and loved, which we can call *peculiarly* our own. Well then may the youth and beauty of our land celebrate it, for it is a symbol of peace; and only in peace can childhood have its smiles, and youth its gaiety. Manhood should celebrate it, for in peace only can it pursue the earnest work of life. Age should lift its dimmed eyes and bless it, for it permits him to breathe out his last quietly.

There is only one source of alloy in dwelling on the story of this tree; but we think it is only an apparent one, and arises from a mistaken view of the transaction. It is, the little value given in exchange for the land. The deed recites as a consideration, two hundred fathoms of wampum, thirty fathoms of duffels, thirty guns, sixty fathoms of strawed waters, thirty kettles, thirty gun-belts, thirty shirts, twelve pair of shoes, thirty pair of stockings, thirty pair of scissors, thirty combs, thirty axes, thirty knives, twenty tobacco tongs, thirty bars of lead, thirty pounds of powder, thirty awls, thirty glasses, thirty tobacco boxes, three papers of beads, forty-four pounds of red lead, thirty pair of Hawks' bells, six drawing knives, six caps, twelve hoes. It may be urged that there is no appearance of equality between the value of these, and that which the Indians did "by these presents grant, bargain and sell, &c., all right, title, and interest, for us, our heirs and successors and all other Indians whatsoever." But the value is to be estimated, not by what it would be between parties in the same circumstances, but as they actually are. If those articles were the same to them in value as what they sold to the white man was to him, it was a fair sale, and no fraud can be imputed to the white man. They were assuredly of *more* value to them. It was only by patient and laborious efforts that the white man could make it all valuable; and it were just as reasonable to impute fraud to the man that bought a city lot for twenty-five cents long ago, which he afterwards sold for thousands of dollars. Sympathy for the "poor Indian" defrauded in this manner is ill placed. In trading it is always the case that the more civilized nation makes the more: but it is by reason of its capacity and diversi-

fied powers to turn the articles of trade to account. Who can say that the less civilized has not made just as much profit, according to its circumstances and capacity.

Penn himself has graphically described the scene enacted beneath the tree. "Their order is thus—the king sat in the middle of an half moon, and hath his council, the old and wise, on each hand. Behind them sit the younger fry in the same figure. Having consulted and resolved their business, the king ordered one of them to speak to me; he stood up, came to me, and in the name of the king saluted me; then he took me by the hand and told me that "he was ordered by the king to speak to me, and what he should say was the king's mind," &c. While he spoke not a man was observed to *whisper or smile*. When the purchase was made, great promises were made between us of kindness and good neighborhood, and that we must live in love so long as the sun gave light. This done, another made a speech to the Indians in the name of the kings—first, to tell what was done; next to charge and command them to love the christians, and particularly to live in peace with me and my people. At every sentence they shouted, and, in this way, said Amen." It does not require much effort to call up vividly before us the scene. The aged, stalwart warriors in front, scarred and worn, whose experience and well-proved valor had won them their place; and as the circle receded from view, could be seen the younger braves, who in time were expected to come forward, duly prepared to take their fathers' places when the Great Spirit called them away. This, too, beneath that noble tree, which had stood there past two centuries, on the green sloping bank of a beautiful river. Here proper respect is paid to age, such as to shame the many white crowds that have peopled it since. The dignified silence. Who will say they were not free—and seeing them, that proper decorum and respect are not consistent with freedom. Then, too, the placid Quaker, in rich contrast with the swarthy circle, distinguished by his blue sash of netted silk. A glorious scene! The place and actors harmonious with it—where was made that league-of friendship to endure while "creeks and rivers run, and sun, moon and stars shone."

We cannot but admire the generous and noble feelings of Gen. Sincoe, who, while Philadelphia was occupied by the British army, during the Revolution, placed a guard over it to prevent it being destroyed, when the soldiers went out for wood. Had it been, it would have added another and abiding cause of bitterness against our mother country to the many we feel.

There are many places in our land which we regard with intense interest. Not only we, but those from other lands. But

we are assured that we as Pennsylvanians can linger around no spot more calculated to excite feelings of reverence and affection. May we ever in the press and stir of our peculiar life, which, like a wave, seems threatening to rush over its proper bounds and cover all else, stop, and give it many of our soberest thoughts and warmest feelings. It should be sought out as among the honored places when visiting Philadelphia. It should surely be as interesting as many places of later date.

SAY NOT HUMAN LOVE IS WASTED.

SAY not human love is wasted,
 In a selfish world like ours,
 Would you check the dew that falleth—
 On earth's drooping flowers?
 Know you not; love unrequited
 Still may live, to bless
 Many a weary pilgrim, toiling
 Through life's wilderness.
 Generous love is never wasted!
 Like the generous rain,
 It refresheth earth's waste places,
 Bids them bloom again;
 Ah! despise not thou love's mission,
 Much of suffering to endure,
 What is there on earth so holy
 As affection pure?

SCENES AND THOUGHTS.

ON the banks of a beautiful river
 How sweet 'tis in summer to stray;
 While the willows in melody quiver,
 And in gladness the stream glides away;
 Where the breeze sings a song in the rushes,
 That the waves echo still as they flow,
 While the tide rocks the stem, as it gushes,
 Of the lily that's sleeping below.
 On the banks of a beautiful river,
 How sweet 'tis to gaze on the tide,
 Like Life, flowing onwards forever,
 O man, in the noon of his pride;
 To feel as the sunshine smiles o'er us
 How gloomy Life's current would be,
 Had we not a haven before us
 Beyond dark Futurity's sea.

THE YEARNINGS OF YOUTH.

Aubin. The longing of the soul would be long, long misery, but for hope. O, how my soul used to yearn after I could not tell what ! Strange feeling it was ! Sorrow, joy, love, worship—it was all these—an infinite longing. It was what would have felt wealth like poverty, and what no sceptre would have pleased—a longing, an infinite longing, to which the whole world felt little and nothing. I used to think it was discontentment, and yet I could not tell how it could be. But now I know it was not.

Marham. It is the way youth often feels.

Aubin. And rightly ; for that feeling is no discontent, but it is the soul prophesying to herself her greatness that is to be.

Marham.. But almost always this feeling dies away.

Aubin. Die away it does, though too commonly it is not quenched ; but it is not the less natural for that, nor the less meaning. For if this sublime yearning of the spirit is often quenched, so is conscience, so is love, and so is reverence.

Marham. And quite as often, perhaps ; for of these affections there is in multitudes a much greater seeming than life. O, but it is sad to think how many souls I have known grow torpid ! In youth, they were loving, and thoughtful, and devout. Every great and beautiful truth was welcome to them, and their souls ——

Aubin. Were like homes of the Holy Spirit, perhaps ?

Marham. Almost as open, and clean, and cheerful, as though they were. But now they are the lurking-places of cunning, and the dwelling-places of selfishness and pride. O, how the soul can allow herself to be darkened and polluted ! It comes of her false service. For there is the world about her, and she worships some things in it with powers that ought only to have God for their object.

Aubin. Yes, and this youthful yearning of the spirit is an earnestness, which often the man uses for selfish purposes. And so through this feeling, that ought to have made him free of the world, he becomes its slave. This yearning in him he thinks to gratify with money, or luxury, or fame ; but he cannot. More, more,—it wants more ; it wants more than the whole world. And so, with all his gains, the man but gets the more covetous, and not the more contented. For this craving of his soul has in it a something infinite, and is not for the ownership of the earth at all, but for the beauty of it, and what there is of God in it.

Marham. I think your explanation of the feeling is right ; but why does it rise in youth first, for in childhood it is not felt ?

Aubin. Because it is not till childhood is over, that the soul is

a soul—grown, I mean, into any knowledge of itself or its wants. O, I remember, at first, what a mystery this infinite want in me was! Sublime, and sad, and loving—it was so strange! It tortured me, because I thought it was a fault; but now it does not, for I know its meaning. It is my soul that is come of age, making her claim upon the infinite in her right as a child of God.

Marham. Hark! Yes, it is the clock striking.

Aubin. From over every town, east to west, the clocks are striking the hour. One, two, three, four, five, six! And the Christian meaning of the sound is, "Thus far on through Time." And the hopeful thought it makes in us is, "And so much the nigher to Eternity and Heaven."

Marham. So we will hope.

Aubin. And out of pure hearts, confidence in the future cannot be too great. Because, what is hope? It is what is most worthy of belief, by its very nature. For in hoping rightly, all that is best in us yearns together for the infinite—love and reverence, and conscience, and the feeling of the beautiful.—*Euthanasy.*

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a reaper, whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair," saith he—
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves;
It was for the Lord of paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care;
And saints upon their garments white
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew that she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth
And took the flowers away.

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YOUNG MEN IN DANGER WARNED.

BY REV. ELIAS HEINER.

WHAT a pity it is that there are so many ruined sons! Young men are the hope of the Church and of the world. And then, for their own sake, and their parents' sake, it is a matter of sincere regret that any of them should throw themselves away. Sad, indeed, it is to reflect that so many of our young men become dissipated, and often end their days in shame and sorrow. The way to ruin is very broad. Thousands tread upon it with firm and determined step. The time of entrance is youth, or early manhood. If we look about us a little we shall see one, another, and another whom we know and love, far onward in their career of sin and shame. Good principles are destroyed; bad habits have become fixed, and all expectation of reform has vanished. Truly lamentable is the condition of him who has yielded to temptation—who has given a loose rein to his carnal and wicked propensities; who loves to revel in scenes of exciting dissipation, and who, by a long course of sin and folly, has gotten a seared conscience, blunted affections, and a heart that is fully bent to do evil. The case of such an one is almost, if not altogether, hopeless. Useless now it is to warn and exhort. The die is cast, and the young man is given up to "hardness of heart and reprobacy of mind." Unheeded fall the tears and entreaties of fond parents, of affectionate brothers and sisters, and of faithful ministers. Temptations can no longer be resisted. The enemy's triumph is complete. The young man now gives full play to his evil inclinations, and lives as he listeth. Away he dashes on the high road to ruin, alike regardless of warnings and of consequences.

If the following last warning of a mother to a dissipated son, should arrest the attention and win the heart of some young man who heeds not the voice of his parent, and who is just beginning to revel in dissipation, and to enter fairly upon the downward path, an end will be reached, in which some dear, anxious mother especially may heartily rejoice and give thanks to God.

"And *must* you go to-night, Frederick?"

"Mother, I must, I have staked my honor, and it must be redeemed."

"O, Frederick, these companions of yours are leading you astray, be assured they are; and when ruin stares you in the face—when you have squandered wealth and health over the gaming table, you will own the truth of my words."

"This is foolish, mother, they have no power to lead me; what I do is my own free will."

"You are wrong, my son; they are as Ives to the sapling, gradually twining themselves about you, and, inch by inch, destroying you with their poisonous influence. Would that my words"——

"This is the senseless snivelling of old age; I tell you, mother, I *will* have the money!"

"I dare not let you have it, Frederick."

"I will take no denial; it's only a few dollars, and to-morrow I may be able to repay you."

"It is not the parting with my money that I mind, Frederick, but let your evil courses"——

"Am I to have what I want, or must I *force* it from you?"

"There—take my purse; you asked me for ten dollars, it contains twice the sum. But promise me, my son, that this shall be your last night from home."

"I have already promised it."

"See that the promise is kept. How little are we certain that this might not be *my last warning*."

The young man to whom these words were addressed paused a moment on the threshold—but evil thoughts had gained ascendancy, and he departed.

The next scene to which we shall introduce the reader, is a magnificent structure, reared for the amusement of the depraved and dissipated, and for the emolument of the proprietor. Its exterior is not much to view; it is on the interior that the exquisite workmanship of the artisan has been lavished. On either side of the principal room, which is a long, lofty and well ventilated hall—a row of polished mirrors, in massive frames of wood, meet the eye. A small oblong table, with a surface of variegated marble is placed under each mirror, and above, the walls are decorated with naked figures, and exhibit scenes well suited to the lascivious propensities of the frequenters of the place. The ceiling is supported by marble pilasters with bronzed cornices, and is covered with a variety of devices; while at the eastern end of the hall, a platform is fitted up, on which stand several musical instruments for the pleasure of the guests. Further on, in several roomy apartments, are stationed billiard

tables, an alley for bowling, and other objects of a similar nature. Liquors, of every grade and quality, segars, cards, dice and dominoes, and everything that can please the eye, ear and taste, is afforded you.

It was to this place that Frederick Thornton directed his steps. The moment he entered, several young men, on whose face the result of dissipation was indelibly stamped, rose from a table and welcomed him.

"What has kept you so long, Fred? We were about giving you up," said one of the party.

"Some little business at home detained me longer than intended. I am here at last, however. How stands the rhino to-night?"

"Fairly, fairly," was the reply. "I see you are eager to recover the ground you lost last night. You shall soon have a chance. What say you boys—shall we game it?"

The answer was given by all in the affirmative—punches were called for—dice were already upon the table—and the game was commenced.

For some time the play was even—luck sided with neither of the players. Presently, however, Thornton, who had been anxiously waiting for a chance, began to win. Game after game was played—the heap of silver was accumulating every moment by his side, and success seemed to be his, when a chance throw by his opponent once more changed the tide, and stripped him of all he had won! Then, Thornton's anxiety knew no bounds; stake after stake he made, and glass after glass he drained, as he beheld the money given him by his mother dwindling to the end. At last he started up, and plunging his hand into his pocket, drew forth a five dollar bill—the last he had—threw it with an imprecation upon the table.

"There is the last I have—you must have that also, I suppose," he exclaimed. Another throw, and Thornton was penniless!

"There is cheating somewhere," exclaimed Thornton, "those dice are loaded!"

"How?" exclaimed his adversary, as the whole rose from the table.

"The last throw was a dishonest one, I expect! you have loaded dice about you!"

"Sir?" was the reply of the winner.

Thornton sprang forward, and with a blow felled his adversary to the ground. The friends of the fallen one then interfered, but it was too late for further injury—he was dead! An unlucky blow, near the temple, had killed him.

Thornton did not attempt to escape; he was as one in a stupor, and might almost have been taken for the dead person, so pale was the hue of his countenance. He submitted to be secured and led away from the scene of his folly.

* * * * *

Two figures were in the cell of the city prison—the mother and the son. The effects of the liquor he had drank were entirely dispelled, and his mind was free to contemplate the dreadful doom that awaited him.

“Oh! Frederick, my son, is it thus I find you?—Had you heeded my innumerable warnings, you would not have been here!”

“Do not upbraid me, mother: I am a murderer, but the deed was committed in a fit of frenzy, and I repented it as soon as committed.”

The bolt was removed from the socket to admit the entrance of the jailor, who had come to put an end to the interview. The arms of the mother and son were linked in a last embrace—and they parted forever.

“And am I indeed the guilty wretch they tell me?” were the thoughts of Thornton, after the door of his cell had closed upon the mother, whose advice he had scorned until too late. “Am I indeed a murderer? Yes—it is no delusion; I am the inmate of a cell from whence I may never depart, but to the scaffold! I deserve my fate. Had I listened to my poor mother’s instructions it would not have been thus. But dissolute companions and a propensity for strong drink have been my ruin. It is a hard death to die; to be taken forth in the face of the assembled multitudes and hung by the neck until life is departed—to be cursed in the public journals, and scoffed at by the crowd”—A dreadful thought came into his brain. He glanced at the bars of his cell; and——

“I must see the Governor!”

“Madam, it is impossible!”

“No—no, not impossible; if he knew my errand he would not refuse me.”

“He is not accustomed to receive visitors at so early an hour.”

“But my business is urgent.”

“It must be postponed.”

“It is of life and death!”

The saucy menial was moved by her entreaties and admitted the mother to the presence of the Governor.

“I fear, my dear madam, that it is not in my power to serve you,” was his reply, in answer to the widow’s petition for the

life of her son. "I will do my best, however, to serve him, if the case is as you say."

And the mother departed.

* * * * *

She stood at the door of the court—she dared not enter—a man advanced towards her—

"Is he saved?"

"Madam, your son is pardoned."

* * * * *

The door was thrown open for the mother to enter the cell; eager to communicate the joyful tidings, she sprang forward. But why that startling scream, and what means the dead silence which follows it.

The officers entered the cell; suspended by his neck, from the bars of his prison window, was the body of the lifeless Thornton—and beneath him lay the prostrate form of his mother. The pardon came too late—the culprit was dead!

O! HEART AMONG SPRING FLOWERS.

BY EDITH CLARE.

O! heart, among Spring's lovely flowers, thy weariness forget,

On thee, O, let them throw divinest spell:

Upon their brows no mark from blighting frost is darkly set;

Could'st thou not lose thy stains of grief as well?

Press the soft springing grass, deep purpling with the violet's bloom,
Amid the sweetness sink in dreams of bliss—

Forgetting the sharp thorns that pierced thee in thine hours of gloom,
And all thy throbbings of dull weariness.

Bare all thy chords, unto the soft wind blowing, blowing,

O'er primrose beds, and hyacinth bells,—

Be won to pure delights, by rapturous music flowing

In witching strains, along thy hidden cells.

Remembering never more the lonely, dismal wailings,

That swept the naked trees through winter's nights—

Wild wandering on, like troubled spirits, till the stars were paling,

And dawn, laid gray against the window lights.

Now weave, O! weave your spells, bright blossomings of spring,

From out your honied cups, sweet fragrance pour—

From troublous thoughts, O! leave my heart, on angel wings,

Where bliss may sink, deep in its inmost core.

EARLY IMPRESSIONS FROM THE BIBLE.

BY SELDOM.

WHAT throngs of clustering associations crowd upon the mind, when we allow ourselves to look back to the scenes and events of our early years ! There are points in our course through life, from which we are permitted to review the past, to follow up retracing memory, till we are led back to the first dawnings of our consciousness. It is good for all, as occasion may thus be afforded, in the midst of our busy, bustling world, to indulge in a calm retrospection of this kind. That part of life around which our thoughts most delight to play and linger, is the period of childhood and youth. How fond the recollections here, and how indelible the impressions then made ! In the morning of our existence, how vividly are pictures imprinted on the soul ! Other scenes, more stirring, may have been passed through since ; other events, more important, may have occurred in our subsequent history, and more recent associations of no mean significance may have been formed ; but all these readily yield the precedent to the ever fresh memory of our pristine relations, our earlier efforts, and our unsophisticated emotions. No part of life can be clothed with the same freshness, nor does the bosom ever thrill with such pure delights as erst we felt, before we had been taught in life's bitter experience, "to stain the plumage of our sinless years."

By reflections like these, we are easily led to call up some of our early impressions. Among those most vivid now—and because they were most deeply made, they will likely always remain so—are those we received from our first readings of the Bible. Not, indeed, from our first readings ; for long before we were able even as much as to spell out the hard scripture names, we were so impressed, from the mere hearing of God's holy word read to us, with its sublime truths, that they will never cease, we trust, to act upon our life. The experience of not a few will doubtless correspond with what has just been given. But we propose to illustrate, further, the influence of the early reading of the Bible, the first impressions made by the truths of God's holy word. This may probably be best shewn by citing a few examples.

In conversation, some time since, with a pious Jew, who, after his conversion to christianity, felt himself called to the office of the Holy Ministry, and has since, I understand, entered upon the discharge of its arduous duties, I elicited the following facts. As near as memory will allow I give his own words. Said

he: "In the providence of God I owe my conversion to the Christian truth, to my mother. She, herself, was not a christian; never having been received into Christ's fold by the sacrament of Holy Baptism. But she was a 'Christianizing Israelite'—believing many of the New Testament doctrines, and it is to be hoped that by these she may yet be brought to confess Christ openly. From the time that I was five or six years old, well do I remember, besides teaching me the commandments she also read to me the gospel, and required me to learn the Lord's Prayer. This I had to repeat on my knees by her side every night before going to sleep. Without comprehending the force of the influence thus brought to bear upon me in my tender years, this practice was strictly observed, and the secret magic of its power increased with my growing consciousness. At the age of fourteen, temptations of no small character and magnitude, beset my way, while I was called to mingle in all the corruptions of the higher circles of European society. In these relations my early training served me a heavenly purpose; for its good influence had not yet spent its force. The first impressions received from my mother's teaching me the divine truths of the Bible preserved me from many a sin, recalled me from many more into which my youthful impulses hurled me, and by God's grace they brought me at last to apprehend the truth as it is in the Lord Jesus. My prayer now is, that the same grace may yet reach my mother too." Could the reader feel the earnestness of the narrator, along with the simplicity of his story, it certainly would call the memory to active if not to pleasant duty.

Not long ago, our minister, in one of his weekly lectures, was speaking of the sufficiency of the Scriptures, in the course of which he referred to the passage where Paul reminds Timothy of his early instruction. II *Tim.* 3 15. He told us how such teachings from the Bible had acted upon himself in his own tender years. In several private families the matter has been talked over since we heard that lecture, and all unite in bearing testimony to the same truth. *The influence of the Bible is powerful, if not most powerful, upon the young mind, before it has grown hard in sin.* It is astonishing at what an early age children can be interested in the truths of the Bible. There is a very common mistake, and a great one too, on this point. Many, thinking that children should not be troubled with what they do not understand, and supposing that the truths of God's word are beyond their comprehension, never trouble them with an attempt to impress their minds with these doctrines. But the most important truths, relating to sin, and death, and hell,

make a deep impression on the hearts of even young children. And the redemption and deliverance, as held forth in the Saviour, Jesus Christ, fall there like "gentle dew distilled" upon the soul. In after years, when the mind has been cultivated, and its vigorous powers are more fully expanded, we may perhaps be able to look at these truths in a more scientific and philosophical manner; but their import remains the same, and it may be made a question, whether we feel it more forcibly, than when the first simple truth made its way to our hearts.

The narratives in the Bible history engage the sympathies of the listening child; and their spirit penetrates his soul, as with riveted attention he receives the wondrous account of creation, or the deeply interesting story of Joseph, or the thrilling history of Samson, of Saul, and of David, or the still more melting and tragic story of the Cross. The sublime simplicity and moral heroism of the scripture character are understood and felt by the simple heart of the child, long before the mind can give them logical expression. The child who buries his head in his mother's lap to hide the tear that answered to the Bible truth which that mother taught, has not heard the truth too young. Often, when the face of one or another of a family group is turned towards the wall or window, to allow the bursting tear unnoticed to escape, while that mother, unconscious of the effects, reads on in the word of life—is there not good seed sown in the fresh soil of that young heart? And though this may for a while disappear, yet sown and watered thus, will it not germinate and bring forth fruit?

Those who have enjoyed the blessing of an early christian education at home, will doubtless feel the force of what they have here read. In a christian family the Bible is not a sealed book even to the young. Its promises are to christian parents and their children. *Acts 2, 39.*

THE TEARS.

How sacred is that falling tear,
Bright with compassion's glow;
That drops the widow's heart to cheer,
And soothe the orphan's wo.

Precious the tear that trickles down
O'er sad misfortune's bier—
That's shed o'er hopes forever flown
Of those we loved sincere.

More blest the tears that quickly start
For a fond father's grief;
And to a mother's aching heart
Afford a sweet relief.

Thrice blessed those that dim mine eyes
For follies past and gone;
They point my soul above the skies,
To smiling mercy's throne.

Welcome, ye penitential tears,
That tell my sins forgiven;
Ye balmy sighs that sweetly bear
My aspiring soul to heaven.

Translated from the German by the Senior Editor.

DEFECTS IN THE EDUCATION OF DAUGHTERS.

DR. FREDERICK JOACHIM GUENTHER.

Now, let us once more turn to the Scriptures, and see whether we cannot find something more that bears upon the destiny of woman. After God had made man, he said: "It is not good that the man should be alone;" and he created Eve to be a helpmate for him. From this it appears, at first view, that woman is destined to be a companion to man—in short, to be a wife. There have been egotistical men, yea even whole periods and nations, who were not able to form any higher ideas of the nature and destiny of woman than this. In reference to education merely, this view seems also to be more useful and promising than that which regards the maternal state as the highest aim in female education; it so well accords with the practical ideas of those who think they have accomplished something important, when they have prepared their daughters to become good housekeepers. And truly! it is no small matter to have done this: it is an aim quite worthy of engaging the labors and cares of a mother.

Here, however, an evil soon comes to view which it is not easy to set aside. Men have frequently a very strange conception of what belongs to a housewife. Many pay no attention at all to this point; they want merely a wife; others again are entirely dissatisfied with the kind of training which the object of their choice has received, and desire, and seek after, effecting an entire change;—in short, it is not possible to give a definite description of that which in general belongs to a housewife. Understand me right—I say, in general, this is not possible. The daughter, it is true, learns much which she may afterwards, as housewife, find useful; but you will agree with me, that, if even a mother from the beginning could know exactly what kind of husband her daughter would get, it would still be difficult, if not impossible, for her to educate her daughter so as to suit entirely the wishes and views of her future husband. This view, which holds that females should be educated for wives, would, however, have this advantage over the other view, that those educated with this end in view would be more likely to be successful, because their daughters would be so educated and trained as to be qualified to become wives.

Suppose now we should draw the conclusion from the above scripture, that daughters are to be educated for wives. Then let us well consider why God did not regard it good for man to be alone? Was it intended that he should have a companion

for joy and sorrow? To sorrow there could have been no reference before the fall, or so long as they lived in Paradise. Was she then designed as a companion in joy? This, too, could only be in this sense, that life before the fall was wholly a joyous life, in which Eve was to share. But to this end God did not create man that he should selfishly live for his pleasure, rather for the high object, through a virtuous life, a life striving ever towards the highest perfection of holiness, to glorify God in himself. "It is not good that the man should be alone," said God, because he desired and willed that the woman should aid the man in the attainment of this exalted end. True, as things are at this day, it is easier to rise to heaven or descend to hell *with* the wife, than to do either *without* her. Our original mother drew Adam into the sphere of evil, through the allurements of the senses; God's grace preserved them from entire destruction, and from then on, the human race has had to reach, amid want and woe, and in conflict with darkness, the end which they might have more easily attained without sin.

You see thus, my honored friend! that, in the idea which makes the wife the end of education, something higher is reached, a higher object is had in view, than in the former view, which is less practical. Yet here also we are hedged in, to that low view, according to which the wife is merely a part of the furniture of the house, serves only to do that work which the husband cannot do, and besides this, in a suitable way, is to entertain the spare hours of her lord! Much rather must we regard that mutual aid which husband and wife render each other in the promotion of each other's holiness, as the main object of the matrimonial covenant. Or is, perhaps, the wife too weak for this? Has she not the power to allure and influence the stronger spirit of the man? O, wives are stronger, much stronger, than men generally think; but happy is that woman and happy that marriage, where the wife uses all her insinuating persuasiveness, all her alluring sweetness, and all her tender tears, for the accomplishment of this object with her husband. For men, even when they are pious, are so more in that which is great and general, than in that which is small and particular—through which alone, however, the whole receives its consistency and beauty,—and men are therefore, without the influence of a pious wife, easily misled to mistake a mere religion of the understanding and principles for true piety which moves the heart, such as christianity demands and such as the pious woman possesses. What Eve has spoiled, that must her daughters seek to restore. To this end it is the duty of the husband to do what Adam before the fall does not seem to have done, protect and defend the

woman ; it is his duty to watch over her with tenderness, that the fountain of her life, her piety and purity, become not beclouded, and that she stray not into by-paths, and fall not into serious mistakes.

Now, what think you ? Do you still think that the principal and proper end to be had in view, in the education of a daughter, ought to be to prepare her for becoming a pious wife ? You say, perhaps, that if we throw aside that low idea which makes the woman but an outward appendage of the man, and consider her station, as a wife, in its true light, there is opened to the a mother a high and worthy end for which to cultivate her daughter, both in her social and religious nature. Yes ; had those who hold to this idea, steadily kept this high aim in view, they would certainly have laid down better principles and rules for the education of daughters than they have done as it is. Yet, I still say : No ; to educate a daughter with a view of her becoming a wife, *is not the highest end to be had in view*. Marriage cannot be regarded as the destiny of all.

First. It must be remembered that, if this were the end, many would be trained for an end which they never reach. You know that many young ladies get to be old in a single state, either from choice or from disappointment. True, there is a psch complaining in regard to the latter ; but in most cases for the very reason that they were trained for marriage as an end, and the disappointment now has embittered their lives, and perhaps in some cases, soured their dispositions. The bitter fruits of a wrong training now appear.

Secondly. It is certain, that if once the mother, be it in ever so hidden a way, regards in her heart the happy marriage of her daughter as the end towards which to direct her education the daughter will also very early learn to regard this as the aim and end of her existence, that in this way very particularly will the purity of her soul be periled, and the natural order of her relation to the male portion of the race will be disturbed. True, this is, in our time, something so common, that girls, who do not look forward towards a future domestic state, etc., with a certain peculiar longing, are regarded as astonishing exceptions. Alas !—and if the poor innocent creatures only always knew after what they are longing ! The heaven which their fancy pictures for them, they seldom, or never, find ; and in the most of cases it might be said, that if the young woman would be happy, it must be in her binding herself to a man with a certain resignation. The excellency, and the heavenly blessedness, which the single state, voluntarily chosen, *can* confer, seems entirely lost sight of by most of our females. Why is this ?

Simply because the most of mothers train their daughters with a view to their becoming wives in future ; and the reason they so train them is, because they find it impossible to apply the well-sounding rules of books on culture, and thus the mother falls back upon her own practical feeling, which, in its rules does not rise to any higher aim, and therefore she prescribes that, as the highest end at which her daughter's hopes and prospects ought to aim.

Thirdly. The views that the woman is destined to be a wife, and that she has, therefore, missed her proper aim if she is trained to this dependence upon man but, after all, receives no husband, as well as the daily experience that the greatest number of young females do become wives and subject themselves to the will of the man, these views, I say, have helped to support the hands of those later writers who have entered the list in favor of the emancipation of woman. Do you ask what these want? They contend that woman is, in the nature of things, born for freedom and independence, and to the exercise of an unfettered and independent will as well as the man; and that, hence, all our social relations, in which the woman cannot be free, have in them that which is against nature, and that these must be put away in order that woman may receive back her independence. However much we—on account of the terrible consequences which flow from such views—have warred against those who maintain them, their views, only not on *their* ground, are, nevertheless, still correct that the woman ought, no more than the man, to be destined or educated for a state of dependence, and that it has a degrading effect to destine any one of our race, from the beginning, to a servile state. You are alarmed, my honored friend, at this saying. You suppose I would make the woman entirely independent—would remove her out of the position which nature has assigned her—would, in the end, make a genius out of every daughter, etc. etc.; you would not agree that, by such a training to independence, I would, like those bold desecrators of the Temple of Honor, demolish and destroy all manners, all pious discipline, all domestic modesty and propriety of conduct, and all that is noble and lovely in the nature of woman!

Very well; if you so understand me, then, I will speak more plainly. What will you do if, after you have educated your daughters for future wives and mothers, no beloved suitor shall lead her to the altar? Who then will comfort her in her complaints, that all her care and labor has been spent in vain? Who will—and this is the most serious matter of all—take away from your daughter the impress of that dependent feeling

which has been made upon her, perhaps against her will, in the cause of this false training? For the service which they shall render as friends, or as hirelings, or in any other way, is still something far different from the relation which the wife sustains to the husband, and the mother to her children.

You feel the defects in these views, and yet still, the feelings of mother and wife in your own bosom, cannot approve of an education of daughters to self-dependence and independence. Yes, you might even silently object, thus: "That woman is destined to dependence in the world: if she becomes a wife and mother this is her highest honor and ornament; and, as she cannot be clothed with this honor when she looks forward to an independent state, it would be more advisable, at least it would not be evil, to train and educate her in hope—that is, it would be better, in educating her, to keep these future relations before our eyes, and to do what is possible to fit her for these relations, only not color them so highly as to cause her to become entirely miserable in case those hopes, toward which her education directed her, should not be realized." Am I right? Are not these, silently, your views and your objections to my ideas of the end towards which daughters ought to be trained? Will you honestly confess it?

You shall learn my views more fully hereafter.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

BY W. H. EGGLE.

OH, I know these are angel pinions,
 Bustling, sweeping around me now;
 For I feel their soft touch this even
 On my flushed and my weary brow;
 Tho' to our earth-dimming visions
 Glorious, bright, and unseen are they,
 Yet in the night-time, love, they are with us,
 And 'mid the strife and the cares of day.
 And how often some stolen murmurs
 From their golden harps we hear,
 Like the tones of the nightly star-chants
 When the heavens are cold and clear;—
 When the gentle breeze sighs mournful
 Like the wail of a prison'd soul,
 And we bend our knees at its chantings,
 Scorning earth and its sin control.
 And our visions then we murmur
 With a holier devoted tone,
 For we know there are white wings 'bout us—
 That spirit-eyes look in our own,
 And the music so sad and solemn
 We know are their meek replies,
 The sweet anthem-swells of the angels
 Which bring the tears to our eyes.

JOHN GODFREY VON HERDER.

THIS distinguished author was born on the 26th of August, 1744, at Mohrangen, a small town in Eastern Prussia, where his father taught a school for girls. His early education was not favorable to the development of his faculties. His father confined his reading to a very few books, but his love of learning was so strong as to lead him to prosecute his studies in secret. The clergyman of the place employed the boy as a copyist, and soon discovered his talents, and allowed him to participate in the lessons in Latin and Greek, which he gave his own children. At this time young Herder suffered from a serious disease of the eyes, which was the occasion of his becoming better known to a Russian surgeon, who lived in the clergyman's house, and who was struck with the engaging manners, and pleasing appearance of the youth. He offered to take Herder with him to Königsberg and to Petersburg, and to teach him surgery gratuitously. Herder, who had no hopes of being able to follow his inclinations, left his native city in 1762; but, in Königsburg, he fainted at the first dissection at which he was present. He now resolved to study theology. Some gentlemen to whom he became known, and who immediately interested themselves in his favor, procured him an appointment in Frederic's College, where he was at first tutor to some scholars, and, at a later period, instructor in the first philosophical, and in the second Latin class, which left him time to study. During this period he became known to the celebrated Kant, who permitted him to hear all his lectures gratuitously. He formed a more intimate acquaintance with Hamann. His unrelaxing diligence penetrated the most various branches of science, theology, philosophy, philology, natural and civil history, and politics. In 1764, he was appointed an assistant teacher at the cathedral school of Riga, with which office that of preacher was connected. His pupils in school, as well as his hearers at church, were enthusiastically attached to him, so much that it was thought necessary to give him a more spacious church. His sermons were distinguished by simplicity, united with a sincere devotion to evangelical truth and original investigation. While on a visit to Strasburg, in 1767, he was invited to become court preacher, superintendent and consistorial counsellor, at Buckeburg, whither he proceeded in 1771. He soon made himself known as a distinguished theologian, and, in 1775, was offered a professorship in Gottingen, which he, however, did not accept immediately, because the king had not confirmed his appointment unconditionally; and, contrary to custom, he was

expected to undergo a kind of examination. But, being married, Herder did not feel at liberty to decline the appointment. On the very day when he had resolved to go to Gottingen, he received an invitation to become court preacher, general superintendent and consistorial counsellor at Weimar. This appointment was through the influence of Goethe. He arrived at Weimar in October, 1776. It was at the time when the duke Augustus and the princess Amelia had collected many of the most distinguished German literati at their court. Weimar was greatly benefited by Herder's labors as a pulpit orator, inspector of the schools of the country, the patron of merit and founder of many excellent institutions. In 1801, he was made president of the high consistory, a place never before given to a person not of the nobility. Herder was subsequently made a nobleman by the elector of Bavaria. He says himself that he accepted the rank for the sake of his children. Herder died on the 18th of December, 1803. Germany is deeply indebted to him for his valuable works in almost every branch of literature, and few authors have had a greater influence upon the public taste of that country. His works were published in forty-five octavo volumes, in 1806. Another edition is now publishing in sixty small volumes. As a theologian, Herder contributed to a better understanding of the historical and antiquarian parts of the Old Testament. "In early years," says Herder, "when the fields of knowledge lay before me, with all the glow of a morning sun, from which the meridian sun of life takes away so much of the charm, the idea often recurred to my mind, whether, like other great subjects of thought, each of which has its philosophy and science, that subject, also, which lies nearest to our hearts—the history of mankind, viewed as a whole—might not also have its philosophy and science. Every thing reminded me of this idea; metaphysics and morals, natural philosophy and natural history, lastly, and most powerfully, religion." This is the key to Herder's life. The object of his investigations was to find the point from which he might calmly survey every thing, and see how all things converge. "It is," says Frederic Schlegel, "the very perception and feeling of the poetical, in the character of natural legends, which forms the most distinguished feature in the genius of Herder. He has energy of fancy by which he is enabled to transport himself into the spirit and poetry of every age and people. The poetry of the Hebrews was that which the most delighted him. He may be called the mythologist of German literature, on account of this gift, this universal

feeling of the spirit of antiquity. His power of entering into all the shapes and manifestations of fancy, implies in himself a very high degree of imagination. His mind seems to have been cast in so universal a mould, that he might have attained to equal eminence, either as a poet or philosopher."

Notwithstanding his genius, Herder had great difficulties to surmount; want of early education and encouragement, poverty, and a serious and lasting disease of the eyes. He was a most laborious and indefatigable student. He did not attempt to arrive at truth by metaphysical speculation, but by observation, by the constant study of nature and the mind, in all its works, in the arts, law, language, religion, medicine, poetry, &c.

In 1819, the grand duke of Weimar ordered a tablet of cast iron to be placed on his grave, with the inscription, *Licht, Liebe, Leben*—(Light, Love, Life.)

THE SEVEN ANCIENT WONDERS.

These were, *First*: The brass Colossus of Rhodes, 120 feet high, built by Cares, A. D. 288, occupying twelve years in making. It stood across the harbor of Rhodes 66 years, and was then thrown down by an earthquake. It was bought by a Jew, from the Saracens, who loaded 900 camels with the brass. *Second*. The Pyramids of Egypt. The largest one engaged 350,000 workmen thirty years in building, and has now stood at least 3,000 years. *Third*. The Aqueducts of Rome, invented by Appius Claudius, the censor. *Fourth*. The Labyrinth of Psammetichus, on the banks of the Nile, containing within one continued wall 1,000 houses, and 12 royal palaces, all covered with marble, and having only one entrance. The building was said to contain 3,000 chambers, and a hall built of marble, adorned with statues of the gods. *Fifth*. The Pharos of Alexandria, a tower built by order of Ptolemy Philadelphus, in the year 282, B. C. It was erected as a light-house, and contained magnificent galleries of marble—a large lantern at the top, the light of which was seen near a hundred miles off, mirrors of enormous sizes were fixed round the galleries, reflecting everything on the sea. A common tower is now erected in its place. *Sixth*. The Walls of Babylon, built by order of Semeramis, or Nebuchadnezzar, and finished in one year, by 200,000 men. They were of immense thickness. *Seventh*. The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus, completed in the reign of Servius, sixth king of Rome. It was 460 feet long, 200 broad, and supported by 126 marble pillars, 70 feet high. The beams and door were of cedar, the rest of the timber cyprus. It was destroyed by fire B. C. 365.

THE VALUE OF A GOOD NAME.

First. A good name is something valuable, in itself considered. Without it, man sinks to the level of the brute creation, whilst with it, he is elevated to the society of God and holy angels. He feels that he was originally designed for some high position in the universe, and though he be now fallen, through sin, he still possesses upward longings and aspirations. Any attempt that is made, therefore, to degrade or dishonor him, is resented, and usually with more spirit than when he receives any other kind of assault. No person can be found, who does not care more or less for the good opinions of others, unless he be found among those who have already sunk to the lowest degree of shame.

The desire of honor, so far from being sinful or wrong, as some rigid moralists would have us to believe, is one of the noblest feelings of our nature, and the natural basis of that which is great and good in man. It is only a false honor which is reprehended in scripture—the honor which comes from men, who are morally disqualified either to appreciate true honor, or to award the credit of it to such as have it. There is an honor which comes from above, which it is our duty as well as our right to seek, and this our Saviour commends. The saints are described as those who by patience in well doing seek for glory and honor, and immortality.

Men do not only need the approbation of their own consciences; they feel that they must have the approval of God and their fellow man, who are competent to judge of their characters. It is no matter how they are regarded by such as are corrupt in their moral taste, and whose judgment of their conduct or actions must be generally wrong. It is otherwise, however, in reference to the opinion of the wise and good. It is necessary that they should enjoy this, in order that they may be enabled to sustain themselves in any course of action. Next to the word of God and our own consciences, the approval of Christian men around us is the best guaranty, which we could desire, that our actions are pure and upright; it indeed serves to remove any doubts or fears which we may entertain, that we have not erred in understanding the law of duty as contained in the Bible, or as it is written on the tables of the heart. The person, therefore, who has no regard for the estimation in which he is held by the Church, shows that he is deficient in moral sensibility, and that he is not alive to the pleasure that is derived from the discharge of duty. The language of him who is morally cultivated ever is: sooner take away from me property

or any earthly good, than to deprive me of the love and esteem of the pious and the good ; sooner cast me upon some frozen coast, or some burning desert, than to tear me from the affections of the children of God. No person was more keenly alive to the estimation of his brethren than the apostle Paul. He sought to enjoy this not merely for the sake of the influence for good, which it gave him, but for his own comfort and edification ; hence he resisted false teachers with holy indignation, when they attempted to separate him from their love.

Second. A good name is valuable, because it serves to give us influence in society, and thus enables us to perform the work for which our talents qualified us.

If we look upon men generally, we meet with an infinite variety of talents and capabilities. No two persons can be found anywhere that are precisely alike in mind or body. Whence this difference, and *why* were not men everywhere alike ? Evidently the wants of society require this difference. There are different stations in the world that call for diversity of talents or dispositions, fully commensurate with the difference observable in men. It is seen, however, very frequently, that men are not in the places for which they seem to have been designed. Their talents run to waste, and they continue to stand in the market all the day idle. Why is this ? They cannot reach their positions if they desired to do so. They have lost the odor of a good name, and therefore the confidence of their fellow men, who have either cast them out, or are indifferent about them. They who are now lying in our prisons, our penitentiaries, or, it may be, in our streets intoxicated, are altogether out of their places. Their talents were such as might have rendered them useful somewhere, and, as it regards some of them, in the highest stations of society. They have never found the level for which they were designed, because, what can alone give them value in the eyes of others, has been lost, and measurably, for ever.

A good name is necessary to prepare an individual to discharge the various duties of life considered under a secular view. Though he may to a certain extent attend to his duties as a citizen, or as a member of the community when his good name is partially gone, yet never so well as when his name breathes a sweet fragrance around, for then, "whatsoever he doth shall prosper." But he has other duties to discharge, as an immortal being, as one who is related to another world. He is designed to labor not only with the sweat of his face for a sustenance, but for the spiritual interests of his fellow men gener-

erally. The gospel proposes to elevate the individual and to invest him with the character of prophet; he may thus become a burning and a shining light in the kingdom of heaven. But here the want of character is an effectual barrier in his way, as it at once renders him powerless for good. Physician, heal thyself, is usually applied to such as attempt to labor in the vineyard of Christ, over whose hearts the gospel exerts no restraining influence.

But is there no substitute for a good name? Is there not something else that will give them that regard, or that influence, which is necessary to enable them to discharge their duties to the world, and thus to finish the work assigned them. Alas! nothing whatever. A good name is better than great riches, and loving favor than gold and silver. Men everywhere attempt to substitute fictitious for real merit, but everywhere, as time passes on, they are discovered and exposed, and the subsequent reaction to their prejudice is only so much the stronger.

Third. In the third place, a good name is valuable because it is something permanent, something that cannot be taken from us amidst the changes and losses of life. Riches take to themselves wings and fly away as the eagle to heaven. Pleasures grow old and insipid. Health fails and life soon hastens to its goal. But a well-earned fame nothing can destroy nor take away from us. Much has been said in poetic style of the sin of slander; of its power to ruin the fairest name. But is it so, that a truly good name can be filched away by the calumniator! By no means. Slander may open its hundred mouths and emit its venom; but it cannot prove that white is black, nor the reverse. There is always a reaction, and they who are abused or calumniated receive, sooner or later, ample justice. How vain have ever been the efforts of the wicked to blacken the fame of the righteous. The waves of the ocean, dash and foam as they may, cannot put out the light of the stars. The early Christians were grossly slandered; they were represented by heathen writers as a pestilential sect, because they did not worship idols, and live such impure lives as they did. The darkness of superstition, however, passed away, and the true light began to shine; and then they appeared as the excellent of the earth, as jewels in the crown of the King of Kings. A good name, if it be lost at all, is lost by our own fault. We lose that which entitles us to the confidence of our fellow men by our sinful conduct, and with it their respect and affection.

It may, indeed, so happen that the righteous, by a singular combination of circumstances, are made to endure dark sus-

picious during their life-time, and that their sun sets behind a cloud. It is certain, however, that their motives and conduct appear in their proper light in heaven to the angels, and to the just made perfect. They have the consciousness even here, that they are approved and acquitted at the highest tribunal. At the day of judgment, when the secrets of all men shall be brought to light, and the character of every one read as in the light of day, the justification of the righteous shall be complete and overwhelming. In the presence of an assembled universe, the righteous shall rise and shine as stars in the firmament of heaven.

It is only the honor that comes from men that is so fleeting and evanescent. Of those that were raised to the skies by the adoring multitudes of their day, it may now be said of them, How are they fallen! It seems but yesterday that the air was rent with their praises, as they passed along in their chariots. But now their names have lost all their lustre, and they are rapidly sinking into neglect and oblivion. Who cares for the conquerors and the great captains who, in their day, shook the earth with their arms? As each day of light passes over the world they appear more and more as grim monsters, that are to be feared rather than loved. At the day of judgment, when all things shall be rectified, they will sink to the lowest degree of infamy and shame. Compared with these let us think of the memory of the righteous, which is blest. Amidst all the changes and commotions of time, the change of views and feelings in and out of the church, the names of the righteous continue ever green and flourishing. Their leaf shall never wither. Can revolutions of empires affect the honor that cleaves to the name of Paul, the apostle? Though the church were far more divided than it now is, he would continue to be a light in the firmament of heaven, and to gather around him the affections of the pious and good. It is so, though on a smaller scale, with the memories of all who sincerely serve their maker in their day, and cherish charity towards their fellow men. They are held in affectionate remembrance long after they die. Their names are whispered in tones of love in the assemblies of the righteous, and live in the hearts of the good. Like "odor from Araby the blest," their influence extends, and children's children inhale the blessing. Where no patrimony is divided among the members of the family, this becomes the rich legacy, of which all may partake, and from which they may derive sufficient stimulus to elevate them to posts of usefulness and honor.

A good name, then, is something truly valuable. It is an object worthy of our aspirations. Our usefulness in the world, as well as our happiness and comfort in our Christian profession, depend, to a great extent, upon it. How foolish, then, the course of those who throw it to the wind for the pleasures of sin, which are only for a season. Every act of sin or transgression affects our characters, and degrades us in the scale of intelligent creatures. All evil thoughts and impure imaginations, that men roll as a sweet morsel upon their tongues, act as rust to corrode the soul, and to sink it lower and lower in the scale of infamy. The very appearance of evil is sin, and this has often sullied many a fair name, and blotted many a bright page of human existence.

Our great enemy succeeds well in undermining the fabric of our prosperity when he succeeds in destroying within us the feeling of self-respect and makes us unconcerned about the opinions of others, especially the good. Having accomplished this he can soon crush every other noble aspiration of the heart, and incline us to succumb to this disgraceful bondage. To retreat from such a position is ever found to be of all things the most difficult, as the soul has lost one of the springs of its activity, and every effort which it makes to recover itself seems to be clogged with the weight of a mountain.

Let us also remember, that religion alone can elevate us to honor. Without this our feelings will run out into blind ambition, and render us a curse instead of a blessing to others. She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her, says the wise man. Exalt her, says he, and she shall promote thee. Length of days is in her right hand; and in her left, riches and honor.

A.

A DIRGE.

BY PROF. T. C. PORTER.

Cold dews gather
Bending grass-blades
O'er her grave;
Shadows falling
From the church-wall
Shroud her grave;
Pale the moonlight
Chill the starlight
Round her grave—
Till the morning
O'er the mountains
Brightly dawning
Breaks the slumber
Of her grave.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
 The disembodied spirits of the dead,
 When all of thee that time could wither, sleeps
 And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
 If there I meet thy gentle presence not;
 Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
 In thy serenest eye the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
 That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
 My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
 Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows fann'd by heav'n's life-breathing wind,
 In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
 And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
 Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
 And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
 And deeper grew and tenderer to the last,
 Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
 Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
 In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
 And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me the sordid cares in which I dwell
 Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the scroll;
 And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
 Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wear'st thy glory of the sky,
 Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name;
 The same fair, thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
 Lovelier in heav'n's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me in that calmer home,
 The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
 The wisdom which is love—till I become
 Thy fit companion in that world of bliss?

THE AGES OF MAN.

YOUTH, fond youth! to thee in life's gay morning,
 New and wonderful are heaven and earth;
 Health the hills, content the fields adorning,
 Nature rings with melody and mirth;
 Love invisible, beneath above,
 Conquers all things; all things yield to love.

Time, swift time, from years their motion stealing,
 Unperceived hath sober manhood brought;
 Truth, her pure and humble forms revealing,
 Peoples fancy's fairy-land with thought;
 Then the heart, no longer prone to roam,
 Loves, loves best, the quiet bliss of home.

THE BIRDS OF THE BIBLE.

THE OSTRICH.*

THE Ostrich is to be considered the largest of birds, and the connecting link between quadrupeds and fowls. Its head and bill somewhat resemble those of a duck ; and the neck may be compared to that of a swan, but that it is much longer. The legs and thighs resemble those of a hen, but are very fleshy and large. The end of the foot is cloven, and has two very large toes, which, like the leg, are covered with scales. These toes are of unequal sizes ; the largest, which is on the inside, being seven inches long including the claw, which is near three-fourths of an inch in length, and almost as broad ; the other toe is but four inches long, and is without a claw. The height of the ostrich is usually seven feet, from the head to the ground ; but from the back it is only four : so that the head and the neck are above three feet long. From the head to the end of the tail, when the neck is stretched in a right line, it is seven feet long. The plumage is generally white and black, though some of them are said to be gray. There are no feathers on the sides of the thighs, nor under the wings. The lower half of the neck is covered with smaller feathers than those on the belly and back, and the head and upper part of the neck are covered with hair. At the end of each wing there is a kind of spur, resembling the quill of a porcupine, about an inch long, and about a foot lower down the wing is another of the same description, but something smaller.

The ostrich has not, like most other birds, feathers of various kinds ; they are all bearded with detached hairs or filaments, without consistence and reciprocal adherence. The consequence is, that they cannot oppose to the air a suitable resistance, and therefore are of no utility in flying or in directing the flight. Besides the peculiar structure of her wings, the ostrich is rendered incapable of flight by her enormous size, weighing seventy-five or eighty pounds ; a weight which would require an immense power of wing to elevate into the air.

The ostrich is a native only of the torrid regions of Africa and Arabia, and has furnished the sacred writers with some of their most beautiful imagery. The following descriptions and illustrations are chiefly selected from Professor Paxton and Dr. Harris.

The ostrich was aptly called by the ancients a lover of deserts.

*We take this article on this interesting Bird of the Bible, from an English work by WM. CARPENTER, on "Scripture Natural History."

Shy and timorous in no common degree, she retires from the cultivated field, where she is disturbed by the Arabian shepherds and husbandmen, into the deepest recesses of the Sahara. In those dreary wastes, she is reduced to subsist on a few tufts of coarse grass, which here and there languish on their surface, or a few other solitary plants equally destitute of nourishment, and in the Psalmist's phrase, even "withered before they are grown up." To this dry and parched food may perhaps be added, the great variety of land-snails which occasionally cover the leaves and stalks of these herbs, and which may afford her some refreshment. Nor is it improbable, that she sometimes regales herself on lizards and serpents, together with insects and reptiles of various kinds. Still, however, considering the voracity and size of this camel-bird, (as it is called in the East,) it is wonderful how the little ones should be nourished and brought up, and especially how those of fuller growth, and much better qualified to look out for themselves, are able to subsist.

The attachment of this bird to the barren solitudes of Sahara, is frequently alluded to in the Holy Scriptures; particularly in the prophecies of Isaiah, where the word *יונה*, unfortunately translated *owl* in the English Bible, ought to be rendered ostrich. In the splendid palaces of Babylon, so long the scenes of joy and revelry, the prophet foretold, that the shy and timorous ostrich should fix her abode; than which a greater and more affecting contrast can scarcely be presented to the mind.

When the ostrich is provoked, she sometimes makes a fierce, angry, and hissing noise, with her throat inflated, and her mouth open; when she meets with a timorous adversary that opposes but a feint resistance to her assault, she chuckles or cackles like a hen, seeming to rejoice in the prospect of an easy conquest. But in the silent hours of night, she assumes a quite different tone, and makes a very doleful and hideous noise, which sometimes resembles the roaring of a lion; and at other times, that of the bull and the ox. She frequently groans, as if she were in the greatest agonies; an action to which the prophet beautifully alludes: "I will make a mourning like the ostrich"—Micah, i. 8. The Hebrew name of the bird is derived from a verb which signifies, to exclaim with a loud voice, and may therefore be attributed with sufficient propriety to the ostrich, whose voice is loud and sonorous; especially as the word does not seem to denote any certain determined mode of voice or sound peculiar to any one particular species of animals, but one that may be applicable to them all. Dr. Brown says, the cry of the ostrich resembles the voice of a hoarse child, and is even more dismal. It cannot, then, but appear mournful, and even

terrible, to those travellers who plunge with no little anxiety into those immense deserts, and to whom every living creature, man not excepted, is an object of fear, and a cause of danger.

Not more disagreeable, and even alarming, is the hoarse moaning voice of the ostrich, however, to the lonely traveller in the desert, than were the speeches of Job's friends to the afflicted man. Of their harsh and groundless censures, which were continually grating his ears, he feelingly complains: "I am a brother to dragons, and a companion to owls, (ostriches)." Like these melancholy creatures that love the solitary place, and dark retirement, the bereaved and mourning patriarch loved to dwell alone, that he might be free from the teasing impertinence of his associates, and pour out his sorrows without restraint. But he made a wailing also like the dragons, and a mourning like the ostriches: his condition was as destitute, and his lamentations as loud and incessant as theirs. Or, he compares to those birds his unfeeling friends who, instead of pouring the balm of consolation into his smarting wounds, added to the poignancy of his grief by their inhuman conduct. The ostrich, even in a domestic state, is a rude and fierce animal; and is said to point her hostility, with particular virulence, against the poor and destitute stranger that happens to come in her way. Not satisfied with endeavoring to push him down by running furiously upon him, she will not cease to peck at him violently with her bill, and to strike at him with her feet, and will sometimes inflict a very serious wound. The dispositions and behavior of Job's friends and domestics were equally vexatious and afflicting; and how much reason he had to complain, will appear from the following statement: "They that dwell in mine house, and my maidens, count me for a stranger; I am an alien in their sight. I called my servant, and he gave me no answer; my breath is strange to my wife, though I entreated for the children's sake of mine own body; yea, young children despised me, all my inward friends abhorred me. Upon my right hand rise the youth; they push away my feet, and they raise up against me the ways of their destruction. They mar my path, they set forward my calamity, they have no helper. They come upon me as a wide breaking in of waters, in the desolation they roll themselves upon me."—Ch. xxx. v. 12–14.

There is a very correct and poetical description of the ostrich, in the thirty-ninth chapter of the book of Job.

Our translators appear to have been influenced by the vulgar error, that the ostrich did not herself hatch her eggs by sitting on them, but left them to the heat of the sun. This, however,

is not the fact. She usually sits upon her eggs as other birds do ; but then she so often wanders, and so far in search of food, that frequently the eggs are addle, by means of her long absence from them. To this we may add, that when she has left her nest, whether through fear or to seek food, if she light upon the eggs of some other ostrich, she sits upon them, and is unmindful of her own.

“ On the least noise or trivial occasion,” says doctor Shaw, “ she forsakes her eggs, or her young ones, to which, perhaps, she never returns ; or if she does, it may be too late either to restore life to the one, or to preserve the lives of the others. Agreeable to this account, the Arabs meet sometimes with whole nests of these eggs undisturbed ; some of them are sweet and good, others are addle and corrupted ; others, again, have their young ones of different growth, according to the time, it may have been forsaken of the dame. They often meet with a few of the little ones no bigger than well-grown pullets, half starved, straggling and moaning about, like so many distressed orphans for their mother. In this manner the ostrich may be said to be hardened against her young ones, as though they were not her’s ; her labor, in hatching and attending them so far, being vain, without fear, or the least concern of what becomes of them afterwards. This want of affection is also recorded in Lam. iv. 3 : ‘ The daughter of my people is become cruel, like ostriches of the wilderness ;’ that is, by apparently deserting their own, and receiving others in return. Hence, one of the great causes of lamentation was, the coming in of strangers and enemies into Zion, and possessing it. Thus, in the twelfth verse of this chapter, it is said, ‘ The kings of the earth, and all the inhabitants of the world, would not have believed that the adversary and the enemy should have entered into the gates of Jerusalem ;’ and in chap. v. 2, ‘ Our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens.’ ”

The ostrich, in her private capacity, is not less inconsiderate and foolish, particularly in the choice of food, which is often highly detrimental and pernicious to her ; for she swallows everything greedily and indiscriminately, whether it be pieces of rags, leather, wood, stone, or iron. They are particularly fond of their own ordure, which they greedily eat up as soon as it is voided : no less fond are they of the dung of hens and other poultry. It seems as if their optic, as well as their olfactory nerves, were less adequate and conducive to their safety and preservation, than in other creatures. The Divine Providence in this, no less than in other respects, “ having deprived

them of wisdom, neither hath it imparted to them understanding." This part of her character is fully admitted by Buffon, who describes it in nearly the same terms.

Notwithstanding the stupidity of the ostrich, says Dr. Shaw, its Creator hath amply provided for its safety, by endowing it with extraordinary swiftness, and a surprising apparatus for escaping from its enemy. They, "when they raise themselves up for flight, laugh at the horse and his rider." They afford him an opportunity only of admiring at a distance the extraordinary agility, and the stateliness likewise, of their motions, the richness of their plumage, and the great propriety there was in ascribing to them *an expanded quivering wing*. Nothing, certainly, can be more entertaining than such a sight; the wings, by their rapid but unwearied vibrations, equally serving them for sails and oars; while their feet, no less assisting in conveying them out of sight, are no less insensible of fatigue.

The surprising swiftness of this bird is expressly mentioned by Xenophon, in his *Anabasis*; for, speaking of the desert of Arabia, he states that the ostrich is frequently seen there; that "none could take them, the horsemen who pursues them soon giving it over; for they escaped far away, making use both of their feet to run, and of their wings, when expanded, as a sail to waft them along." This representation is confirmed by the writer of a voyage to Senegal, who says, "She sets off at a hard gallop; but, after being excited a little, she expands her wings as if to catch the wind, and abandons herself to a speed so great, that she seems not to touch the ground." "I am persuaded," continues the writer, "she would leave far behind the swiftest English courser. Buffon also admits that the ostrich runs faster than the horse."

BAD MANNERS.—We have always considered it the height of bad manners for any member of a family to stick his or her head out of a second story window to see what visitor has knocked at the door, or rung the door bell.

THE SORROWS of a lovely spirit are *May-frosts*, which go before the warmer seasons; but the sorrows of a hardened soul are *autumnal-frosts* which proclaim nothing but a dreary winter.

THE HYACINTH only flourishes when it hangs over water, and it blooms without nourishment; do you know no spirits which only bloom over tears?

A SERMON REMEMBERED EIGHTY-FIVE YEARS.

LUKE SHORT, when about fifteen years of age, heard a sermon from the celebrated Flavel, and soon after came to America, where he spent the remainder of his life. He received no immediate impression from Flavel's sermon, and lived in carelessness and sin till he was a century of age. He was now a "sinner a hundred years old;" and to all appearance ready to "die accursed." But, sitting one day in a field, he fell into a busy reflection on his past life; and recurring to the events of his youth he thought of having heard Mr. Flavel preach, and vividly recollected a large portion of his sermon, and the extraordinary earnestness with which it was delivered. Starting, as if stung by an adder, he instantly labored under accusings of conscience, and ran from thought to thought, till he arrived first at conviction of sin, and next at an apprehension of the divine method of saving the guilty. He soon after joined a Congregational Church in his vicinity, and to the day of his death, which happened in the *one hundred and sixteenth* year of his age, gave satisfactory evidence of being a truly converted and believing follower of the Saviour. Mr. Flavel had long before passed to his heavenly rest, and could not, while on earth, have supposed that his living voice would so long continue to yield its echoes as an instrument of doing good to a wandering sinner. Let ministers and private Christians, who labor for the spiritual well-being of their fellow men, cast their bread upon the waters, in full faith that though they lose sight of it themselves, it shall be found after many days.

THE WIDOW AND THE FATHERLESS.

WELL, thou art gone, and I am left:
But O! how cold and dark to me
This world of every charm bereft,
Where all was beautiful with thee!
Though I have seen thy form depart
For ever from my widow'd eye,
I hold thee in mine inmost heart;
There, there at least thou canst not die.
Farewell on earth: Heaven claim'd its own;
Yet, when from me thy presence went,
I was exchanged for God alone:
Let dust and ashes learn content.
Ha! those small voices, silver sweet!
Fresh from the fields my babes appear;
They fill my arms, they clasp my feet,
—"O! could your father see us here!"

THE MERCY-SEAT.

BY MRS. J. M. DERR.

“From every stormy wind that blows,
 From every swelling tide of woes,
 There is a calm, a sure retreat—
 'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.”

It is a sweet consolation to the child of Heaven, that amid all the distracting cares of earth, there is a place to which he can always have access, and from which he can draw comfort and peace. Many persons who are called christians, live on from year to year attending regularly all the outward forms of religion, and scrupulously avoiding outwardly even the appearance of evil, who never make this mercy-seat their familiar resort.

We cannot conceive of a real christian that does not love this holy place. It is one of the greatest privileges we have on earth, to be permitted to leave all our cares and draw nigh to that sacred place, where “Jehovah hears and gives answer to prayer.” Every christian should have a closet, to which he can resort regularly, at such stated times as he has set apart to meditate and pray. Many excuse themselves on the ground that they have not time, or that the arrangements of the family or house, are such that it is impossible for them to have a place of retirement. This is seldom the case, however; for where there is a desire, a place can easily be found.

What proportion of our time should be consecrated to this holy duty? The word of God gives us an answer to this. “Pray without ceasing,” “Watch and pray that ye fall not into temptation.” Surely, however, we cannot devote all our time to this one duty? We can at least, besides being in that constantly prayerful frame of mind, the chief sense of the passage first quoted, fulfil the Poet’s allotment of time :

“Go when the morning shineth;
 Go when the noon is bright;
 Go when the eve declineth;
 Go in the hush of night.
 Go with pure mind and feeling,
 Fling earthly cares away,
 And in thy chamber kneeling,
 Do thou in secret pray.”

Some excuse themselves by saying that they are continually surrounded by so many others, or their business is such as to render it impossible for them to attend to these devotions. To such we say,

“If it is ere denied thee
 In solitude to pray,
 Should holy thoughts come o’er thee
 When friends are round thy way,
 E’en then the silent breathings
 Of thy spirit raised on high,
 Will reach his throne in glory,
 Who is mercy, truth and light.”

There is not one that can be excused from thus holding communion sweet with the Saviour. There can always be a time and a place where those who have the most engagements, can embrace it if they have a desire. To the poor, weary, sin-sick soul, his closet is the most hallowed spot on earth. He can there pour out his heart where no eye can see him, or ear hear him, but his Heavenly Father's. It matters not though he be poor, friendless, homeless—without one being to whom he can look for help in any way, for he has this one place, sure, where he knows that he can “pour out his soul to his Saviour in prayer.” There is no separation on earth that affects his heart like being deprived of that holy, that happy place, where

“Jehovah has heard and has answered his prayers.”

It is a cheering thought, too, to christian friends, to kindred spirits, that are separated far from each other, that they can go and in faith surround the mercy-seat, and that their prayers will unite them at their Saviour's feet. Distance deprives not the saints of communion with each other. Christ in them, and they in him, and though continent and seas divide them, their prayers are one, as the life from which they spring is one. This, too, is a great encouragement for all to pray. Let them early form the habit of secret devotional retirement, and they will be saved from a thousand snares.

“GOD IS LOVE.”

BY J. M. WILLIS GEIST.

AND what is LOVE? I doubting asked
 A shining angel, who,
 The guardian of my devious life,
 Around my pathway flew.
 The seraph waved his glittering wings
 And pointed to above,
 While in a tone serenely sweet
 He answered—*God is love!*”
 Ten thousand worlds with starry mirth,
 Around this CENTER move,
 And echo to their sister Earth—
 “Our Center is God's love!”
 Then let us emulate the love
 Of ONE who perfect is,
 And love our neighbor as ourselves,
 That God may call us his.
 But, first of all our LORD adore
 Who loved us with his life,
 And shed his blood on Calvary's hill
 Proclaiming peace for strife:
 Who dying bade us one and all,
 In each to hail a brother,
 And heav'n enjoy while yet on earth
 By loving one another.

CHILDHOOD AND ITS JOYS.

WE cannot but believe that it is a part and parcel of our nature ; wisely appointed by the Creator, of set purpose, that we should fervently love the days of our childhood, and delight to look back upon them, through all the wanderings and perplexities of our manhood. It is intended for our good, and purposed to give a moral flow to our affections and thoughts. There we see the innocence and purity of our first career. Most beautifully we are supported in these our thoughts, by a writer in Tait's Magazine. "See," says that Journal, "that young urchin, with red cheeks and flaxen curls, paddling in the runnel that rustles along the hedge side ! How he loves to feel the cool water dance over his toes ! How eagerly he pounces upon the minnow that darts from beneath the mossy stone before him, or comes flitting down the stream ! How he flogs the tall weeds with his stick, and delights in making a puddle of the crystal brooklet ! Observe that pretty black-eyed girl in the blue frock, with the toddling youngster by her side ! She is making a garden in the dust, with twigs of trees, flowers plucked from the hedge row, white pebbles, and bits of broken crockery picked up in the lane. And how pleased is little Davie with the contrivance ! Now he fetches a stone and stops up a gap in the border ; now a blade of grass, or an unmeaning straw, sticking it with profound judgment in the middle of the miniature walk, or exactly in the place where it should not be. With the spirit of mischief he now runs over the labored work, and destroys their little Eden, trampling under foot its flowrets and its bowers.

"Does not every parent feel the force of this picture ? and does not every reader remember his own delightful participation in scenes like these ?

"Now see him again ! he is astride the grazing ass, supported by his sister. How he kicks and jumps, and opens wide his eyes, and fancies himself going to market ! Now he is unsupported ; his sister has withdrawn her arm. How grave, how motionless ! His tiny faculties seem to be busily questioning the danger. The ass innocently lifts a leg ; Davie's courage fails him ; he makes a comical wry face, and begins to whimper ; and Davie, stretching out his little arm, asks for help !"

Such is the picture fresh from our own recollections and observances ; as full of nature and ingenuous simplicity as are the dear little creatures whose likenesses are portrayed. The associations it calls up are like the strains of Caryl's music—"sweet and mournful to the soul." As the mind dwells upon it, charmed into a forgetfulness of the present, how does the re-

membrance of our own childhood spread freshly o'er the thoughts, while the image of the distant scene beams in the fancy as a vision far off, illuminated by a heavenly light; a glimpse, bright and beautiful, of some "loved island of the blest;" whence come ethereal notes of harmony, rather felt than heard. . . .

It is something more than poetical phantasy which causes persons to revert with feelings of tranquil pleasure to the period of childhood long gone by, and to regret that it has passed away never to return. The days then of those years are the happiest of our lives; and for this reason the mind loves to recur to them; they are the happiest of our lives, because the most innocent.

"How sweet to every feeling heart
The memory of the past;
 To think of days when love and joy
 Around our hearts were cast;—
 To let our thoughts swift take their flight
 O'er days when life was new—
 Roam through the haunts of pleasant youth,
Those scenes again renew."

Children may teach us one blessed, one enviable art: the art of being easily happy. Kind nature has given them that useful power of accommodation to circumstances, which compensates for so many external disadvantages; and it is only by injudicious management that it is lost. Give but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is happier than the lord's: free from artificial wants, unsatiated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasures; he can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel twig, or fish it successfully in a puddle! I love to hear the boisterous joy of a troop of young urchins whose cheap playthings are nothing more than mud, snow, sticks; or to watch the quiet enjoyment of a half-clothed, half-washed boy, who sits crunching his brown bread and bacon at his father's door. These the gentry may overlook or despise, as they dust them in gilded equipages, seeking their pleasures, but they cannot be happier, and seldom as innocent.

"In my poor mind it is most sweet to muse
 Upon the days gone by—to act in thought
 Past seasons o'er, and be again a child!"

TO THE BUTTERFLY.

CHILD of the sun! pursue thy rapturous flight,
 Mingling with her thou lovest in fields of light;
 And, where the flowers of paradise unfold,
 Quaff fragrant nectar from their cups of gold.
 There shall thy wings, rich as an evening sky,
 Expand and shut with silent ecstasy!
 —Yet wert thou once a worm, a thing that crept
 On the bare earth, then wrought a tomb and slept.
 And such is man; soon from his cell of clay
 To burst a seraph in the blaze of day!

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ANECDOTES FROM THE GERMAN.

BY REV. S. H. REID.

NO. I.

THE moon once rose in the east, and floated, like a light boat, in the reflection of an evening sky. Certain children pointed it out to their father.

—"How beautiful and pale it is," said Allwin; "it does not always wear that appearance."

"It is yet in its childhood," replied his father. "With each day it will enlarge, and its light will increase, until the full phase is brought to our view. Perhaps clouds may sometimes cover it, and it will veil its face. After sometime it will again decrease, and become smaller, and thus form a striking image of human life."

"I do not understand what you mean," said Theodore.

"O! yes," interrupted Allwin, "I know what you would say. Man also increases and diminishes. He appears awhile on the earth; then disappears and is hidden in the grave."

"And what are the clouds which sometimes conceal the moon?" inquired Theodore. "I do not know how to understand these."

"These are the misfortunes which befall man;" answered the father. "No life has yet passed away serene and calm. Each has its dim days. But the clouds pass over the upright and good man, and uninterrupted peace fills his soul; and when at last he passes away from before our eyes, he is not destroyed, but shines in another sphere, everlasting and unchangeable!"

NO. II.

WHEN Alexander, the son of Philip, was at Babylon, he ordered a Priest from each religion which he had conquered, and assembled them all together in his palace. After this, he ascended his throne, and interrogated them thus—

"Tell me," said he; "Do you acknowledge and honor one high and invisible being?"

They all bowed their heads and said "Yes!"

The king then asked, "With what name do you call the same?"

The Priest from India answered and said, "We call him *Brahma*, that means the great."

The Priest from Judea said, "We call him Jehovah Adonai, which means, *The Lord who is, who was, and is to be!*"

The Priest from Persia said, "We call him *Ormuz*, which means *primitive light*."

And thus each Priest had his own name by which he designated the highest being.

The king grew furious in his heart and said, "You have only one Ruler and King. Hereafter you shall have but one God. His name is Jupiter!"

The Priests became exceedingly grieved at the declaration of the King, and said—"With that name by which we have named him, our people have called him from their youth. How shall we change this?"

But the king was still more angry.

By this time an old sage, with gray hairs, entered the assembly. He was a Brahmin, who had accompanied the Priest to Babylon. This old man arose and said—"Permit me, Oh King, my Lord, to address the assembly!" Thereupon he turned towards those assembled and inquired, "Do the heavenly bodies of the day—the source of earthly light—shine with you?" The Priests unitedly bowed and said "Yes!" Then the Brahmin asked one after the other—"How do you name them?" and each one gave a different name, as that of his land and people. Then the Brahmin addressed the King thus—"Should not they hereafter name the heavenly bodies of the day with each one's name, since the bodies are still the same?"

After these words the King was full of shame, and said—"Let each one use his own name. I see well that the image and sign are not the essence!"

A THOUGHT OF HOME AT SEA.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

'Tis lone on the waters,
When eve's mournful bell
Sends forth to the sunset
A note of farewell!

When, borne with the shadows
And winds as they sweep,
There comes a fond memory
Of Home o'er the deep!

When the wing of the sea-bird
Is turn'd to her nest,
And the heart of the sailor
To all he loves best.

'Tis lone on the waters--
That hour hath a spell
To bring back sweet voices,
And words of farewell!

SPEAK KINDLY.

IN our daily intercourse with those we love—in our family relations, as husbands and wives, parents and children, brothers and sisters—a constant watchfulness ought to be maintained over our words and actions, in order to avoid inflicting unnecessary pain. How frequent does it occur, that a word unkindly spoken to those we once loved, but who have been since removed by the hand of death will haunt our memory long afterward, like an avenging demon, causing us poignant and vain regrets! Years after the circumstance has passed out of our minds and the mind of the friend we may have grieved or wronged, if some sudden calamity befalls him, or some unexpected summons calls him away from earth, and removes him from the scope of our ability to make redress, will the awakened memory of the unkind act or word cloud the melancholy reflections of our waking hours, and even haunt our dreams. But the most bitter and poignant reflections arise, when we have parted in unkindness from some one connected with us by the tenderest ties; and then no opportunity occurs to effect a reconciliation, the person we have injured is removed from us suddenly by death. Then comes the period of vain regrets and unavailing self-reproach. What would we give for a moment of time to ask and obtain one word of forgiveness from that loved one we have wronged! but alas, too late! too late!

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

CHILD, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Call'd thy harvest-work to leave;
Pray!—ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Traveller, in the stranger's land
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone!
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Warrior, that from battle won
Breathless now at set of sun!
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY PROF. T. C. PORTER.

A PERFECT Woman nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command.
And yet a Spirit, still and bright
With something of an angel light.

THE age in which we live, is distinguished from all that have gone before it, by the general diffusion of knowledge. In the words of Holy Writ, it may be said, "Many run to and fro, and knowledge is increased." The treasures of learning and science are no longer exclusively locked up in dead languages, to master which years of patient toil are needed. Our noble English tongue has accumulated an immense amount of literary wealth of its own. Books, which, a century ago, were scarce and dear, through the increased activity of the printing-press, have become common and cheap. The means of intellectual culture are easy of access to all, and the poor man, who earns his bread by the sweat of his brow, may now, if he will, drink from the same fountains as his neighbor, the rich philosopher. The bond of universal brotherhood is more deeply felt and a generous disposition manifest, on all sides, to extend the boundaries of our civilization, and render it more complete, so that even woman, long fettered by chains of barbarous custom, is also invited to enter this glorious domain, and pluck for herself, with free hand, the golden fruits of high thought, and the many-hued blossoms of fancy. Each one of you, young ladies, can boast of many advantages, in this respect, which were beyond the reach of a Lady Jane Grey, or the accomplished Mary, Queen of Scots. Old prejudices vanish like the mists of morning. The dreaded name of "blue" is fast becoming obsolete. And if we do, now and then, in the journey of life, encounter an ignorant old Vandal, or a crabbed Cynic, who ventures to cry "nonsense" and growl out words of scorn, thinking it the height of wisdom and exaltation, to sneer at learned women, and deride the attainments of a boarding-school Miss, who would, if they had the power, drive her back to the broom and needle, or still further, and rejoice to see her reduced to the same level with the tawny companion of the wandering Ojibbeway, he seems almost as much out of place as some queer fossil monster, some Pterodactyl or Iguanodon of remote antiquity, were he to break loose from his rocky bed and stalk forth into the light of day. Indeed, he deserves to be pitied, for if we admire the act of "Leonidas, the father of the celebrated Origen, who was in the habit of reverentially stooping and kissing the breast of his sleeping infant son, as though he felt the

presence of the spirit that dwelt there, to be higher and greater than himself," how much more are we bound to do homage to the same spirit of humanity, when enshrined in beautiful forms ! how much more should we rejoice to see that spirit developed, according to the laws of its own inward being, and become an ornament to society here, and a glory to heaven hereafter ! To reverence humanity in all its various degrees, and in every stage of its development is at once the dictate of sound philosophy and of true religion.

But let us look further : "What is mankind, this genius man, what is it ? An imperishable unit. It commenced at the beginning ; it touches the middle and the end of time. It is a vast wave rolling down the tide of time, ever rolling, ever descending. Its spray and foam are lost in the sands, or melted in the air, as fragments of its mortality are broken off and swallowed up in the grave, but the unit continues unbroken ; the wave rolls onward, onward forever ; perdurable and shall not be swallowed up, till the last trump shall sound, till the last end be come." The idea of humanity lies neither in man, nor in woman, separately taken, but in both. The species is indissolubly one. Sunder them, and you have no longer man, but merely the wreck of man. The decree of the Almighty cannot be annulled. "In that day, in which He created them, He called *their* name, Adam," that is to say, Man. They are thus closely linked together, and the perfection of manhood is found only in the union of the two.

To dream of woman, therefore, as an inferior, does her infinite wrong. Let any people treat her as such, and they must sooner or later degenerate into barbarism. Can her rights be invaded and not the rights of all at the same time ? Can she suffer and man not feel the pain ? Can she be degraded from the lofty position which heaven designed her to fill, without that degradation touching the whole body of society ? A simple glance at the miserable condition of the Oriental nations, who shut her like a captive bird, within the guarded precincts of the zenana or harem, is answer enough. The mighty power of our holy religion, in the first dawn of its strength, was not able fully to do away the evil effects, entailed on them, through a long course of generations, by the curse of her slavery. So too was it with Greece and Rome ; till at length the standard of the cross, and the main current of history passed over to the tribes of Northern Europe, where, woman, from a period beyond memory, as may be seen in the writings of Tacitus, moved in an element of freedom and virtue. The genius of Christianity falling

in here with the spirit of the Teutonic races, the institutions of chivalry grew up in their midst, silently, like all great things in nature, and prepared the way for the triumphs of modern civilization. Without robbing our common faith of one single ray of glory, it may be safely affirmed that the degradation of the gentler sex is not universal beyond the limits of christendom. Even in our own time, travellers of undoubted veracity assure us that the warlike Rajpoots, who inhabit the mountain districts of Central India, the most cultivated and refined of all the Asiatic nations, among whom polygamy is unknown, regard woman with an admiration, bordering on idolatry, and equal in gallantry and devotion the Orolandos and Red Cross Knights, who figure so largely in the romantic literature of the middle ages. And yet to Christianity alone we owe every true conception of her real dignity. The teaching and example of our blessed Lord have not been lost on the world. He himself, the Son of God, was born of a Jewish Virgin, and numbered the three Marys among his chosen disciples, nor did he hesitate to unfold to them those transcendent mysteries of his kingdom, which baffled the wisdom of the Greek, and to understand which is the privilege of the rarest perception and the most vigorous grasp of intellect. It is clear then that the elevation of woman is the elevation of the race; that she is not inferior to man, but gifted with the same powers, intellectual and moral, and hence that all departments of knowledge should be laid under contribution to furnish means for training up these powers to their highest pitch of excellence.

Nor does this view in the least tend, as the careless observer might suppose, to destroy all the distinction between the sexes. There are wide differences, which, ordained of old, have their deep ground in the laws of nature and of God. Not to be inferior does not of necessity argue perfect sameness. The man cannot include in himself all the elements of complete manhood, so as to be able to stand independent of the woman, and the woman cannot add to her own feminine qualities those of the man, in order to occupy the solitary grandeur that station which belongs only to the two as they act together and react upon each other. Whenever woman, therefore, steps out of her peculiar sphere and usurps the rights and prerogatives of man, she does violence to her better nature, shocks the sense of the world, is shunned as a monster, and justly earns the title of amazon or virago, except under extraordinary circumstances, as in the case of that avenging angel, Joan of Arc. So, too, when man, forgetful of his high calling, sinks a helpless Sybarite, into the

lap of voluptuous effeminacy, he receives as his righteous guerdon, the genuine contempt of his fellows. So may it ever be! so must it ever be! But let these differences be once fairly recognized and admitted, and the reciprocal influences exerted are of a grander order than the forces which cause the orbs of space to roll with never-ceasing chime along their paths of light. As the Sun, when he pours down his beams on the bosom of the moist earth, in the wake of a vernal shower, lures out buds, and leaves and blossoms, and fills the air with melody and fragrance, so does the presence of a man of true heroic stamp, call forth from the heart and soul of woman, who can appreciate his noble qualities, all their hidden riches. She feels no envy, no desire to rival him, but gazes on him with pride, and strives to become more like herself in all gentleness and loveliness, and this increased gentleness and loveliness, by their invisible magnetic out-flowings reach back and stimulate him to loftier exertion, so that he is ready to defy all enemies, scale towering Alps, traverse broad continents, and brave the dangers of unknown seas, to obtain that which would gratify or honor the object of his warm affection. And these flowings and reflowings are the life-pulses of society, that mark the throbbings of the universal heart; and to them we are indebted for all that is valuable in our civilization, from the vine-covered trellis, with which the humble artisan surrounds his cottage up to the palace of the king with its spacious chambers, covered with gorgeous decorations and filled with costly furniture and priceless paintings—from the rudest effort at a song up to the mystic poem of Dante, led by the love of Beatrice, to explore, with fearless tread, the unfathomable gloom of Hell, the milder shades of Purgatory, and the dazzling glories of the celestial Paradise.

These differences are the sources not of discord, but eternal harmony. No system of Female Education, therefore, can overlook them, and not fail, at the same time, of its proper end. Only a few of the chief points of contrast can now be given.

All other peculiarities of the man and the woman are based on peculiarities of their physical organization, and the sum and flower of these may be expressed by two words, Strength and Beauty.

In man, the finest type of whom is said to be that master-piece of ancient sculpture, the Hercules Farnese, we find a superior stature, a robust frame, well-knit sinewy limbs, a firm, elastic tread, a fiery eye, and a voice, whose deep bass can be heard from afar in tones of eloquence or of command. He is thus eminently fitted to endure the toils of war, to pursue his game up

the steep crags of the mountain, to put a bridle on the wild horse of the desert, to hew down the primeval forest, subdue the stubborn soil and convert it into fruitful fields and blooming gardens, to compel the invisible forces of the elements, as if by the magic of the fabled Genii, to work at his bidding, to build towns and cities, to spread abroad his canvass to the breeze and sail to distant shores, in quest of knowledge, or of gain.

In full accordance with these powers of body are the powers of his soul. A will, possessed of invincible energy, gives rise to "the great administrative faculties." He rules in the family; he governs the complicated movements of political affairs; he breaks down all opposers, who attempt to confront him in his career of ambition; "he plans sublime campaigns, leads armies to battle, and fleets to victory;" he makes laws and he executes them. So also, strength guides him through the boundless realms of science. With daring flight he ascends the starry cope of heaven, to bring down to earth again tidings of worlds which the eye of Chaldean shepherd never saw. From the solid adamant, beneath our feet, he digs out unmistakable proofs of tremendous revolutions, which convulsed the surface of our planet long before the era of its present history. The regions of the air, of the ocean, of the land, in all climates and kingdoms, are searched with a zeal that never flags, and every particle of matter, every plant that grows, and every animal that swims, or creeps, or climbs, or flies, is subject to interrogation, till it yield up to him the secret of its existence. Back along the channel of tradition he travels boldly, and, by the aid of printed books, parchment-rolls, decayed temples and buildings, and the half-defaced hieroglyphics of the antique monument spells out the mighty thoughts and deeds of generations that lie mouldering in the dust of ages. He turns upon himself, and analyzes, with matchless skill, the subtle workings of his own mind, grapples with the awful problems of his life now and hereafter, and in the spheres of philosophy and religion, rises to heights whither few can follow. From all sources, within his reach, he gathers stores of knowledge, and piles up systems of colossal magnitude, some splendid and evanescent as castles of cloud, which, though tinged with radiant hues, are yet torn asunder by the wild winds, but others stable as the pillars of eternity, because founded on the rock of absolute truth.

Woman, on the other hand, has a frame of more delicate organization, of finer mould. The ground of her character is not strength, but beauty. The Greek Poet, Anacreon, in one of his sprightly lyric effusions, represents Nature as parcelling out gifts

of strength to the several orders of the animal creation, and last of all she bestows on man, vigor of intellect. He adds, "she has nothing left for woman. What then does she give? Beauty, instead of all shields, instead of all spears. She, who is beautiful conquers both fire and sword." In this idea of beauty may be comprehended not merely a countenance of classical feature, a figure of faultless symmetry, a gait and gesture full of grace, a voice low, sweet, and musical, but also the higher loveliness of the mind and heart, and the diviner attractions of virtue. She who possesses any of these, has power, not indeed like that of man, the power of strength, but of beauty, a power, which has often held sway over the proudest and sternest rulers of the earth, and must ever affect the destinies of nations for weal or for woe. Leaving out of sight the charms of Helen, and the fascinations of the haughty Cleopatra, who bound the great Roman Triumvir in silken chains, and caused him, amid slothful indulgence, to turn a deaf ear to the loud calls of duty, to the loss of life and empire, we need only observe its general influence within the narrow range of our own experience, to be convinced that it produces great mischief or great good. Nothing is so potent, certainly, to disarm the soul of fierce and savage passions—and that wonderfully graphic allegory, in the Faerie Queen Spenser, where "the heavenly Una, with her milk-white lamb," enters the den of the Lion, and leads him away captive, "at her own sweet will," is a picture full of the deepest meaning.

To man belongs the attribute of courage, because of strength; to woman, that of fortitude. She can bear the severest pains and afflictions with meekness and resignation. Who does not acknowledge the force of the oft-quoted lines

"She never told her love
But let concealment like a worm i' the bud,
Prey on her damask cheek;
And sate, like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief."

She can die for her country and her religion. And if the heroism of the bold strong man, who lays down his head on the block, as a sacrifice to holy truth, merits a deathless crown, how much more brightly does our admiration glow, when we read of many a tender maiden, in the times of primitive martyrdom, going bravely to the stake, rather than renounce the faith of Jesus Christ, even while she shrank under the polluting grasp of her brutal executioners.

Woman is endowed also with exquisite sensibility. Her feelings are easily and deeply moved. Hence, her sympathies are ever active, not only to ward those who stand nearest to her, but

toward all who are pierced by the stings of misfortune, and need relief. She is ever more ready to lend an ear to the tale of sorrow, to weep with those who weep, and to open her hand to help distress, than man, whose heart is prone to grow hard and selfish in the rough battle of life. To this fact all history furnishes ample testimony. In the days of the Apostles we read of Dorcas, whose lovely name, in our English tongue, Gazelle, answers to lovely deeds; and in every age there have been numbers like her. But, though it be only in Christian lands and civilized countries, that her charity reaches the highest mark and exerts a wide-spread influence, yet even in the thick darkness of heathenism, solitary cases are found shining forth like bright stars—and not the least remarkable the one described by Mungo Park, when, in the center of Africa, “he had sunk down to die, under the negro village tree, a horrible white object in the eyes of all, a poor black woman and her daughter, who stood aghast at him, whose earthly wealth consisted of one small calabash of rice, with royal munificence, boiled that rice for him, and sat down, and sang all night to him, as he lay to sleep. ‘Let us pity the poor white man; no mother has he to fetch him milk, no sister to grind him corn.’”—The very word Lady, which comes down from our Saxon forefathers, now so often used and so seldom understood, is a standing proof of her kind disposition. They called her *hlaf-dig*, or giver of the loaf, because she was accustomed to distribute bread to the poor, and hence it has become her most honorable title.

In woman, modesty, that virtue, which enhances all her charms, is the constant companion of her beauty and sensibility. She shrinks from contact with the rude world, and retires into the quiet sanctuary of her home, or moves among the peaceful circles of society. The resorts of men, the work-shop, the counting-house, the bar, the legislative hall, are far too boisterous; the paths of science far too steep and rugged.

From this imperfect sketch of some of the characteristics of woman we may learn enough to show us that her moral and intellectual culture should be something different from that of man. Whatever the vehement advocates of her so-called “rights” may say, the true aim of her education is not to make lawyers, preachers, physicians, statisticians, and philosophers, not to fashion presidents and governors, not to train up scholars, who may produce works, like the *Novum Organum* of Bacon, the *Mechanique Celeste* of La Place, or the *Commentaries* of Blackstone. Such rivalry were vain; for though a queen may sit upon a throne, yet must she rule by her ministers; though brilliant names like

those of Miss Hershell and Mrs. Somerville may adorn the lists of science, yet are they rare instances, not to be cited as examples for imitation. Shakspear, with his usual nice insight into the propriety of things, when he brought Portia before the judgment-seat of the Duke, to plead the cause of Antonia against the rapacity of the Jew, Shylock, disguised her in the garments of a man, for though she possessed all the requisite ingenuity and talent, her situation was romantic and extraordinary, and needed such disguise.

Without setting any limit to the amount or kinds of learning to be acquired, giving her free access to "all treasures that in books are found," and liberty to push her researches to the utmost verge of human knowledge, it would still seem, that beyond the common solid and necessary studies, she is best fitted to excel in all those branches which tend to improve the imagination, to refine the taste, and to polish the manners. To collect choice flowers, to weave garlands of Poesy, to write letters sparkling with sentiment, wit and fancy, to execute delicate works of embroidery, to enchant all listeners by the pathos of her song, to call forth from the strings of the instrument tones of earthly harmony, to shine in conversation, in one word, to reflect the image of her beauty and loveliness upon all things around her, this is her glory, this her delight.

And however much that man, whose thoughts are buried in abstruse and knotty investigations, or busied in political schemes and intrigues, or absorbed in the pursuits of trade, may be disposed to speak of her attainments as superficial, and look upon her accomplishments as little things, not worth the attention of an idle moment, yet when we consider how largely they contribute to the pleasures of life, that they are the media, by which social influences are propagated on the widest scale silently and invisibly, they must appear of first importance. The drops of dew that every morning trickle down the blade of grass, unnoticed save by the eye of Him who forms them, are of no less account in the economy of nature, than the heavy discharges of rain from the bosom of the dark thunder-cloud. It falls to the lot of few to achieve great deeds, or to act in scenes of world-historic import. The web of our life is made up of little things. Whether, then, is it better to know much or to use well what we do know; to sit in the icy solitude of intellectual greatness, or to communicate happiness, by means of common knowledge; to fill out what Wordsworth calls

"That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, daily unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love!"

The combined influence of these is neither slight nor trivial, but is needed to give form and completeness to character, just as innumerable light strokes of the chisel are needed to bring a statue like the Venus de Medici to perfection, or myriads of delicate touches of the pencil, in the hands of a Rafælle, to cause a heavenly Madonna to stand out from the canvass. A simple word, or event, not striking in itself, of no special significance to the eye or ear of a stranger, may by reason of its relations, to him who has the power to perceive, yield exquisite pleasure, or exquisite pain. An isolated sound may be wholly indifferent, neither musical nor otherwise, and yet, when brought into certain relations to other sounds, become the source of enchanting melody or harsh discord. So little things and common things are not always little and common—not little when they “strike th’ electric chain, with which we’re darkly bound.” Away then, with that detestable spirit, which would measure all things by one fixed, unvarying standard and not according to their own law! Away with the fastidiousness of those who restlessly seek after novelty, who must drink their pleasures from a chalice to which none or few lips besides their own have been applied, who rather than admire and enjoy, pull to pieces the beautiful creations of genius because they have become common property. All honor, therefore, and a place second to none, be awarded to the highly educated accomplished woman!

A SONNET.

WHEN Capt. Sherwell and Dr. Edmund Clarke ascended to the summit of Mount Blanc, they were much surprised to observe the greater apparent distance and feebler splendor of the moon and stars. “The cloudless canopy of heaven was of a very dark blue, but with a slight reddishness in the tinge, so as rather to resemble a beautiful deep violet than indigo. . . . The vault of heaven appeared prodigiously high and distant. After two days’ march upward, the blue expanse seemed to have receded from us much faster than we had climbed towards it.”

When bold Enterprise, by thrilling hope and fears—
 Alternate sway’d, hath each dread peril pass’d,
 And Mount Blanc’s snow-bound summit reached at last,
 Remoter shine th’ eternal starry spheres,
 More distant walks the moon ’mid darkest blue;
 Heaven’s cloudless dome dilates and higher seems;
 And wayworn pilgrim sees, with wondering view,
 Each star decline and pale its wonted beams!
 So, when Ambition hath from life’s low vale
 Our footsteps lured, when, danger’s path defied,
 We’ve gained at length, with fortune’s fav’ring gale,
 The “promised land,”—the pinnacle of pride—
 The Phantom Bliss thus mocks our cheated eyes,
 For as we mount the dear delusion flies.—GORDON.

THE LAST HOURS OF MRS. HANNAH WOOD.

Prepared from a Letter, written by her Son.

BY REV. E. H. HOFFHEINS.

RELIGION shines in every situation and circumstance of life ; but, as an incontestible evidence of its own purity and power, it is most transcendent on the eve of dissolution. The Christian, then, "like the sun, looks largest when he sets." Humanity naturally trembles at the idea of death. To close the eyes on the most lovely objects, to become a pale, lifeless corpse ; and, concealed from mortal view, to be consigned over to the prey of worms and corruption, are circumstances which we naturally shudder at. But to see a soul, with all those views before it, not merely armed with fortitude, not merely made willing by resignation, but smiling with calm delight at the appearance, and rejoicing with unspeakable joy at their sensible approach, is a fact which speaks volumes in favor of the religion of Him

Who taught us how to live ; and Oh ! too high
The price of knowledge, taught us how to die !

The truth of the above sentiment is strikingly illustrated in the history of the last hours of the subject of this brief memoir.

The piety of Mrs. Wood, unlike that of many others, was of a permanent, deep and growing nature, and became brighter and more glowing as she approached her latter end.

A few days before her death, her son, an only son, who had been absent from home, returned, and though weak and much reduced by sickness, yet, she grasped his hand with unspeakable joy, and addressed him in the following animated strain: "God," said she, "my dear son, has been very gracious this afternoon: he sent my son from me, but he sent himself to me. O, I am very happy ! I am going to my mansion in the skies. I shall soon be there ; and Oh ! I shall be glad to receive you to it. You shall come in, but you shall never go out ; no, never !" Being much exhausted, she paused a little, and then said : "If ever you have a family, tell the children they had a grandmother who feared God, and found the comforts of it on her death-bed. And tell your partner, I shall be glad to see her in heaven : when you come to glory, you must bring her with you. Let me tell you, by my own experience, when you come to lie upon your death-bed, an interest in Jesus will be found a precious possession. O, what a mercy of mercies, that we should be brought out of the bondage of Egypt, and united together in the kingdom of God's dear Son !" She then exhorted him most earnestly, to be faithful as a minister of the everlasting gospel, and

prayed that his labors might be blessed to the salvation of many souls.

Being fatigued, she rested a little while, after which she again renewed her triumphant language, being elated into transports, in speaking of the boundless love of Christ and his salvation. She exclaimed, "it is a glorious salvation!—a free, unmerited salvation!—a full, complete salvation!—a perfect, eternal salvation! It is a deliverance from every enemy. It is a supply of every want. It is all I can wish for in time. It is all I need in death. It is all I shall want in eternity." Adverting to her adorable Redeemer, she repeated, with great feeling, the following lines of Mr. Connicks :

I long to see those hands which made me blest,
Those feet which travel'd to procure my rest :
I long to see that dear, that sacred head,
Which bowed, when on it all my sins were laid.
The angels wait ; my Saviour calls,--Farewell !
I go, with him in endless peace to dwell.

After a short pause, she continued :

I long to behold him array'd
With glory and light from above ;
The King in his beauty display'd—
His beauty of holiest love.
I trust, through his grace, to be there,
Where Jesus has fixed his abode :
Oh, when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the Mount of my God?

On accidentally hearing the name of one of her friends, who had called to see her, she entreated earnestly she might see him ; upon entering the room, she took hold of his hand, and said, "Ah ! my friend, I am dying, but I am going to glory ; I shall soon see my dear heavenly Father. God bless you, and be with you, till I meet you there. I shall be glad to see you. Farewell!"

Another friend of hers happening to call, who had lost a pious son in the prime of life, she spoke to her with great affection, and said : "Ah, Mrs. M., I shall soon be in glory ; I shall soon see your dear child Samuel ; I loved him dearly ; we shall soon meet again, and in God's time you shall join us."

She then desired to hear the fifty-fourth chapter of Isaiah read. At the fifth verse she cried out, "My Maker is my husband, the Lord of hosts is his name." And again, "God called me as a woman forsaken and grieved in spirit." After this she lay quiet, being much fatigued ; her mind seemed wholly conversant with heavenly things, but was too much exhausted for further conversation. Frequent convulsive fits came over her. In the intervals, however, her mind seemed to retain its elevated

state. She spoke with great pleasure of her speedy departure, and dwelt with rapture upon her glorious inheritance. "Oh, how happy shall I be," said she, "to see you all there!"

She desired a friend, who sat near her, to sing the following hymn :

From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

She attempted to join, herself, but her voice faltered. When this was finished, she again expressed the great joy she felt in the prospect of death, and said, "Come, sing me another, sing me this—

Hosannah to Jesus on high,
Another has entered his rest;
Another escaped to the sky,
And lodged in Emanuel's breast.

But her friends were too much affected at the scene before them, and did not attempt to sing. After this she did not speak much, her strength had failed, her eyes lost their vivacity, and her change seemed approaching very fast. But by what little could be made out, she seemed very happy and perfectly composed. At one time she was heard saying, "I shall see him as he is : I shall be forever near him, and behold his face ; my eyes shall behold him ; I shall see him for myself, and not another." In this happy and blessed frame of mind she continued, until her ransomed soul was released from its earthly tenement. Shortly before she was heard to say, in a low whisper, "Blessed be God—blessed be God!"

Such, dear reader is the happy end of God's children. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." May it be our inestimable privilege to share the blessedness of the christian's dying hours.

THE VOICE OF GOD.

"I heard thy voice in the garden, and I was afraid."

Amidst the thrilling leaves thy voice, At evening's fall drew near; Father! and did not man rejoice That blessed sound to hear?	Therefore, 'midst holy stream and bower, His spirit shook with dread, And call'd the cedars, in that hour, To veil his conscious head.
Did not his heart within him burn, Touch'd by the solemn tone? Not so! for, never to return, Its purity was gone.	Oh! in each wind, each fountain flow, Each whisper of the shade, Grant me, my God, thy voice to know, And not to be afraid!

BE KIND TO THE LOVED ONES AT HOME.

Be kind to thy Father, for when thou wert young
Who loved thee more fondly than he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy tongue,
And joined in thy innocent glee;
Be kind to thy Father, for now he is old,
His locks intermingled with gray;
His footsteps are feeble—once fearless and bold—
Thy father is passing away.

Be kind to thy Mother, for low on her brow
May traces of sorrow be seen;
Oh, well may'st thou comfort and cherish her now,
For gentle and kind has she been.
Remember thy Mother, for thee will she pray,
As long as God giveth her breath;
With actions of kindness then cheer her lone way
E'en to the dark valley of death.

Be kind to thy Brother—his heart will have dearth
If the smiles of thy joy be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at their birth,
If the view of affection be gone.
Be kind to thy Brother, wherever you are,
The love of a brother should be—
An ornament fairer and richer by far,
Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

Be kind to thy Sister—not many may know
The depth of true sisterly love;
The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
The surface that sparkles above.
Be kind to thy Father once fearless and bold,
Be kind to thy Mother so near;
Be kind to thy Brother, nor show thy heart cold,
Be kind to thy sister so dear.

THE STRANGER'S HEART.

The stranger's heart! oh, wound it not!
A yearning anguish is its lot;
In the green shadow of thy tree,
The stranger finds do rest with thee.
Thou think'st the vine's low, rustling leaves
Glad music round thy household eaves;
To him that sound hath sorrow's tone—
The stranger's heart is with his own.
Thou think'st thy children's laughing play
A lovely sight at fall of day;
Then are the stranger's thoughts opprest—
His mother's voice comes o'er his breast.
Thou think'st it sweet, when friend to friend
Beneath one roof in prayer may blend;
Then doth the stranger's eye grow dim—
Far, far are those who prayed with him.
Thy hearth, thy home, thy vintage land—
The voices of thy kindred hand:
Oh, midst them all when blest thou art,
Deal gently with the stranger's heart!

THE BIRDS OF THE BIBLE.

THE PEACOCK.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

THE Peacoke farre surpasseth all the rest in this kind, as well for beautie, as also for the wit and understanding that he hath; but principally for the pride and glorie hee taketh in himselfe. For perceiving at any time that he is praised and well liked, he spreadeth his taile round, showing and setting out his colors to the most, whiche shine againe like precious stones.—HOLLAND.

It would be in vain to attempt, with either pen or pencil, to give an adequate delineation of the dazzling beauties of this most beauteous specimen of the feathered creation. Of them it may be said, as the Saviour said of the lilies, even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these! The nice curves of its neck, and the gentle slopes of its body, even independently of the color of its plumage, gives, especially to the male, an almost inimitable gracefulness. Its length, including its train, gives it an air of gentleness, we seek in vain in other birds. When it moves in state, it reminds one of a queen, conscious of dignity, and feeling itself to be the admiration of all beholders.

Its chief beauty, however, is found in its outward decorations and plumage. On the top of its head there is a tuft of twenty-four feathers standing erect, with webs at the end of the most exquisite green mixed with gold, forming a beautiful crown. Its head, neck and breast are a deep blue, slightly glossed with gold. But who can describe the scene of beauty when it erects its train in the shape of a fan, or wheel, from six to eight feet in diameter, with graceful circular rows of eyes enameled with the most brilliant colors, blended in a way which no art can imitate. It is in this feat that the peacock does full justice to its beauty. "All his movements are full of dignity; his head and neck bend nobly back; his pace is slow and solemn, and he frequently turns slowly and gracefully round, as if to catch the sunbeams in every direction, and produce new colors of inconceivable richness and beauty." He is very careful of his beauty, and hence selects a place to rest at night, where his train may hang unmolested and free, and always seeks the open green sward, in the brilliant sun, as the most favorable spot on which to display his flowing, fan-like beauties.

The peacock is a native of the East Indies, where it runs wild in the forests, especially in the islands of Java and Ceylon. He is spoken of by some of the ancients as the bird of Media and Persia; though they are not all agreed as to its native country. Aristophanes calls it the bird of Persia; Suidas, the bird of

Media ; and Clemens Paedagogus, the bird of India. Diodorus says that Babylonia produces a very great number of peacocks. It was no doubt introduced into these countries from India at first ; and from thence into Judea, Greece and Egypt.

The peacock is mentioned as early as 1520 before Christ, in the Book of Job, 39, 13, when God challenges the Patriarch thus : "Gavest thou the goodly wings unto the peacock?" If, according to Diodorus, Babylonia produced these birds, they may easily have been known in Ur of the Chaldeas ; and it is not necessary, therefore, to argue, as some have done, that the passage in Job must refer to some other bird because they were not known in Syria till long afterwards. The name which is given to it in the Hebrew Bible, Thochijim, is the same as is still given to this bird by the inhabitants of Malabar.

They were first brought into the Holy Land by King Solomon about the year, before Christ, 992. "For the King had at sea a navy of Tharshish with the navy of Hiram ; once in three years came the navy of Tharshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory, and apes, and peacocks." 1 Kings X, 22 : II Chron. 9, 21. As Solomon carried on commerce with distant countries on the sea, it was more natural and easy for him to find these birds in some islands of India, or even in Media and Persia, than in Babylonia.

Various reasons have been assigned for Solomon's importing these fowls into his country. It might have been on account of their beauty ; but, as the uncomely ape is mentioned as having been imported with the peacock, and as Solomon's taste for natural history is distinctly mentioned in the Bible (I Kings, 4.33,) it seems rather probable that it was to please his taste in this particular that he encouraged his mariners to seek out, and bring with them, from distant lands, all varieties of rare specimens in natural history. The arrival of so princely and beautiful a bird must have given great pleasure to this royal lover of the beautiful and curious in natural science.

These birds were held in high honor among the ancient Greeks and Romans. Peacocks were sacred to Juno, the wife of Jupiter, and the Queen of Heaven. This honored place was assigned them, because, by their cry they gave indications of a change of weather, especially of the approach of rain, and thus were supposed to stand in intimate connection with the councils of heaven. This habit of the peacock is well known to moderns, and is beautifully alluded to by Drayton, in his Poem on "Noah's Flood,"

The strutting peacock yawling 'gainst the rain,
Flutters into the ark, by his shrill cry
Telling the rest the tempest to be nigh.

The peacock is still held sacred to the God Scandan in the East.

In Lesser Asia and Greece they were highly esteemed by the rich, who purchased them at enormous prices. "We learn from Plutarch," says Paxton, "that in the age of Pericles, a person at Athens made a great fortune by raising these birds, and showing them to the public, at a certain price, every new moon; and to this exhibition, the curious Greeks crowded from the remotest parts of the country. The keeper of these birds, the same author informs us, sold a male and female for a thousand drachms, about thirty-six pounds of English money. "In the time of Vareo even their eggs were sold at five denarii, or more than three shillings a piece; and the birds themselves at about two pounds. The same writer mentions that one man received a yearly revenue of more than sixty thousand pieces of silver, which amounts to four hundred and sixty-eight pounds, fifteen shillings sterling, from the sale of peacocks.

The value they placed upon these birds caused them sacredly to guard their lives. Alexander, when he met with peacocks on the banks of the Indus, was so struck with astonishment and admiration of their beauty, that he gave orders that every person who killed one of them should be severely punished. At Rome, when Hortensius first killed one for supper, he was brought to trial for the offense, and condemned to pay a fine. It is said also that in the days of chivalry they were in such great repute that, like the "lady love" of the knights, their safety was secured by the knightly oath.

These princely fowls, though they have been carried into almost all lands, are still particularly numerous in the East. "It gives a kind of enchantment," says a certain traveller, "to a morning scene, to see flocks of them together, spreading their beautiful plumage in the rays of the sun. They proudly stalk along, and then run with great speed, particularly if they get sight of a serpent; and the reptile must wind along in his best style, or he will soon become the prey of the lordly bird."

The principal interest that attaches to these birds seems to be their beauty, and it is only this that is referred to in the Scriptures. In other respects they not only present little that is attractive, but some things that are repulsive, to which faithfulness to our sketch compels us also to allude. The common people of Italy, according to Goldsmith, say of it that "it has the plumage of an angel, the voice of a devil, and the guts of a thief!" Alas! for our beautiful bird! Yet so it is. Its voice has no modulations, but only a monotonous scream, in which it indulges most lustily when there is about to be a change of weather. It

has a spirit of insatiable gluttony, and, as a consequence, of ruthless depredation. "In the indulgence of these capricious pursuits, walls cannot confine it; it strips the tops of houses of tiles or thatch, it lays waste the laborers of the gardener, roots up his choicest seeds, and nips his favorite flowers in the bud."

Neither is it of much use as an article of food. Its flesh is neither good tasted nor healthful. Though the ancients talk of it as the first of viands; yet it is evident that it was so well esteemed, not for its agreeableness, but rather because it was dear and rare, which caused it only to be found at royal banquets. This is not the only case in which aristocracy in gilded misery feigns to enjoy what others are not able to have, just because they are not able to have it. Hence we find that later the dish, though it continued to appear at the banquets of the great, was only there to be seen and not to be eaten. It became custom, in preparing it for the table, carefully to strip off its skin, then to fill the body with the warmest spices, covering it again with its former skin, with all its plumage in full display. This was intended, of course not for eating, but only for display. Goldsmith tells us that the Romans, to give a higher zest to their entertainments, particularly at weddings, filled the bird's beak and throat with cotton and camphire, which they set on fire, to amuse and delight the company.

The peacock is not the only being that prides itself more in its outward plumage than in its inherent excellencies, and that adds mischief and worthlessness to beauty! It is not uncommon to find, even among rational beings, an empty mind beneath the most dazzling decorations; and a heart dead to all virtue, and destitute of all holy affections, covered with richest trappings and sparkling with gems and gold. There are those who move in society, in outward show, like the gilded butterflies of a summer's day, till a night more fearful than that which causes insects to retire, brings upon them "burning instead of beauty!" Is. 3.24.

It is said that when this bird is in the midst of the proud enjoyment of displaying its train, if it accidentally sees its feet, it drops its feathers. Its feet are not so beautiful as its feathers! A fact this, from which the votaries of pride and fashion may take a truthful suggestion. We will not apply the wisdom of the lesson, but prefer that all concerned should do it, each one quietly, and by private meditation. It may be remarked, however, that an humble casting of the eyes to the earth might be a profitable exercise to such as are of a lofty countenance, who are wont "to walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes,

walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet."

Poor vain fowl, like all things of pride, weak in all its beauty ! In its zeal for display, and in its love of admiration, it forgets the homeliness of its uncomely parts. Moreover, in the very act of indulging its pride, it reveals, more than at any other time, the ugliness of its feet ! When its train is modestly down, then are its feet most covered !

THOU'RT DOOM'D TO DIE.

BY JEAN PIERRE.

Hark ! the spirit voice is swelling,
On the night wind loud and high,
Listen to the tale it's telling,
"Mortal man, thou'rt doom'd to die!"

Though thy days are fair and bright,
Though thou see'st no danger nigh :
Still there is a coming night—
Mortal man, thou'rt doom'd to die !

Thou hast riches, vast, untold—
All the pleasures wealth can buy ;
But what avails thy yellow gold,
Since, Oh man ! thou'rt doom'd to die ?

It may be, that thou hast fame,
Trumpet sounded, loud and high,
Honors heap'd upon thy name—
What are these ? Thou'rt doom'd to die !

What ! if the world should deem thee great,
Admiring friends thee glorify ;
Can these avert the certain fate,
That thou, Oh man ! art doom'd too die ?

What ! though thy ambition towers,
Vaulting even to the sky :
This will fade like Summer flowers,
When in turn, thou com'st to die !

Earth itself must pass away,
This is God's own prophecy ;
Thou see'st created things decay,
Then why, Oh man ! shouldst thou not die ?

Lo ! the things of earth are vain,
Though they please the ear and eye ;
Make them not thy hope or gain,
In the hour when thou shalt die !

Rather seek in Heaven thy Treasure,
And on God's own word rely ;
It is boundless in its measure,
Peace 't will bring when thou shalt die !

THE LORD'S PRAYER, IN ACROSTIC.*

Our Lord and King, who reign'st enthroned on high,
 Father of Light ! mysterious Deity !
 Who art the great I AM—the last the first—
 Art righteous, holy, merciful and just—
 In realms of glory, scenes where : ngels sing,
 Heaven is the dwelling place of God our King.
 Hallowed thy name, which doth all names transcend,
 Be thou adored our great, Almighty Friend ;
 Thy glory shines beyond creation's space,
 Name first in book of justice and of grace ;
 Thy kingdom towers beyond the starry skies—
 Kingdom of Satan falls, but thine shall rise.
 Come with thy empire, O thou Holy One,
 Thy great and everlasting will be done !
 Will God make known his will, his power display ?
 Be it the work of mortals to obey.
 Done is the great, the wondrous work of love ;
 On Calvary's cross he died, but reigns above,
 Earth bears the record in thy holy Word.
 As heaven adorns thy love, O Lord ;
 It shines transcendant through th' eternal skies,
 Is praised in heaven—for man the Saviour dies.
 In songs immortal, angels laud his name,
 Heaven echoes joy, and saints his love proclaim.
 Give us, O Lord, our food, nor cease to give
 Us proper food, on which our souls may live.
 This be our boon to day, and days to come,
 Day without end, in our eternal home ;
 Our needy souls supply from day to day,
 Daily assist and aid us when we pray ;
 Bread though we ask, Lord, every blessing lend,
 And make us grateful when thy gifts descend.
 Forgive our sins, which to destruction haste
 Us, the vile children of a rebel race.
 Our follies, faults and trespasses forgive—
 Debts which we ne'er can pay, or thou receive.
 As we, O Lord, our neighbors faults o'erlook,
 We beg thou'dst blot ours from thy memory's book ;
 Forgive our enemies ; extend thy grace
 Our souls to save, e'en Adam's guilty race,
 Debtors to thee in gratitude and love,
 And in that duty paid by saints above.
 Lead us from sin, and in thy mercy raise
 Us from the Tempter and his hellish ways ;
 Not in our name, but in his who did bleed,
 Into thine ear we pour our every need.
 Temptation e'er we may not only shun,
 But conquer it through thy all conquering Son ;
 Deliver us from all which can annoy
 Us in this world, and may our souls destroy—
 From all calamities which men betide,
 Evil and death, turn thou our feet aside,
 For we to sin are prone, creatures of clay,
 Thine 'tis to rule, and mortals to obey.
 Is not thy mercy, Lord, forever free ?

* This ingenious Acrostic, it is stated, was composed by an American soldier, named STURDIVANT, while held as a prisoner in Canada.

*The whole creation knows no God but thee.
Kingdom and empire at thy bidding fall,
The King Eternal reigns the King of all
Power is with thee—to thee be glory given,
And be thy name adored by earth and heaven.
The praise of saints and angels is thy own.
Glory to thee, the Everlasting One,
Forever be thy triune name adored—
Amen! Hosanna! blessed be the Lord!*

GIVE AN ACCOUNT OF THY STEWARDSHIP,

BY REV. E. HEINER.

All men do not realize that they are God's stewards, and that a day of reckoning will come. There are but few, indeed, even among christians, who feel their accountability to God as they should. The talents entrusted to men are generally neglected or misimproved.

Every man is God's steward, and as such, he has an important trust committed to his care. But in what does this trust consist? What is it that God has committed to his hands, and which he will require an account of at the last day?

God has given to man *reason and understanding*. One of the noblest endowments of human nature is reason. Man's chief glory consists in his rationality. The capabilities of his intellectual being are of a very high order. It is these chiefly that assimilate him so strikingly to the angels, and even to God himself. The gift of reason, memory, judgment, understanding, is the richest and greatest gift that God could possibly have bestowed upon man. What would immortality itself be to man without reason? and what would both be to him, if the glory of God were not his chief aim, his supreme delight? Man is bound so to use his natural intellectual powers, as to be useful in his day and generation, in promoting the highest interests of christianity, and thus manifesting and advancing the true glory of God. If he do not so use these gifts, he is living and acting for ends unworthy of his nature and destiny, and how shall he account for his stewardship at the final day?

Another important gift from God, is *bodily health and strength*. Sickly and afflicted persons can do but little either for themselves or for others; but those who enjoy good health, and are blest with a vigorous constitution, are fitted for extensive usefulness in the world. To be well in body and sound in mind, constitute one of the most desirable of all God's blessings. This it is, that qualifies us, in so large a measure, for high per-

sonal and social enjoyments, and also for a life of great usefulness among our fellow-men.

Time, too, in which to work out our salvation, and to honor and glorify God in various ways, is another part of the high trust committed to our care. Men's chief concern in this life is to do the will of God in preparing for eternity, and in order to make a fitting preparation to meet God in judgment, he is favoured with time and opportunities. He enjoys long months and years, in which he may recover himself under God, from the ruin and degradation of the fall, and be restored to the favor and happiness of heaven. How important and necessary a trust is *TIME* ?

O Time, how few thy value weigh,
How few will estimate a day !
Days, months, and years are rolling on,
The soul neglected—and undone.

Great source of wisdom, teach my heart,
To know the price of every hour,
That time may bear me on to joys,
Beyond its measure, and its power.

Another part of this trust, consists in wealth and riches, with which to do good. When God gives a man wealth, he is bound to use it for his glory. It does not come to him by chance, but by the direction of his heavenly Father ; and he is to feel that he is only God's steward, and that he must dispose of his means in such a way only as will meet with the approbation of the Great Giver. The doctrine that what a man has is his own, absolutely, and that he may make such a use of it as he pleases, without any proper reference to the will of God, is false and wicked. All that a man hath, he receives from God, and he is at liberty only to use it in such a way and for such purposes, as God has been pleased to indicate in his word. And any one who will read the Scriptures attentively, especially the Gospel, can easily learn how a rich man ought to dispose of his property.

The word and ordinances which God has given us, are also rich and precious treasures. These are heavenly gifts of the highest value, and of the greatest importance. How dark and wretched our world would be without the light and salvation of the Scriptures ! How desirable then the provisions of God's house, and all the great and plenteous redemption of the Gospel ! Here is a trust of inestimable value to man, and which he is bound to use for his own good, and for the good of others.

God has indeed committed great things to our hands, for which we must give account. A day of reckoning will come, when it will be said to every one, "Give an account of thy

stewardship." Man is a probationer for eternity. On earth he is entrusted with certain talents which he is required to improve for the glory of God. When his probation ends, and end it must, he will be called to his account at the judgment. Christ will occupy the throne of judgment, and will judge every one according to the number of the talents with which he entrusted him, and the opportunity that he enjoyed for improving them. Complete justice will be done to every one. He who received but one talent will not have to account for five, nor will he who received but five, have to account for ten. All will be judged according to their several ability, and rewarded or punished according to the manner in which they improved or misapproved the talent or talents with which they were entrusted. Each one must give an account for himself, and not for another; and all will be judged in righteousness and in truth. As soon as the stewardship ends, which will be at death, the account must be rendered, and the final allotments of all men determined for eternity. How solemn the thought that we must give account, and that this account may be required of us any day, and any hour!

If, then, we are stewards, how unreasonable, and foolish to be proud and "puffed up" on account of any thing we possess. We are to be judged for all we have, and to be acquitted or condemned, according to the use or misuse that we have made of our several talents.

Has God indeed blest us with reason and understanding? Has he possessed us of minds capable of knowing him, and of being exercised and employed for his glory? Then must we give account for the way in which we have used these powers and faculties of our souls.

Has God favoured us with large measures of bodily health and strength, and thus afforded us an opportunity for active service in his cause, and for important usefulness in his kingdom? Has He favored us with long years, in which to work out our own salvation, and at the same time to exert a happy influence on the eternal destinies of some of our fellow-men? Then surely a strict account for all this precious health and time must be rendered at the approaching judgment.

Have we enjoyed the divine word; the divine ordinances; the divine benedictions? Have we had the gospel in our hands, and have we eaten and drunken again and again at the table of the Lord? Have we enjoyed "the days of heaven upon earth," and often feasted our souls upon the sweet and all-satisfying provision of God's house? For all this we must give account, and how will we fare if we have rendered ourselves un-

worthy of all these rich bounties of heaven ! How will matters stand, if we shall have received all this marvellous grace of God in vain ? How and what shall we answer when the Master riseth up in judgment against us ?

If we are to be judged for all we have, whether it be little or much, there can be no room for pride or boasting. We should rather humble ourselves before the Lord, and cry for help from heaven, so that we may make a proper use of the high trust which God has committed to us, and fittingly discharge all the duties which we know belong to it. Where much is given, there will much be required.

How exceedingly careful should we be, that, as stewards, we received not this trust in vain, in any sense, or to any extent. If we bury our talents, it will be putting them to no account in life. In such a case we shall be reckoned as unprofitable, and shall receive the punishment that the unprofitable servant deserves. And then when we employ our talents, we should be careful to employ them in a right way, and for right ends. It is not enough that we exercise our talents and spend our strength. This is important, certainly, but it is equally important, to say the least, that in the exercise of our various powers and faculties, we should aim at the accomplishment of legitimate and proper objects. Suppose, for the sake of illustration, that a man whom God has given wealth, is illiberal, and expends little or nothing in the way of Christian benevolence. Would we be authorized to say that such a man was properly employing his talents ? There he is, surrounded by his worldly substance, and abounding in all the good things of this life. He has more than a competency for himself and family, while living, and for his family after he is dead and gone, and he toils and labors "in season and out of season," in order to add something more to his already superfluous wealth ; and this for self-aggrandisement and self-gratification. His whole object is to pamper self, and not to help the poor or build up the cause of God in the world. Does such a man do right, though he toil day and night, and exercise his physical and mental energies to their utmost capacity ? No, he does not. No one is entrusted with riches that he may use them for self-indulgence and sin. After a man has suitably provided for the wants of himself and family, whilst living, and for the comfortable support of those who may be dependent upon him, after he has passed away from earth, he is solemnly bound to devote the remainder of his worldly substance to the cause of Christian charity and benevolence. This he is bound to do as a lover of his species, if by nothing else. The world is full of all kinds of ignorance, and sorrow, and suffering ; and if

such a person would feel as a man—as a son of Adam ought to feel—he will cheerfully give of his large means, to the relief of suffering humanity, both at home and abroad. To feel and to act otherwise, would be perfectly unnatural.

And besides these claims which afflicted society has upon him as a man, there are others which belong to him as a Christian man. By the law of benevolence, as found written in God's own book, he is most solemnly and imperatively bound to consecrate his superabundant wealth to the cause of Christ. His first duty is to provide for the wants of himself and family, and his next and only duty is, in this regard, to give all he has besides, to the cause of charity and Christian benevolence. To hoard up larger means still, under such circumstances, for the mere gratification of himself, children, or friends, or for all combined, is absolutely wrong and sinful. It is contrary to the whole spirit of the Gospel, from first to last, and at utter variance with all scriptural notions of a man's fitness for the kingdom of heaven. The possession of a spirit of benevolence—of practical good-will to our fellow men—the world over, is justly regarded as one of the best evidences of our having experienced the great saving change, and of our being made meet for the kingdom of heavenly glory. No wealthy man has any reason to suppose that he is a hopeful candidate for heaven, while he loves, with all his soul, "the almighty dollar," and employs all his vast means for show and self-indulgence. Such a man will come short of heaven, or the Gospel is not true. How is it possible for such an one to enter into the holy, benevolent world above, and be happy there, when his little, selfish soul, has never been warmed into the glowing, God-like charity of the gospel! Such a soul has a coldness and deadness about it, that would chill all heaven, if permitted to enter within the gates.

And may we not add, that a good man is bound to do all the good he can, with his spare means, during his lifetime. This is important, both as it regards himself and others. To himself, it is an excellent discipline, whereby the seeds of selfishness are more and more rooted out of his naturally selfish heart, and the principle of love—of love to God and love to man—more abidingly and securely planted in his regenerated soul.

And then the cause of Christian benevolence which he has espoused, is much more likely to be promoted by his means while he lives, than after he is dead. He is to consider himself God's steward, during his natural life. Some good men, of large means, make liberal bequests to objects of charity, in their

last will and testament. But knowing that in many cases the testator's design, from some cause or other, is never carried out, would it not be best for the interests of the causes the good man seeks to promote, that he should give more largely during his lifetime? By so doing he would see for himself that his charities were not turned into some foreign channel but appropriated to the very objects of his pious sympathy and regard. Often a man's will is disregarded, and his means, sometimes accumulated by hard toil, go in directions he little dreamed of, and not unfrequently to the direct accomplishment of the purposes of sin. It is wisest and best, therefore, to give liberally whilst one lives, where the ability exists, and thus satisfactorily and certainly discharge a very important duty connected with our stewardship.

How solemn a thing it will be for us to die, dear reader, and to appear before God in judgment! The very thought of our stewardship ending, and ending soon, and ending suddenly perhaps, should make us most anxious to be prepared for our final account. What can be more important than a suitable preparation to meet our Judge?

HARMONY IN A FAMILY.

1. We may be quite sure that our will is likely to be crossed in the day—so prepare for it.
2. Every body in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore, we are not to expect much.
3. To learn the different temper of each individual.
4. To look upon each member of the family as one for whom Christ died.
5. When any good happens to any one to rejoice at it.
6. When inclined to give an angry answer, to lift up the heart in prayer.
7. If from any cause we feel irritable, to keep a strict watch upon ourselves.
8. To observe when others are suffering, and drop a word of kindness and sympathy suited to their state.
9. To watch for little opportunities of pleasing, and to put little annoyances out of the way.
10. To take a cheerful view of everything, and encourage hope.
11. To speak kindly to servants, and praise them for little things when you can.
12. In all little pleasures which may occur, to put self last.
13. To try for "the soft answers that turneth away wrath."
14. When we have been pained by an unkind word or deed, to ask ourselves, "Have I not often done the same thing and been forgiven?"
15. In conversation not to exalt ourselves, but to bring others forward.
16. To be gentle with the younger ones, and to treat them with respect, remembering that we were once young too.
17. Never judge one another, but attribute a good motive when we can.
18. To compare our manifold blessings with the trifling annoyances of the day.

“LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.”

The prayer of our Saviour, when its spirit and breathings take hold upon the soul of man, transforms him into a perfect man in Christ Jesus; it represents to us every trait of a christian sanctified, as exhibited in the life of its Author. These words—“Lead us not into Temptation”—carry in them a world-wide significance to every professing christian. As they came from the lips of the Saviour himself, they are words of spirit and of life, and are the true touchstone of every christian’s character.—The mirror in which he may see the longings of his soul for the true interest of Christ’s kingdom, and feel their power, if he will but look at them, through the telescope of a living faith. Here is the sad misfortune of thousands of professing christians, who refuse to look at these words in the exercise of a living faith, and are satisfied to feed upon husks, from which they can derive no nourishment, from invisible and eternal realities, for their souls. They endeavor to banish them from their thoughts, as they cause, when they wish to enjoy the pleasures and gratifications of the world, a consciousness of guilt, which points them on the one hand to the path in which they are commanded to walk, both by their profession and the word of God; and on the other hand they see the whirlpool into which they can most effectually throw themselves into the soul-destroying influence, by compromising the path of duty for the pleasures of the world.

Whilst this is the case with many, there are others who seem careless or forget the prayer that has been left upon record by their Saviour, in order that christians might conform their outward life to all its precepts, which should be the manifestation of the inward or divine life of the soul. Such have reason to fear and tremble, that their hopes of salvation are based upon a false foundation, and their hearts are deceiving them. “The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.” Had they that attachment to the Saviour and the good of souls, that the Jew had to Jerusalem, they would not be forgetful of that close and intimate union which exists between Christ and the believer; but would exclaim with the Psalmist, “If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy.” This would be a living manifestation of the christian’s inward longings and sincere desire to do all things with an eye single to God’s glory. His first thought, on entering into the world to enjoy its pleasures, would be to pray to a throne of heavenly grace, to

know whether it would be in conformity to God's will, or the setting of a good example to others.

Whilst there are many who have a form of godliness, but deny its power, there are others who make louder pretensions, claim to have both the form and the power, and pray, "lead us not into temptation," who no sooner leave the throne of grace, than, in going into the world, are swallowed up by its cares, and forget the petition just offered, and rush into temptation, and by so doing, give the lie to their christian character, and become a stumbling-block over which thousands of the ungodly plunge into everlasting burnings.

Is it not, then, solemn mockery, ye who profess Christ and pray that he would strengthen you by his grace and save you from the evil influences and tendencies in the world, and immediately when temptation is thrown within your reach to run headlong into it, without forethought and consideration? Most undoubtedly. Many pray "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," and who openly avow, if injured in any way by a fellow christian, that they will forgive, but cannot forget. They will remember and cherish it in their hearts, to excite and enrage the passion of malice against the one from whom the injury has been received. Suppose God should act thus towards us—to forgive, and yet not forget—would we not think that God were not the God represented to us in scripture? Yet, blessed be his holy name, he not only forgives, but also forgets—blots our sins from the book of his remembrance, and writes our names "in the Lamb's book of Life." Every one who utters this petition in this spirit prays to God to forgive him his sins in this world, but to keep them on record, that they may be remembered against him in the day of judgment. All will acknowledge, upon reflection, that this is mockery, if we remember the words, "as we forgive." If so in this case, so also in the other. For our conduct to agree with and conform to the spirit and example of Christ, we must be as willing to forget as well as to forgive the injuries aimed at our character, because these two words are inseparable; so also must we be willing when we pray "lead us not into temptation," to shun the haunts of vice and immorality, and crucify the lusts of the flesh and the seeming pleasures and amusements of the world, for the glory of God and the furtherance of the Redeemer's kingdom, if we would be sincere in what we say.

There is a wide difference, christian reader, in throwing yourself voluntarily into temptation, as when you go to the Theater, Circus, Ball-room, and all such haunts of vice and immorality,—where men degrade themselves and throw around those who

patronize them an influence, which does immense injury to your spiritual growth in grace and the cause you have espoused,—and where temptation meets you unwillingly and unconsciously on your part. In the former case it is your own choice, and you take pleasure in rolling sin as a sweet morsel beneath your tongue; whilst in the latter case it is almost certain to meet with a resistance, which effort by your inward desire and the grace of God you may be able to overcome. Is it then in conformity with your profession to visit such places, which all good men, lovers of the Redeemer's kingdom, condemn and pronounce haunts of wickedness and moral pests of society? Let not flesh and blood decide this question, but let conscience speak its inward convictions. Does the spirit of the Gospel permit you to patronize such places of frivolity and wickedness, where the cultivation of a spirit of devotion is destroyed by the unhallowed and profane scenes of the stage? if so, then you can pray, "lead us not into temptation" and give countenance to, and lend your example in their encouragement, but not otherwise. But let us attend to the word of the Gospel, and see whether it permits christians thus to trifle with the words, "lead us not into temptation," and encourage at the same time, such haunts, without proving deleterious to the spiritual life of the soul. "What fellowship hath righteousness, with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness? And what concord hath Christ with Belial? or what part hath he that believeth with an infidel? And what agreement hath the temple of God with idols?" "Ye are the light of the world." Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." "Abstain from all appearance of evil." "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me." "Ye cannot serve God and mammon." "If you live after the flesh, ye shall die: but if ye through the spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live." Make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." "They that are in the flesh cannot please God." For the works of the flesh, see Gal. 5: 19. 21 and Eph. 5: 1. 18. "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

From these passages, all who have the spirit of Christ, may solve without mistake what is the spirit of the gospel, and what is their duty in reference to visiting such dens of obscenity. Would you be willing to pass from such places into the presence of your judge? At such an idea, of going to the Theater, Circus, or Ball-room, to close your earthly existence, you would

shudder; and instead of resorting to such ungodly crowds—the devil's mass-meetings—you would be employing yourself for the change and the scene in the presence of the searcher of hearts and the rewarder of deeds done in the body. The scriptures command you to “watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.” “Watch, therefore, for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.” It commands us nowhere to throw ourselves into temptation, and become one of the would-be motley crowd.

Where is the Christian who would dare to approach the throne of grace, and ask the blessing of God to go with him, previous to his starting to the Theater, Circus, Ball-room, or any such place, with the intention of sanctioning by his presence and conduct all the obscenities. It would be an act of the greatest wickedness and mockery, and one deserving the immediate judgment of heaven. “Lead us not into temptation,” is a petition left upon record for every christian to utter in substance in every prayer and in sincerity, that he may have upon him the “breast plate of faith,” that the fiery darts of the wicked, aimed at him, may not be able to gain the victory over him: and he is in duty bound to observe it, not only in theory, but also in practice.

Christian reader, “as ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him.” Resist the devil in every temptation which presents itself to you, whether in the favor of an angel of light or as the arch-enemy of your soul, and great will be the joy and comfort derived from such firmness. “Walk worthy of the vocation, wherewith ye are called,” and “see that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise,” and by so doing you will honor your Lord, whom you profess to love, and will save souls from hell.

J. H.

BOOK TABLE.

THE RUM PLAGUE: A Narrative for the Admonition and Instruction of old and young, and rich and poor. *New York: John S. Taylor. pp. 124.*

This little volume has been translated from the German of Zschokke, written some twenty years ago. In its brief compass, every injury arising from rum-drinking is succinctly detailed. The effects of alcohol on the system; that it is a poison; the amount of it contained in what are called harmless drinks, such as beer and wine, and though in these the ‘plague’ is slower, it is not less sure. It shows too that not only the retailers of liquors are the source of this plague, but he who out of friendship proffers the social glass—the farmer who gives it to his men to support them beneath the hot rays of the sun—the physician who does not warn his patient—the minister who does not denounce it as vile and immoral—and the legislator who does not bring to bear upon it the iron arm of the law. And this too in a heart-affecting little story, pointing parents to the sad effects they may entail upon those to whom they give life. The translator, whom we recognize to be the Rev. Dr. Fisher of Chambersburg, may be well assured of much good through his instrumentality: and the friends of temperance would do well to see that many read it. The translation is good—it flows with ease and grace, giving thus the beautiful spirit of the original.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

Vol. 4. No. VIII.

August, 1853.

LIFE—LIGHT—LOVE.

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,



DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS
OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

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 } { PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

JOHN H. PEARSOL, PRINTER.

They that seek me early shall find me.

I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong.

She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.

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THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. IV.

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No. 8.

Our life is but the twinkle of a star
In God's eternal day. Obscure and dim
With mortal clouds, it yet may beam for Him,
And darkness here, shine fair to spheres afar.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

ANY THING THAT IS FASHIONABLE.

"I get any thing I want that's *fashionable*." So said a half-grown girl to several companions, as they were walking on the pavement of some rather fashionable inland city. Now, according to the proverb, "Children and fools speak the truth;" and as observation abundantly corroborates, this little girl uttered a sentiment, the correctness of which is, in a thousand cases, undoubted. The power of fashion—who can fully delineate it? The case of this little girl is not an isolated one; she don't alone get all that's fashionable. Any thing fashionable must be something prevailingly used. Articles of dress or furniture, &c., not in vogue, unless the fashion is so new, that but a few, as yet, could imitate it, are not in demand. However good the material and make, and however comfortable and convenient to wear, old-fashioned goods—and how soon new fashions become old in our times?—are of very little value. But as people have money and time to spend as they choose, this is one of the ways to pass away life dreamingly and arrive at the end of probation-day without care for the soul—care for the body engaging their thoughts from beginning to the end of the year, and in such cases mostly, to the end of life.

The remark of this fashion-girl is calculated to awaken thought and reflection. True, it contains nothing peculiar or new; but just such common incidents frequently furnish occasion for lessons of wisdom. Many important things are overlooked, only because they are common or usual to the unobservant. In the writer's mind, who heard the remark, serious reflections and questions were awakened. Some are here given, with the hope and prayer that those readers to whom they may be applicable, may ponder them earnestly and be benefited.

The power of fashion, revealing itself in the expression of this little girl, rules her parents supremely. Only let any thing become fashionable and the "darling" must have it. She

must perhaps ask for it, and perhaps not; but it must be procured for her. The parents of such sentiments think and feel, as they often say: "Better out of the world, than out of fashion." Now, as the fashion is but the manner, shape, mode, form or sort of a thing, is it not debasing to be under its control to such an extent? The understanding and will of an immortal being swayed by fashion, a thing ever changing and suddenly passing away!

But it is also correct to say, that this little girl ruled her parents. Perhaps the parents were not themselves very fashionable. There may be cases where they are not, and yet they would not leave their children unfashionable, if even all the hard-earned money, not required for necessities of life, would have to be expended as it comes in. Such instances might be given by name. Instead of parents exercising a wholesome control over their children, and by the superior wisdom they should possess, to direct them to more important matters, they foolishly and wickedly submit to the futile and perverse wishes of their offspring, before these are capable of judging correctly in anything. Will these children, if they ever become wise, thank their parents for such neglect of duty? Will they thank them, if they die in such ways of folly, and never having been taught to care for their souls, are finally lost—forever lost!

This girl was brought up floating in the hollowness of vanity. Is not fashion, in the prevailing sense of the term, the most empty of things? It is ever changing, unsubstantial, uncertain, never satisfying. Every season, yea, in many cases, every part of the day, requires its own fashion. Thus there is no more time left to try the value of material or the fashion. But if young persons are nurtured in this vanity of vanities, how shall they form proper ideas concerning it. If they get every thing fashionable, must they not be led to think that such a course is necessary, always, to be respectable? How parents can be content to instil these empty notions into the empty minds of their children, is, to the serious, inexplicable. What is it but rearing plants, which will produce in due time, the odious fruits of overweening conceit, ostentation and arrogance. Fashions will be the subject, engaging such persons' thoughts; of fashions they will dream; about fashions they will talk, and for new fashions they will long. If any other subject *sometimes* occupies their consideration, these quick successions of "new fashions" will still hold the first place in the thoughts. If children are raised with such notions, how shall it be otherwise?

Such pampering to vain imaginations, granting to ignorant youth all they desire, or all that is fashionable, must tend to produce within them feelings of pride and haughtiness. Who has not seen many examples to prove this? Not all children get "every thing that's fashionable." These are objects of scorn and derision; and spoken of, and sometimes spoken to, disdainfully. This is no more than must be expected, where the idea prevails, that we were better dead, than live unfashionably. And yet, what is this pride in fashionable dress, furniture, or hollow manners? Is there anything in it of real merit or value? Who is ever benefited by fops and flirts? And yet these are the very embodiment of these extreme views on fashions. They are this kind of fashion in a living, moving way. Fine patterns, after which to form your children, ye fashionable parents!

This girl, as all raised in like manner, will be an expensive wife. Accustomed from days of youth to get all that is fashionable, it must not be expected that the young woman, or wife, can be satisfied and happy without this. If it then happens, that such characters are married to those of little fortune, wedded life must become burthensome. The husband must either spend all his sweat-earned income to satisfy the fashionable taste of his wife, or endure from her reproaches of indifference and disaffection to him. Many have failed in business, numerous are the insolvents, because of the wastefulness and prodigality of fashionable life.

One question that arose in the writer's mind, through the above remark, was this: *Does this girl belong to a Christian family?* that is, to a family in connection with the Christian Church. Not knowing the name of the "darling," the question must remain unanswered. That this spirit of fashion rules, however, in many professedly Christian families, is only too true. A mistake in the rules of fashionable politeness produces in the hearts of *such* Christians deeper sorrow, than transgressions of the Law of God, or the precepts of the Gospel. Unfashionable dress and furniture, is to them more odious than sin and vice—a stain at the skin or garments, more loathsome than a heart soiled with wickedness. Gay, thoughtless, vain, but fashionable, company is preferred to the humble, pious followers of the lowly Jesus. Such a state of things must follow, where children get all that is fashionable—such a spirit nourished, till grown up, will produce its legitimate fruits.

Do the parents of this girl spend one-fourth the amount

of money for the suffering poor that is so lavishly given for gaudy, useless articles of dress? Do such parents ever think that by such costly adornings of the corruptible bodies of their offspring, they not only peril the eternal happiness of their souls; but also neglect, by cheerful gifts to the poor, to alleviate their sufferings and make glad their hearts. Behold such Christians upon their death-bed—stewards as they only were, over all they possessed, they must now give an account. And what have they done? Ruined their children, by worshipping with them at the unholy shrine of fashion, and neglecting to do those works of love, which shall follow the godly into the rest from their labor. Can there be peace in the conscience, or joy in the heart of such unfaithful professors, in that hour when “the last of earth” is at hand!

And what proportion of the funds of fashionable Christians is spent for useful books? for the Church? for benevolence in general? for sending the Gospel to the destitute, the neglected, the heathen? Are not thousands expended for bodily ornaments, for superb furniture and costly equipage, where scarcely hundreds can be obtained by most earnest begging, for objects of benevolence or for religious institutions? Fashion, Fashion! Thou darling of the carnal—but thou fiend of the soul—begone with thy harlot-mother, *Pride*, to her own proper home—the infernal shades!

Fashionable people are ever on the look-out, so as to swim along with this flexuous current. They would not be found behind any, if avoidable, in finery of every kind and in bodily decorations of all sorts. The corruptible part of their being is beautified most lavishly—all is made of it that is possible; but what, in such cases, is done to adorn the immortal part, the never-dying soul? Fashionable people, in the popular sense of the term, are never devout, humble, zealous followers of Christ—ye cannot serve two Masters—ye cannot serve God and Mammon. Matt. 6 : 24.

THE WANDERER'S NIGHT-SONG.

Hushed on the hill
Is the breeze;
Scarce by the zephyr
The trees
Softly are pressed;
The wood-bird's asleep on the bough.
Wait, then, and thou
Soon wilt find rest.

THE BIRDS OF THE BIBLE.

THE PELICAN.

This bird of the Bible is a native of Africa; though it was also known anciently in Asia. Late travellers have seen it upon the Lakes of Gennesaret and Merone, and in the rocky cliffs of Accho, in Galilee. It is also known in America; and anciently it was found in Europe, especially in Russia, but is said to be found no more in that part of the world.

Goldsmith gives us a very minute and satisfactory description of this interesting fowl. "The Pelican of Africa is much larger in the body than a swan, and somewhat of the same shape and color. Its four toes are all webbed together, and its neck, in some measure, resembles that of a swan; but that singularity in which it differs from all other birds, is in the bill and the great pouch underneath, which are wonderful, and demand a distinct description. This enormous bill is fifteen inches from the point to the opening of the mouth, which is a good way back, behind the eyes. At the base the bill is somewhat greenish, but varies towards the end, being of a reddish blue. It is very thick in the beginning, but tapers off toward the end, where it hooks downwards. The under chap is still more extraordinary; for to the lower edges of it hangs a bag, reaching the whole length of the bill to the neck, which is said to be capable of containing fifteen quarts of water. This bag, the bird has a power of wrinkling up into the hollow of the under chap; but by opening the bill, and putting one's hand down into the bag, it may be distended at pleasure. The skin of which it is formed will then be seen of a bluish ash-color, with many fibres and veins running over its surface. It is not covered with feathers, but a short downy substance as smooth and as soft as satin, and is attached all along the under edges of the chap, to be fixed backward to the neck of the bird by proper ligaments, and reaches near half way down. When this bag is empty it is not seen; but when the bird has fished with success, it is then incredible to what an extent it is often seen dilated. For the first thing the pelican does in fishing is to fill up the bag, and then it returns to digest its burden at leisure. When the bill is opened to its widest extent, a person may run his head into the bird's mouth, and conceal it in this monstrous pouch, thus adapted for very singular purposes. Yet this is nothing to what Ruysch assures us, who avers that a man has been seen to hide his whole leg, boot and all, in the monstrous jaws of one of these

animals. At first appearance this would seem impossible, as the sides of the under chap, from which the bag depends, are not above an inch asunder when the bird's bill is first opened; but then they are capable of great separation; and it must necessarily be so, as the bird preys upon the largest fishes, and hides them by dozens in its pouch. Tertre affirms, that it will hide as many fish as will serve sixty hungry men for a meal."

The Pelican is the largest of swimming birds. Arabs call it the River Camel—*Gimel el Bahr*, as also they call the true Camel, Land Ships; the American Pelican is brown; the African white; and those that inhabit the Island of Manilla, are said to be rose-colored.

This bird is very reluctant in its motions, slow in its flight, and it only becomes active when it is pressed by the gnawings of hunger. In this respect it resembles some rational beings, who will only labor for food; and they do so only because they choose rather to stir than to starve! When these fowls go abroad in search of food, "they raise themselves about thirty or forty feet above the surface of the sea, and then turn their head with one eye downward, and continue to fly in that posture. As soon as they perceive a fish sufficiently near the surface, they dart down upon it with the swiftness of an arrow, seize it with unerring certainty, and store it up in their pouch." They then rise and watch for fish as before. When their bag is full, they fly to land, and leisurely devour the fruits of their toil.

The Pelican is a sad and melancholy bird. It seeks some solitary place in a ravine, or along ledges of rocks, where it sits upon a high branch in gloomy loneliness, as if half asleep, until forced to go out in search of food. Its attitude, when it sits alone, is peculiarly meditative; it rests its head upon the great bag, and both upon the breast, and thus with a kind of dismal solemnity dreams the hours away. It is this lonely habit of this fowl that explains that passage: Psalm 102, 6; in which the sorrowful Psalmist sits in sorrow and bewails the sad condition of his country and its altars: "I am like a pelican of the wilderness!" A very impressive allusion, to one who knows the habit of this bird.

Besides this it is only mentioned in Lev. 11: 18, and Deut. 14: 17, where it is classed among unclean birds. Some think that this bird is identical with the Cormorant; and that it is alluded to under this name in Is. 34: 11, and Zeph. 2: 14. Luther translates these passages *Rohrdommel*, like that in a Ps. 102: 6.

It is said that by means of its vast pouch, or bag, it carries large quantities of water far into the wilderness, where it deposits it, as in small lakes, in the hollow of rocks, from which the wants of its young are supplied. In this way, without intending it, the pelican sometimes does important service to the traveller in the wilderness, who by means of these cisterns quenches his burning thirst! The thirsty Camel, we are told, discovers the scent of water from a great distance, and thus often is led to refresh itself from the stores of the pelican.

Among the ancients we find admirable qualities, transcendent social virtues and affections, ascribed to this bird. It was said that it opens the veins in its own breast, and feeds its young with its own blood! This has been pronounced fabulous. The idea no doubt derived its origin from the fact that, in feeding its young, it is in the habit of squeezing the food, or the juice of the food, deposited in its bag, into their mouths, by strongly compressing this bag upon its breast with its bill. This action, says Shaw, might easily give occasion to the received tradition and report, that the pelican, in feeding her young, pierces her own breast, and nourishes them with her blood.

SONG.

Sing a low song!
 A tender cradling measure, soft and low,
 Not sad, not long,
 But such as we remember long ago,
 When Time, now old, was flying
 Over the sunny seasons, bright and fleet,
 And the red rose was lying
 Amongst a crowd of flowers all too sweet.
 Sing o'er the bier!
 The bell is swinging in the time worn tower;
 He's gone who late was here,
 As fresh as manhood in its lustiest hour.
 A song to each brief season,
 Winter and shining summer, doth belong,
 For some sweet human reason—
 O'er cradle or the coffin still a song.

BARRY CORNWALL.

THE BLISS OF SORROW.

Never dry, never dry,
 Tears that eternal love sheddeth!
 How dreary, how dull must the world still appear
 When only half-dried on the eye is the tear!
 Never dry, never dry,
 Tears that unhappy love sheddeth!

GOETHE.

THE LITTLE STRAW HAT.

'Tis a dear little hat, and it hangs there still—
And its voice of the past bids our heart strings thrill,
For it seems like a shadow of days passed o'er,
Of the bright one who that hat once wore.

'Tis a dear little hat, for each simple braid
Tells that oft o'er its plaiting those fingers played,
And many a wreath for its crown has been twined
To the grateful taste of his youthful mind.

Yes, there silent it hangs with its curling front,
Still as playfully rolled as had been its wont;
But the golden ringlets which waved below
Have curled their last clusters long ago.

Ay, the hat is the same, but it shades no more
Those light blue eyes as in days of yore;
And the sunlit smile that danced o'er that brow,
Can but light up our hearts' sad memories now.

Sad memories they are; these quivering strings
Each breath of the by-gone a tremor flings;
And joys that we fain would waken again
In memory are wreathed with a thrill of pain.

They recall not the past—though the dimpled hand
May never again clasp the braided strand;
Though the breeze no longer may bear the tone
Of the ringing laughter of childhood's own.

Ah! think of him now with a glittering crown
O'er his heavenly forehead resting down,
While his fingers stray o'er the golden wire,
That blends with his voice 'mid the cherub choir.

Ay, I see him now with holy light
Pouring broad on his brow with radiance bright,
And I hear the tones which in heaven have birth—
O, call him not back to this saddened earth.

DEPARTED DAYS.

Yes, dear, departed, cherish'd days,
Could Memory's hand restore
Your morning light, your evening rays,
From Time's grey urn once more—
Then might this restless heart be still,
This straining eye might close,
And Hope her fainting pinions fold,
While the fair phantoms rose.

But, like a child in ocean's arms,
We strive against the stream,
Each moment farther from the shore,
Where life's young fountains gleam--
Each moment fainter wave the fields,
And wilder rolls the sea;
The mist grows dark--the sun goes down--
Day breaks—and where are we?

OLIVER W. HOLMES.

SUNDAY TRAVELLING.

The following is from a Lancaster Paper. It speaks volumes on the fourth commandment. Let Sabbath travellers learn a lesson :

“ACCIDENT ON THE RAILROAD.—A serious accident happened on the Columbia Railroad, near Christiana, on Sunday morning last. The hind car of the train east was thrown off the track and precipitated down an embankment some 20 feet, and twice that distance into a field. Charles Bartberger had both arms and thigh fractured. Edward Morganroth, of Pittsburg, had his ankle sprained and was much bruised, and Aaron Coburn and several others were slightly injured. The two former are lying at Christiana hotel. The accident happened in consequence of a rail on the road being broken. During the accident the stove was upset, setting fire to the car, which was completely destroyed, together with a gold watch and chain, carpet bag and hat, belonging to Judge Wright of Clearfield county; also several other carpet bags belonging to passengers.”

We have noticed for some time past, that by far the largest number of accidents—judgments we call them when they take place on Sabbath—on the railroad near us, have happened in the very act of violating the law of the Sabbath. Is it a wonder that God should smash such as dare Him and His authority in the broad light of heaven! What an awful thing it must be to be hurled into the presence of God in the very act of defying his law! What must be the reflections, if they reflect at all, of those who bear through life maimed and broken limbs, received while breaking the Sabbath!

And there was a Judge also in this daring business of violating at once both divine and human law. A pretty Judge! And dost thou sit in the stool of justice, and command ragged culprits to be smitten according to law, while thou thyself treadest it under thy feet, thou whited wall!

LIFE.

I slept and dreamed that Life was Beauty;
 I awoke and found that Life was Duty;
 Was then thy dream a shadowy lie?
 Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
 And thou shalt find thy dream to be
 A noonday light and truth to thee.

From Chambers' Journal.

GUARDED SECRETS.

What woman is there that confesses not to the possession of a guarded secret? School-girls have their cherished mysteries; but these pass from mouth to mouth, till, like the witches at "seventh hand," all their magic dies out. It is not of such we would speak, but of that sterner and more stubborn secret which is the life in life, which occupies the soul's inner and most secret chamber, and is the heart's holy of holies; a joy, or a dread, or a pang—most commonly the last—through life; a thing that weaves itself, with more or less intensity, into every act of our daily struggle on earth; is with us when we rise to a new sun, and lies down with us in the darkness; our accompanying shadow, go where we may, and do what we will; that mocks us when we smile, counterfeits all our agonies; and to lose which would be something like that loss of soul pictured in the well-known German legend. That the constant presence of our secret within us and around us has its meaning for good, who shall doubt? Our human woes would not be allotted to us—aye, even as our daily bread—were they not necessary to the nourishment of a higher life than that which perplexes us here. Our wandering spirits, lost and restless, must, like the fabled children in the wood, gather their fruit from off the thorn. There is, in truth, no teaching like the teaching of a great and master sorrow.

There are few places filled with more startling material for the romancist than the much-neglected secret drawer. Secret passages, hidden vaults, tapestry-veiled doors, traps leading downward through the floor, and escapes opening upward through the sky-light, we have in abundance; but the narrow and apparently insignificant receptacle that holds within it, unseen by vulgar eyes, the hoarded secret of a heart and of a lifetime—nay, perhaps more—the darkening presence of a household, the "skeleton behind the door," seems altogether to have escaped the vigilant research of the curious. Relics—some sacred, some profane enough—hang visibly about our very doors. We are all familiar with relics of various kinds, from the sentimental lover's hair-filled locket down to the religiously-guarded "heart of Montrose." Some people are essentially relic-lovers, and will make far-off pilgrimages for the bare sight of an iron belt or a knotted cord vouched for as the castigatory badge of some mouldered monk, and feel a strange gratification in being permitted to kiss the dust from the worn stones trodden by the feet of those whose once unhonored grave centuries have since hal-

lowed into something akin to the divine. From the mystic to the real is a wide bound, and few care to take the leap. But, leaving to the star-gazer his more dazzling horizon, let us gather round us for a brief space the lowlier interests of humanity; let us look with reverent eyes into the secret drawer.

My grandmother had an old-fashioned cabinet, portioned out, as was the method of constructing such commodities in her day, into sundry small shelves, drawers, and odd-covered boxes. The center compartment of this same old chest opened like a door, having lock and key, and within was a long sliding-drawer, occupying the entire depth of the cabinet. That in this drawer something very precious was stored, all her children knew. None, however, dared to pry into their mother's guarded secret. Her husband, it was more than suspected, could have thrown some light on the matter; but he was never known to do so, and silence rested upon the unknown occupant of the drawer; the mystery remaining a mystery up to the day of my good grandmother's death. But when the cold hand can no more unlock a cabinet than it can unlock the door through which the warm, conscious life has passed; and when the palsied foot, lying stark in its dusty dwelling, no more mounts the stair to the guarded treasure-house of all that was once so dear—then comes the revealer; comes, perhaps, in the form of a prying sick-nurse, one of those death-watches at the sight of whom the living quake. Or it may be that hands more tender deal in greater reverence with the departed spirit's cast-off apparel, holding sacred for the sleeper's sake, those forsaken relics wept and prayed over by the waking eyes that are never more to weep and pray on this earth again.

In the present case, it was so. The contents of the secret drawer were committed to the flames, in accordance with the expressed wish of the dying. But somehow or other the secret oozed out. It would appear that, like most other grandmothers, mine had in early life had a love-affair—as that deepest-striking of all woman's experiences is somewhat irreverently termed. It was the old story: the man she loved went abroad without having spoken just that *one* word for which her soul thirsted, and which, nevertheless, had found a thousand utterances scarcely to be mistaken. For years there was a dreary silence between the two. Then came my grandfather, with his earnest courtship. Under the feeling that she was not justified in cherishing a predilection so apparently unresponded to by the earliest object of her affection, she yielded, after a prolonged struggle, to my grandfather's suit. No sooner, however, was she formally

engaged to him, than there came a letter in the old, unforgotten handwriting! O, you who have ever listened with beating hearts for the postman's knock, fully prepared for all it might bring, think for one moment how the coming of *this* letter, long even un hoped for, and now *too late*, knocked at the heart of her who received it! Now, my grandmother had a conscience, and a more than commonly tender one. Her first impulse, of course, was to tear open the letter; but a second thought stayed her hand. She had long ago made the fact of this early attachment known to my grandfather. What she now did, then, was at once to tell him that she had received such a letter, and that, as his affianced wife, she could not and would not read it. Was she fantastic in her notions of right and wrong? I do not believe so; I do not think she could have done a better or a wiser thing. Out of her act no suffering could possibly fall upon the man to whom she was pledged, and whose happiness was henceforth in her keeping, though much of pain bore heavily upon her. That letter, with its unbroken seal, lay, all her life, in the old musty cabinet, where it stood revealed at last. That, acting up to the truest spirit of her intention, she fought long and victoriously against the desire to fathom what those hidden characters contained—whether or not they bore that assurance of love which would once have been joy unutterable—we are bound to believe. Upon one solitary occasion alone, was she ever seen to wrestle with her temptation. After a meek endurance of one of my grandfather's fits of passion—for he had a stormy temper—she was found seated, weeping bitterly, before the open door of that guarded chest wherein lay the unbroken seal.

Solemn as such subjects must be and are, there is a blessed comfort in the thought of them. It is a gracious thing to feel that there is something, be it what it may, of real truth—of lasting good; something which neither time, nor trial, nor the common wear and tear of actual, dull, every-day life, can crush out of a man. But, soft! let me pause. I said that nothing can crush out of a man. Do men know anything of such relics as I speak of? I am ignorant: I cannot say; but I should fancy they do not. The steady, unfaltering devotion of a long life to one thought and one remembrance, I own I never found, save in woman.

I myself confess to a few hoarded relics—Heaven forbid that any woman should be without them! But these are yet under the seal that lies so heavily on all living lips. Some day, perhaps—but we, none of us, like to think of that—strange hands

may overhaul them. Pity it is that so few of us have strength of soul enough, or, it may be, warning-time enough, ere the Great Revealer steals upon us, to enable us to put beyond the reach of sacrilegious eyes our most darling secrets! O, could we but summon the nerve to place them within our own moving fingers upon some funeral pyre! Could we but watch them slowly consuming! But no; we cannot do this. While we have life, they are ours. It would seem like bidding an eternal farewell to our protecting genius, to put away the guardian spectres of lost hopes, dead loves, and mystic memories. No! Let us treasure them while we yet walk among the living. But, O, may some kind and pitying hand, when we lie silenced, bury them with us, unprofaned by a single look!

A singular instance of this silent treasuring up of one solitary thought, and in the breast of a child, fell under my knowledge not long ago, while staying by the sea-side, at the house of some old friends. They were at the same time visited by a little girl of about seven years of age, who had been confided to their care, in order that she might have the benefit of the sea-bathing, recommended for some weakness of the spine, under which the child suffered. She was the loveliest little creature I ever beheld—quiet and shy, too, though least so with me, for whom she at once took a strong liking. Our hostess, who every night made a point of seeing her young charge put comfortably to bed, always remained in the room until the child had said her prayers. When her ordinary devotions had been gone through aloud, the child invariably bent down her head upon the bed, at the side of which she knelt, and offered up some prayer silently within herself. What this prayer was, nothing could induce her to reveal. Her parents were questioned about it; but though perfectly aware of the fact, they were unable to solve the question. It was of course a thing altogether too sacred to be intruded on by any forceful appeal, and all parties remained in their ignorance. I own that when first I was told of it, the secret appeared to me to be of so strange and unearthly a character, that I trembled as one who suddenly stands faced by a spirit. It seemed like a silent communing with angels. Feeling very anxious to witness with my own eyes what interested me so deeply in the telling, I one night, with my little friend's consent, accompanied her to her room. As usual, the prayers were repeated aloud, and then followed the silent offering up of that pure young heart. So holy was the hour, that I held my breath for very reverence,

the tears springing to my eyes with sudden emotion. Surely angelic hosts hovered above that small bowed-down head, on whose golden locks a halo seemed to rest! Whatever was that silent, guarded, and mysterious prayer—and sometimes it struck me that it might possibly have relation to either a dread of dying, or to her anticipations of her near heaven, as she was at the time out of health—whatever that prayer might be, that it was a beautiful and a pure one, I am sure—the purest and the best, perhaps, in all the long catalogue of guarded secrets.

One secret, which in every age has been most carefully and religiously guarded—guarded in terror and dismay, through inconceivable wrong and suffering, through life and up to the grave's brink, not perhaps even then to be rendered up to those who stand around scattering their last tears with the "dust to dust"—is the secret of birth. Instances of the kind alluded to are so numerous and so startling, that it would be difficult to invent any story surpassing in interest the already written and attested records of that most dangerous secret. There are few families who cannot recount, from the oral traditions of their house, some legend touching on this subject—strange glimpses of some half-developed tragedy, if not so terrible as that of the "Family of Montorio," yet sufficiently suggestive to people the dreams of their hearers for nights to come. Such tales I remember to have heard in Scotland. One, in particular, struck me as most singular, because, though generations have been born, and have passed out of being since the occurrences narrated took place, no clue was ever found to the secret so cautiously and mysteriously guarded. The following is an outline of the tradition :

A couple, coming whence no man knew, arrived one sharp winter night amid the smoke of Edinburgh. The wife was younger than her husband by some years, and, possibly from the fact of this disparity of age, looked up to him with a feeling of reverential devotion belonging rather to a daughter than to a wife. It was noticed, indeed, by all who knew them, that she had, even thus early in her wedded life, laid down for herself a law of more strict and unquestioning obedience than is usually practised by even the best of wives. The result of this blind submission, as will be seen, must have borne hard upon a pure heart and tender conscience, such as hers were represented to have been, though not perhaps until added years had brought home the lesson, rightly understood by few, that no mortal, even though he be a husband, has a right over any other human soul, authorizing him to rule its obedience con-

trary to God's higher law. The married pair, it would seem, had been united for some years; yet no offspring had been granted to their prayers. It was now that, while living in the utmost retirement, in an obscure street, the husband introduced to his wife an old Scotch nurse, bearing in her arms a newborn child. This child, said by him to be the posthumous son of a dear friend recently deceased, he represented it was his interest to adopt, and produce to the world as his own. To insure his wife's aid in the project, he carefully concealed from her whatever deep-laid schemes were working in his own mind—made very light of the affair—asserted that it was but to serve a temporary purpose, and that, the object in furtherance of which this singular deception was to be carried on once attained, the whole thing should be revealed.

A quick instinct of wrong, in the mind of the young wife, made her at first hesitate; but the recollection of that strict abnegation of her own will to which she had vowed herself, at last prevailed over her scruples, and the pleading looks of the helpless little orphan, lying safe and warm within her arms, melting her soul, she took the forlorn babe to her bosom, and bestowed upon it heartily a mother's care. The child proved sickly, a weary burden to any but a real mother; yet its foster-parent, though young and unused to such a charge, never for a moment shrunk from the responsibility she had incurred. The consequence naturally was, that the boy learned to love her strongly and entirely. But towards his reputed father he at all times evinced a most strange and unaccountable aversion, amounting to an instinctive horror and shrinking from his presence. When the child had grown to be about a year old, Mr. A——g, the gentleman in question, his plans now apparently matured, resolved at once to introduce his protegee to his family, as his own legitimately born son and heir. Mr. A——g was a descendant of one of the old border families, renowned in history for many a raid and many a foray across the English frontier, and, judging from his deeds, the unscrupulous character and adventurous spirit of the early freebooter would seem to have been transmitted down through many generations, little modified by the march of centuries. And now came the poor wife's trial. In her husband's home, and under the eyes of his kindred and household, she was soon doomed to feel bitterly how a single deception inevitably leads to numerous others, and how one falsehood entails the necessity of a thousand more to follow in its wake. A mother in seeming, yet no mother in truth, her entire ignorance concerning all that related to the

birth of her supposed child became a subject of ridicule with the female members of the family. Sooner or later betrayal seemed inevitable. Nor was this all: the worst was to come. No sooner had the imposture been carried out successfully, than the young wife found herself about to become a mother. Here was a new involvement. She had, then, given up the birthright of her own child in favor of a stranger! It was true that the fact of the imposition of the adopted child could be proved, but what humiliation must accompany such a confession—what a heart-wearing tissue of law-proceedings might not be entailed by the admission! To the married pair, years of torturing anxiety and strange discord followed. Heart-burnings of many kinds unavoidably arose out of a state of things so unnatural. The real son became a secondary consideration in the household, the very servants seeking favor with the presumed heir, and looking down on the “younger brother.”

All this time the mystery was still maintained. Whence the adopted had come, and to whom he belonged of right was throughout kept a guarded secret from the wife—her husband’s solitary admission to her being to the effect, that the boy’s mother was a lady of noble birth: of the father he never spoke. Meanwhile, Mr. A——g made frequent and sudden journeys from home, no one knew whither or for what purpose, always returning as unexpectedly as he had departed. After these absences he was observed to be gloomy, nay, almost fierce in his temper, his irritation showing itself especially towards the child of his adoption, between whom and himself a mortal antipathy appeared to exist, and to increase with the boy’s years. What might have been the issue in after-years, it is needless to surmise. The Gordian-knot of all this evil was suddenly and unaccountably cut by that unseen Hand, which has undone many another coil of mischief in the world. One day the adopted child was found drowned in Mr. A——g’s estate. There was a hurried and unsatisfactory inquest held on the body, and all was done. Through one breast—that of the wife—a secret shudder ran. A sickness as of death fell upon the heart of her who alone knew what hidden temptation might have lain in wait, like the weird sisters of Macbeth, urging on the man with whom her fate was bound up to the commission of “a deed without a name.” From that hour a blight fell over the fated house. The very rooks, so my informant told me, disappeared from their customary haunts. Mysterious sights and sounds visited at eerie-hours the old border mansion. Nay, report even went so far as to say, that the phantom of a

ghastly child rose up from time to time before the eyes of Mr. A——g's descendants, as if the soul of the departed refused to rest until the secret of its birth, or perhaps of its death, was revealed. But to this day all is enveloped in mystery. It is true that the bare fact of the imposition of such a child in place of a real heir, in course of time, and after the death of Mr. A——g, got rumored abroad; but the actual parentage of the ill-fated victim of the imposture remained, and will now doubtless forever remain, among the catalogue of those guarded secrets which the grave refuses to render up.

THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

"Dear father, I ask for my mother in vain;
Has she sought some far country her health to regain?
Has she left our cold climate of frost and of snow,
For some warm, sunny land, where the soft breezes blow?"

"Yes, yes, gentle boy, thy loved mother has gone
To a climate where sorrow and pain are unknown;
Her spirit is strengthen'd, her frame is at rest,
There is health, there is peace, in the land of the blest."

"Is that land, my dear father, more lovely than ours?
Are the rivers more clear, and more blooming the flowers?
Does the summer shine over it all the year long?
Is it cheered by the glad sound of music and song?"

"Yes, the flowers are despoiled not by winter or night,
The well-springs of life are exhaustless and bright;
And by exquisite voices sweet hymns are addrest
To the Lord who reigns over the land of the blest."

"Yet that land to my mother will lonely appear,
She shrunk from the glances of strangers while here;
From her foreign companions I know she will flee,
And sigh, my dear father, for you and for me."

"My darling, thy mother rejoices to gaze
On the long-severed friends of her earliest days;
Her parents have there found a mansion of rest,
And they welcome their child to the land of the blest."

"How I long to partake of such meetings of bliss!
That land must be surely more happy than this;
On you, my kind father, the journey depends,
Let us go to my mother, her kindred and friends."

"Not on me, love; I trust I may reach that bright clime,
But in patience I stay till the Lord's chosen time,
And must strive, while awaiting his gracious behest,
To guide thy young steps to the land of the blest."

"Thou must toil through a world full of dangers, my boy—
Thy peace it may blight and thy virtue destroy;
Nor wilt thou, alas! be withheld from its snares
By a mother's kind counsels—a mother's fond prayers."

"Yet fear not; thy God, whose directions we crave,
Is mighty to strengthen, to shield and to save,
And his hands may yet lead thee, a glorified guest,
To the home of thy mother, the land of the blest!"

ROBERT BURNS.

No princely palace ever claimed him as an inmate. The gray ruins of no proud baronial castle lie piled upon the spot of his birth. No courtly splendor shone around his boyhood's home. No pleasure-grounds or festive banquets spread out around him to invite a life of luxurious ease, or grant an hour of serene meditation. No courtiers or philosophers—no great spirits were his companions to direct his aims or tutor his aspiring genius. The little cabin, with its rude clay walls and frail covering, curling its smoke in the lowly valley of the sons of toil, is where the sweetest bard that ever breathed the soothing strain, first hailed the aurora dawn of existence. Dark were the clouds, and dismal were the storms and blighting rains that severally assailed the lonely cot of Burns. The cold and chilly winds of misfortune and squalid poverty, with their attendant scenes, made his life a Drama, the saddest ever witnessed; and a Reality, the gloomiest and most awful that ever surged along the rock-bound shores of time.

The always busy world, with its sneering smiles and gray-headed parasites; the vain pets of fortune—powdered lords, frizzled dames, and yearners after political and social inequality, passed him quickly by, lest the upbraiding voice of conscience should whisper to them the sorrows of a ploughman. Surrounded by such circumstances—dashed to and fro by every rude hand of neglect upon the foam-roaring sea of change, in intimate connection with his melancholy constitution, is it strange that his fragile bark was swept furiously along and at last wrecked *against the shoals of immorality*. Yet even amid his heaviness of soul-dejection—even “when the gloomy night was gathering fast”—when dusky shadows hung with ominous significance around him, the fire of intellect blazed brightly, and the majesty of truth was still the coronal of his character.

Here now there is a pause in his life. With faltering spirit he hesitates whether or not to strike his harp and sing his mournful strain. He is alone in his smoky and dreary abode. The flashing orb has long since tinged the mountain crest with his departing glance; the toils of the long day are ended, and now despondent and tire-worn, Burns sits in pensive silence by the “ingle-check” “and backward mused on wasted time.” In his own expressive words, “half mad, half fed, half sarket,” he raised his “waukit loof” to swear by yon starry world that henceforth he would be rythm proof, when lo his Scottish muse glides into the “mottie misty clime”—stops his reckless

vows—drops upon him her holly-bough—baptizes him with holy unction—

“And like a passing thought she fled
In light away.”

Here was the *great transition* of the rustic bard ; one that not only affected himself but also had an essential bearing with the whole current of British Literature ; and a transition that added a brilliant luminary to that galaxy of genius who penned burning lines in their island home. Here was again evinced the beaming splendor of the God-like mind, and here was another triumph of that gift that emanates from the throne of the Incarnate Eternal.

The poetry of Burns is exhibited under *two* different forms, yet both running into each other, and centering in one normal ascendancy. His external genius, or that of nature ; his internal genius, or that of the passions. He had none of the characteristics of Thompson, Shenstone, Gray, or that royal poetic fire of the ill-fated Byron, or the glorious ideal of the gifted son of Germany. He tuned his lyre not to the praise of ancient days. He gazed not at the azure radiance that encircled and played around the “city of the Seven Hills”—wandered not among the hallowed memorials of time-honored Greece. He recalled not the feudal winter with its scholastic celebrity ; painted not the gallant deeds of the iron-mailed knight, or the unsurpassed prowess of the christian warrior. These, though golden themes, pleased him not. He narrated things of *his present*, not of the past. He loved his own native dells too deeply to venture so far away. He revered too highly the taste and disposition of his countrymen, ever to tune his lyre in any other than the wild romantic scenery of his own majestic Scotland. The *power* of Burns lay in his *giant originality*—the keenness of his intellectual sight, in close union with the sincerity of his heart. From this “Valclusa Fountain” gushed warm waters enriching the material theater with a mild and tranquil halo even in the most rugged parts. His observant disposition, his piercing dark eye and prolific endowments, mark him as a finished emblem of naturalness and variety. Ever awake to high and noble emotions, his mind grasped with masterpotency the sublime and mighty operations of nature, depicted them in life-like colors—in tints of the richest hue, yet always firm to the original—all that was wild, grand and terrible in the rougher march of the seasons, gathered still loftier magnificence when they moved in the strange land of Burns. The lowering storm impregnated with direful wailings, moving its

heavy columns across the vaulted arch of the universe, only made a path for the ærial chariot of the Caledonian peasant. He would “arise on the wings of the tempest, throw himself into the war of the battling elements—dart along on the fire-course—sieve all that was bold and interesting—adorn them with a serene but awful glory, and bring them all revolving around the *perfect mystery*. The lightning seemed to play one dazzling circlet and rove once more anew beneath his expressive touch. You can almost hear the rattling thunder, and see the black towering sky-gathering tempest and strange commingling of clouds, as you quaff plenteously of his “elements in commotion.” When maniac winter, shrouded in her waste of snows, rolls her mighty avalanches over the land, and with her rocking blast rages through the miserable hovel, scatters the few remaining embers, and clutches with fiend-like grasp, the haggard mother and her darling—when all nature, animate and inanimate, lie prostrate before the sweeping gale—then, too, the heart-stricken bard, sharing in the same hard fate, sings his low, sad dirge of sympathy:

“The wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blow.”

No less happy was he in throwing his soul into the milder and lovelier forms of nature, and in bringing them under his graphic delineation. In vernal spring, the virgin of the seasons; in the mellow fragrance of the unruffled solstice, or in the thoughtful autumnal hour, when happy visions and illumined plans fade away with the dignified retreat of material brilliancy, Burns is ever busy in showing forth the manifold excellence of the Deity. The *most striking* feature of his external genius, is that he always aims at the *pleasing* beautiful. The smallest and most insignificant objects with him swelled into importance and uttered lessons of moral sublimity. He reads wisdom in the humble clod; the simple mole suggests great thoughts; the sweetly blooming hawthorn and grapspire preach to him. The highland peasant-girl, chiming her merry verse; the waving tree, the meandering rivulet and chirping of the little bird—all these were not too trivial to be warmed into a bright glow by the ardent pen of Burns. His pleasing representations of the scenery of Scotland—its wide and rugged landscapes and woodland plains—its majestic mountains and furling rivers—its evening skies and sunset splendors, bring all these cheering prospects into life-like views, and his inimitable poems, written under the influence of such awe-inspiring sights, make them pass before the eager gaze like the quick succeeding pictures of

a vast panorama, only with more soul-thrilling wonder.

But while the muse of the plough thus swept with manly vigor over the bold highway of external genius, he has also won an imperishable shamrock as he trod the turbulent but quieter path of the *passions*. It is here that we behold him in the full dignity of his might and power. Joy and grief, hope and despondency, and the most opposite emotions alternately held possession of his mind, and never did poet delineate them in manner so original, so truthful. When grief threw around him her sombre curtain, he poured forth the feelings of his heart in strains of solemn melody, unsurpassed in moving sadness. When joy strewed her garlands in his path, his song echoed in notes of gladness. When his soul groped in the "Slough of Despond," he drew a picture black as Egyptian night. When hope twinkled in lively visions before him, he could bound aloft and display some of the golden tints and holy peace of the eternal paradise.

These elements entering into his constitution, made the passionate of his poetry pre-eminently versatile. Would you drink deeply in the goblet of fun-humor and sarcasm, the "address to the Devil," the "ordinations," or the "jolly beggars," will quench your thirst. He possesses a genial warmth of the purest kind, and bestows upon every thing about him his choicest honors and decks them with his proudest emanations. There is a melting grief, a touching affection in this strong man, when he bows his head in anguish to the daisy turned over by the ploughshare, and in his own "rustic jingle" bewails its fate: "Thou'st met me in an evil hour, thou bonnie gem." His elegy to the "wee sleeket cowrin tim'rous beastie," and his plaintive words sung over the last days of his favorite Mailie, show the exalted magnanimity of his feeling, and bring the billows of his *tenderness* fresh before the mind. And when his harp is strung and the *sublime pathos* steals all quivering over it, then every tongue is still—every bosom throbs, and often the tear starts; for the past flashes by, and ever and anon a memento recalling some fond union is there, and the spectral of some ancient sire rises from the spirit-land of recollection. He tells us "man was made to mourn." He calls upon the lonely mountains, the flowery dells, the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, the stars, the pale waning crescent, and he bids them join in his chorus, and meet with him around the grave of "Henderson the man—the brother." And hear you not that lowly anthem swelling even now in all its pristine pathos trilled in honor of the memory of his patron and friend:

“But I’ll remember thee, Glencairn,
And all that thou hast done for me.”

But the crowning jewels in his coronet were love and patriotism. These flashed brightly and were the twin-sisters that led him safely up to the mansions of fame. The associations that cluster around the old castle of Montgomery are immortal. They recall the noblest scene that has ever been enacted on the theater of real life, and cast into the shade all the tinsel trash of fiction and romance. Imagination will ever linger around its moldering walls and march again the sad solemnity of the last meeting between Burns and his nut-brown maiden. Their plighted vows—the sacred page—the silver stream—the gladness of all around—the glorious ascension of that maiden to the happy choir above—the lamentation of Burns, and his mournful words to “His Mary in Heaven,” constitute something hallowed and the “holy of holies” in his character, wherein man must not enter. Never did a bosom glow with more exalted enthusiasm for his country, and never have warmer tears bathed the shrine of liberty than those of Burns. The reminiscences that throng the threshold of Scottish nationality have received a deeper and broader tinge of glory from his pen. The days of Bruce—the memory of the bold soldier, William Wallace, and the unfortunate struggles of the children of Caledonia for religion and freedom—all gleam with more fervent worth in the lines of their native minstrel. He wrote for his country—for his peasant brethren, and instructed them in the great lesson of contentment. Well has our own honored bard wreathed a tribute of respect to his power :

“What sweet tears dim the eyes unshed,
What wild vows falter on the tongue
When ‘Scots wha hae wi Wallace bled,’
Or ‘auld lang syne is sung.’”

It was this blending together of nature and the passions that made him the poet of the people. And now, though he is gone to that bourne from whence no traveller returns, still the voice of truth, the cherished “alma mater” of letters, whispers—*he lives*. Though his harp lies all unstrung in the palace of the muse, its vibrations are still felt ; its pastoral beauties still thrill the soul. He lives ; his memory lingers yet among the hills and sequestered glens made famous by his own noble energy. He lives ; all Scotland swells his renown ; the babe prattles his name ; the Scotch-boy, ragged like Burns, kneels by that solitary grave and weeps for him ; the brawny Highlander, when asked for an emblem of his country’s glory, will point to the Ayr-

shire peasant. He lives ; when troubled scenes gather around us, and our pilgrimage of life becomes dreary, then will Burns bid them all be still. He lives ; the light that shone from him when he grasped his plough upon the barren field is not quenched ; it burns yet, down the broad bosom of the ocean of time it streams ; though waves beat against it, immortality will dash them back all shattered and torn, and at last that light will rest on the mount of Justice, and shine as the Pharos of poetic achievement. He lives ; in that day when the Goddess of Independence shall visit every clime where the poor man writhes under the lash of bondage ; when the army of equality battles bravely under their banner twined with the amaranthine symbol of the master's favor ; when every hill-top glows with the beacon fire of freedom ; when the lion of royalty groans his last throe and then plunges down into the hell of oblivion ; in that momentous hour, pregnant with the future of Church and State, the invisible panoply of genius—Goethe, Byron, Burns—will guard that steel-hearted legion—lead it triumphantly through the horrid throat of blood—plant the covenant ark of liberty amid the red glare of the Sinai of Republicanism, where it will rest in empyrean safety until the sun in heaven pales away and “the stars grow dim with age.”

TO A STAR.

Thou brightly glittering star of even,
 Thou gem upon the brow of heaven ;
 Oh ! were this fluttering spirit free,
 How quick 't would spread its wings to thee !

How calmly, brightly, dost thou shine,
 Like the pure land in virtue's shrine !
 Sure the fair world which thou may'st boast
 Was never ransomed, never lost.

There, beings pure as heaven's own air,
 Their hopes, their joys, together share ;
 While hovering angels touch the string,
 And seraphs spread the sheltering wing.

There, cloudless days and brilliant nights,
 Illumed by heaven's refulgent lights ;
 There, seasons, years, unnoticed roll,
 And unregretted by the soul.

Thou little sparkling star of even,
 Thou gem upon an azure heaven !
 How swiftly will I soar to thee,
 When this imprisoned soul is free !

LUCRETIA MARIA DAVISON.

THOUGHTS ON INTEMPERANCE.

In the first place we maintain that intemperance is *a sin*, and one that in the end becomes fearfully aggravated in its character.

It is more immediately a violation of the first and great commandment, which requires of us to love the Lord with all our heart, with all our soul, with all our mind and with all our strength. It will be admitted that our Creator deserves our warmest affection, not merely because he has bestowed upon us innumerable benefits, but because, as an all-wise, holy, just, and merciful God, He is worthy of our love and homage. The attributes of His character invest Him with a moral beauty and glory, which no intelligent being can behold without feelings of love and admiration. To obey this law, therefore, implies the most intimate intercourse with the best and the wisest of all beings, which, as such, brings with it its own immediate reward. The love which it requires of man is ennobling in the highest degree; it elevates him who possesses it into the likeness or similitude of his maker; it confers upon him the highest and purest enjoyments; it calls into exercise his higher nature, and therefore makes him what he was designed to be in the beginning, the greatest and the best of all God's works. Now all sin, as the violation of the divine law, must have an entirely opposite effect upon the human subject. It places our affections upon objects that perish, instead of that which is imperishable and eternal. It must, consequently, make men gross, sensual, and earthly in their appetites and feelings. Such we find to be the case under whatever form it may manifest itself.

Intemperance, as a sin, must have these two characteristics. It must on the one hand prostitute man's higher or spiritual nature, and on the other promote the active growth of his lower or animal nature. We find universally that the victim of this sin, of all men, is least qualified to love or honor God. Upon no other person has the presence of an invisible world so little influence. Holiness, the crown and glory of man, has no attraction for him. He can scarcely believe that it has any existence whatever. The increasing grossness of his habit of feeling and thinking draws a veil before his eyes, and conceals from his view another world entirely. Turning away his thoughts from God and heaven, from Christ and the Truth, he has no opportunity for the exercise of his higher faculties, which must in this condition, according to a law of his constitution, become morbid, and cease to discharge their appropriate functions. There is no room for faith in an invisible world under these circumstances.

Whatever natural preparation the individual may have had for the exercise of this faculty, it is slowly but surely destroyed by the blight of sense. His reason, his judgment, his conscience, which are intimately connected with faith, and which, when sanctified, are pillars on which it rests, suffer in a proportional degree. Who has not seen reason unhinged, the judgment perverted, and the conscience seared by intemperate habits! Many an intellect that might have made itself felt in distant lands and ages, has been thus sacrificed, and the moral wreck has still continued to walk about, but now no longer itself. The entire intellectual as well as the spiritual man suffers in consequence of the indulgence of the sensual passions. Attention, that steady application of the mind to a given subject, wavers and, like the magnet divested of its power, refuses to point the mind to the truth. Memory, which has been styled the storehouse of knowledge, has been rifled of its contents, and fails any longer to retain knowledge, or the distinction between truth and error. The sensibilities have lost all their delicacy, and he who was once a man of taste and refinement; who gazed upon the fair face of nature with a rapture of delight, and derived a fund of pleasure from ten thousand objects in nature and art; who once at a glance could discern the proprieties and decencies of life, and complied with them from an instinctive pleasure and facility; who revolted at the thought of confounding the distinctions between right and wrong; whose heart glowed with warm emotion at the spectacle of disinterested benevolence, or melted into sympathy with suffering oppression; who indignantly thrust from him the assaults that were made to injure his character, or to soil his fair name: he who was once all this and more besides, is now no longer this. His taste is gone, and neither nature, nor art, nor the social circle, nor virtue, nor honor possesses any charms for him. Their beauty has vanished from his sight amidst the flaring, flashing, unreal creations of a fevered brain.

But if the memory is weakened, the intellect shattered, the sensibilities dried up, and the whole region of the spiritual world turned into a misty nebulae in his view, there remains but little left except sense and passion. The strength and energy of the soul are concentrated upon animal enjoyments, and as the higher faculties are not exercised, the lower increase a hundred fold in vehemence; as the one diminishes the other increases. It is not merely the love of intoxicating drinks for which the inebriate thirsts; he loves much more the wild delirium, the impure fancies which it creates, the house of revelry and mirth, the

society of the vicious and dissolute, the profane oath, and scoff at everything that is sacred. The low and debasing passions awakened in his breast, are the sources of his choicest enjoyments; anger, malice, revenge, or other feelings equally impure are the element in which he lives and moves and has his being. The power which draws him to his cups no one can calculate. Omnipotence alone can break the spell which binds him to earth and sense.

From what has now been said, it will be seen that the two characteristics of all sin stand out in strong relief in the history of the intemperate. In the case of no other vice does man so palpably prostitute his gifts, or sink so much beneath the power of his senses.

In the next place, we should consider the *danger*, to which we are all exposed, of falling into this sin.

There are no persons, or classes of persons, who are entirely free from danger in this direction, not even those who have vowed most seriously to resist it. Like all other sins, it is a deceiver. Its victims are carried away by it long before they feel the fetters which it throws around them. Learning and station are no safeguards against its insidious approaches. Many who have every rational gratification they could wish for, fall a prey to its desolations. The high places of the nation, the bench and the bar, are polluted by its fumes: and cases are not wanting where watchmen on the walls of Zion have yielded to its power and been thrown from their places. Many who received diplomas at our colleges and attended a course of moral philosophy have been seduced by it, and they now present the anomalous spectacle of literary and professional men descending to the gratifications of a mere barbarous or animal existence. When, therefore, we see strong-minded persons yielding to this insidious foe, it becomes all alike to watch and pray lest they be led into temptation.

It is something remarkable, that there are few if any countries, where intemperance prevails to a greater extent than in this and Great Britain, where according to our boasted progress it ought to have disappeared long ago. In wine-growing countries like France, Italy and Germany, scenes of intemperance, such as we witness here, are comparatively rare, and yet in those countries every opportunity is open to an excessive indulgence. The question may therefore be asked, why does such a curse rest upon our country? Why is the banner around which we are glad to rally soiled by so dark a stain? It is doubtless owing to agencies which are at work in our midst,

that call forth and develop human depravity under this form to a greater extent here than elsewhere.

The difference is to be ascribed very much to the spirit of the times, to our peculiar tendencies, habits, and to much of our literature. We live in an excitable age and country. With us everything must move with railroad speed. In the haste of our busy times, no room is left for moderation, and every energy is taxed to the utmost. Excitement is the moving spring of our activity, whether in the mercantile, the political, or the religious world. Men are found running out into extremes in every direction and on every subject of inquiry. Moderation, the basis of all temperance, is a word that is scarcely understood, and a virtue that is seldom practiced. The desire of accumulating is restrained by no bounds, and men seek to accumulate fortunes which it formerly took generations to amass. Much of the reading of the community consists of sickly novels or romances, that rouse the mind to the highest pitch of excitement, and create a morbid desire for other and stronger stimulants. The theater and the ball-room alike cater to a depraved taste, and help to hurry on the whirl of immoderate enjoyments.

This general spirit of our times is itself intemperance; nor is it difficult to trace the connection between it and intoxicating drinks. The mind is overtaxed, unduly distended, and hence there is a reaction. The period of excitement passes by, languor ensues, and the mind refuses to act without the intervention of some powerful stimulant. This is found in the intoxicating cup that which drives away the tedium of the hour, and seems to restore the mind to the elasticity of youth. During seasons of high-wrought political excitement, the aid of strong drinks is constantly invoked, as the mind can no longer sustain itself by its own energies. So too it is well known that gamblers can seldom arouse themselves to the necessary tension of mind without calling in the aid of ardent spirits.

There are some who are so endowed by nature with a vigorous constitution, that they can for a long period stand erect in the midst of surrounding excitement, without any abatement in the elasticity of their spirits; but this is not the case with the great mass of men; they have no hidden resources of their own by which to renew their wasted strength, and they feel constrained to call in foreign aid to enable them to regain their wonted animation. We say then that the danger of falling into the snare of intemperance in our day and land, is great indeed. It is but necessary that an individual yield himself to the spirit that prevails around him, to permit himself to be car-

ried around the vortex, and he may expect to find his head already reel and his mind grow dizzy even before he knows what fearful passions are next to be awakened. Soon the fatal appetite is excited, and it instinctively seeks for gratification where gratification is to be found. We sometimes speak of men as embodying the spirit of the times; but when we speak thus, we mean that they represent and embody the better tendencies of their age. There is however in every age, a dark and diabolical side, which of course must have its representative-men also. These are found among the ranks of those who have gone furthest in the course of sin and transgression. The grossest sinner is the truest to the evil tendencies at work in society, and the inebriate is therefore nothing less than the product of an intemperate age, and deserves most certainly our christian sympathies: he has been made, to a great extent what he is, by the general spirit of intemperance in which he lives and moves.

Lastly, let us consider the *remedy* for the evil discussed. Here many important and valuable reflections will naturally suggest themselves to an intelligent mind. Every one that considers the evil in all its magnitude, must see at once the importance of standing aloof from the deceiver. The precept, Touch not, taste not, handle not, is one that applies with full force to the case in hand, and is moreover entirely in harmony with the spirit and tenor of scripture. If even an individual has no reason to fear on his own account, it requires of him but a small sacrifice to enable him to show a good example to others around him, who are never out of danger from this sin. The christian spirit of our times would not permit a clergyman to touch what is now beginning to be considered more and more a contraband article. If he did, public opinion would rise up against him, and charge him with having shewn an improper example. But why should that be considered sinful in him, but allowable in others? Certainly if he be required to be an example to others in this respect, he may say to them with Paul: Be ye followers of us, as we are followers of Christ.

Let us, however, turn our attention to that remedy which reaches the seat of all diseases and effectually removes them, as we find it in the gospel of our common Lord and Saviour.

I. According to the word of God, the first step in the way of reformation in any case, is the knowledge of sin. No one is ever truly reformed who has not come to see his sins in their proper light, which, moreover, must be in the light of the divine word. Thus it must be with such as wish to escape from the

pollution of intemperance. We must learn to see and feel what it is, that it may excite within us horror, and so induce us to turn away from it as a thing to be hated and despised. As already said, the view we should take of it is, that it is an aggravated sin in the sight of God. It is not merely a calamity or a misfortune, nor a mere disease resulting from an individual's constitution or bodily temperament: it is an evil, not merely because it entails disease, poverty and distress upon its victims, but because it is a violation of the divine law. It is a descent from holy communion with God to the lowest degree of bestiality. Man was not made for such a destiny as this. He was not designed by his Maker to live the life of the animal that perishes. He was made in the image of God that he might live and enjoy him forever. Angels were to be his companions, and God himself his most intimate friend. It was not his sensual nature that was designed to rule over him, but spirit, and this was to keep sense and the world in subjection. His enjoyments were not to consist in the feverish delirium of the inebriate, but in rational and spiritual enjoyments, in chaste communion with everything that is pure and lovely and of good report. His life was not to be a blot on the fair page of creation, but a light of the world. His death was not to land him in the gloom of an eternal night, but to be his passage to life and immortality. His grave, instead of being the drunkard's grave, was to be his calm resting-place, until the archangel's trump should call him to a throne in the skies, and around his tomb was to linger the fragrance of a good name, of a well-earned fame, where christians should assemble to catch the inspiration of his good works, of his love, and of his heroic faith.

II. Next to a proper contemplation of the sin and misery of intemperance, the remedy consists in looking upwards, in an active belief in spiritual things. If our thoughts rise not above the sensual world, we must forever be its prisoners and slaves. We remain within an enchanted circle, from which there is no egress. It is otherwise with the man who places his affections upon things above at the right hand of God. He lives in a new world, in a world of freedom, with new objects of desire and new sources of enjoyments opened up to view. By faith he apprehends Christ, and he is himself apprehended of him at the same time. Thus he is raised above the power of his lusts, and with heaven in his heart already, he treads the world beneath his feet. Walk in the spirit, says Paul, and ye shall not fulfil the lusts of the flesh. Be ye not drunk with wine, wherein is excess, but be ye filled with the spirit. Let us walk honestly

as in the day, not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, nor in strife and envying. Nor thieves, nor *drunkards*, nor railers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God.

In the spirit of these words let us go forth and engage with one heart and soul in the active service of God, and make no provisions for the flesh to gratify the lusts thereof. And in reference to the sin of intemperance, let us resist it to the extent of our influence, and seek to mould a public opinion that shall banish it from our borders, as a foul blot upon the community, the nation and the world.

A SUMMER SHOWER.

The rain is o'er—How dense and bright
Yon pearly clouds reposing lie!
Cloud above cloud, a glorious sight,
Contrasting with the deep-blue sky!

In grateful silence earth receives
The general blessing; fresh and fair,
Each flower expands its little leaves,
As glad the common joy to share.

The soften'd sunbeams pour around
A fairy light, uncertain, pale;
The wind blows cool, the scented ground
Is breathing odors on the gale.

Mid yon rich cloud's voluptuous pile,
Methinks some spirit of the air
Might rest to gaze below awhile,
Then turn to bathe and revel there.

The sun breaks forth—from off the scene,
Its floating veil of mist is flung;
And all the wilderness of green
With trembling drops of light is hung.

Now gaze on nature—yet the same—
Glowing with life, by breezes fann'd,
Luxuriant, lovely, as she came,
Fresh in her youth, from God's own hand.

Hear the rich music of that voice,
Which sounds from all below, above;
She calls her children to rejoice,
And round them throws her arms of love.

Drink in her influence—low-born care,
And all the train of men desire,
Refuse to breathe this holy air,
And 'mid this living light expire.

ANDREWS NORTON.

DEPARTMENT AT CHURCH.

If you are under the disagreeable necessity of passing a person who is sitting or standing in a slip, present to him neither your back nor your breast, but your side ; the narrowness of the passage is scarcely an apology for a violation of this dictate of propriety. If a gentleman is seated in a slip, he should arise, open the door, and pass out, when a lady presents herself for admission, which she ought to do by simply touching the top of the door, without an effort to open it, or exhibiting any uneasiness ; for this would sometimes be interpreted as a rebuke for the tardiness of the occupant, who would perhaps at such a hint, stumble out to relieve her impatience, resentfully remain in his seat, and allow the comer to help herself to one. None but a lame or decrepid gentleman should suffer a lady to open the door of a slip and seat herself next to it, or to crowd past him to the other end of the seat.

Make as little noise as possible in opening and shutting the pew door. Enter and retire from a pew deliberately. Never place your hat in the aisle, if there is room for it in the pew.

Always be seated in your pew before the hour of worship. With a view to this, always be dressed an hour or two before the bell rings. Even put on your gloves before going into the street. The want of a few minutes just previous to church-time, occasions blunders and accidents which discompose the mind, and disturb Divine worship.

When you happen to be in your seat some time before service, abstain from bows, shaking hands, congratulating, talking, whispering, or gazing curiously or vacantly around the room, but sit quietly, and occupy your mind with subjects suitable to the place. A silent ejaculation should be offered as soon as you take your seat. If you are a gentleman, and a lady, or your superior, or a feeble person is standing in a crowded aisle, rise and offer such an one your seat.

When the hour for service arrives, give your entire attention to the introductory part of the worship. Do not accustom yourself to wriggling, or seeking an easy position the moment the service begins. If a person in your pew, or in one near you, has no book, offer him one of yours ; if it is a lady, the book should be presented open at the proper place. In summer, if a person near you has no fan, offer him yours. Turn over the leaves of your book, and return it to the book-rack without noise. When you assume the various postures the service requires, do it deliberately, without any rustling, starting, or flourishing.

THE WAISTS OF AMERICAN LADIES.

THE unnatural length and ridiculous smallness of their waists baffle description. A waist that could be spanned, is an English metaphorical expression used in a novel, but it is an American fact; and so alarming does it appear to an Englishman, that my first sentiment on viewing the phenomenon, was one of pity for unfortunate beings who might possibly break off in the middle, like flowers from the stalk, before the evening concluded. No less extraordinary is the size of the ladies' arms. I saw many which were scarce thicker than moderate-sized walking-sticks. Yet, strange to say, when these ladies pass the age of forty, they frequently attain an enormous size. The whole economy of their structure is then reversed, their wrists and arms becoming the thickest parts of the body. Here is a subject worthy the contemplation of the ethenologist. How comes it to pass that the English type—which I presume has not, in every case, been so affected by the admixture of those as to lose its own identity—how comes it to pass, I say, that the English type is so strangely altered in a few generations? I have heard various hypothesis: among others, the habits of the people—the dry climate. The effects of the latter on a European constitution would have appeared to me sufficient to account for the singular conformation, if I had not been persuaded by natives of the country, that the small waist is mainly owing to tight-lacing. This practice, it is said, is persevered in to an alarming extent; and if report be true, it is to be feared that the effects will be felt by future generations to a greater degree than they are at present.—*Dublin University Magazine.*

DIRGE FOR A YOUNG LADY.

Underneath the sod, low lying,
 Dark and drear,
 Sleepeth one who left, in dying,
 Sorrow here.
 Yes, they're ever bending o'er her,
 Eyes that weep;
 Forms that to the cold grave bore her,
 Vigils keep.
 When the summer moon is shining,
 Soft and fair,
 Friends she loved in tears are twining
 Chaplets there.
 Rest in peace, thou gentle spirit,
 Throned above;
 Souls like thine with God inherit
 Life and love!

JAMES T. FIELDS.

A NEW BOOK.

On the first day of June, LINDSAY & BLACKISTON issue a NEW BOOK,
entitled

THE HEAVENLY HOME:

OR,

THE EMPLOYMENTS AND ENJOYMENTS OF THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

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 1853! 

THE GUARDIAN,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE;
DEVOTED TO THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS OF
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

H. HARBAUGH, }
ELIAS HEINER, } AT { LANCASTER, Pa.
SAM'L H. REID, } { BALTIMORE, Md.
 } { PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

The Guardian is sacredly devoted to the highest interests of the Young, at that period of life which lies between youth and manhood. This is the most interesting and solemn period of human life. It includes the transition time, in which the young pass from the warm bosom of the family into the more active duties and responsibilities of life. Here the road of life forks many ways, and each opens with an inviting smile to the young traveller. Habits are now forming—character is shaping and maturing—and the young spirit is receiving that bias which generally determines its tendency for time and eternity. An education is now to be received or neglected—a trade or profession is to be chosen—new relations in life are to be formed. Such are some of the solemnities which crowd into this great transition period of life. At this period the Guardian hopes to be useful to the young.

We know of no periodical suited to the serious wants of this age. The light reading of its own identity—the hands of the young, by means of many of our city publications, turns its earnest realities into romance, and leaves blight, mortify is so strangely its fearful wake. The Guardian will discourage light reading. It will be the aim of the Editors to make it true, pure, fresh, healthy and animated, as the morning of life in which the young have their being. It will seek to encourage Self-culture among the young, and lead to the useful improvement of leisure time. It will urge the claims of early piety, and seek to aid in making it intelligent, consistent, and lovely. Having no denominational or party bias, the Guardian advocates no religious peculiarities, but moves in the free element of its motto—"LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE."

The January number will commence a series of articles—written expressly for the Guardian—exhibiting **A NEW AND INTERESTING FEATURE IN SACRED HISTORY**, showing how God reflects Divine truth from the lower orders of creation, and makes them the instructors of the higher. It will cover, when complete, the following subjects;

- I. THE BIRDS OF THE BIBLE. III. THE ANIMALS OF THE BIBLE.
II. THE FLOWERS OF THE BIBLE. IV. THE INSECTS OF THE BIBLE.

The Editors have each heavy pastoral charges, and consequently have no time to devote to the increase of their subscription list. They therefore respectfully make the following requests.

1. Will every Pastor, who receives this Prospectus, be so kind as to hand it to a member of his church who will get subscribers to the Guardian? If the one so acting does not ask the sixth copy for himself, (see terms,) it will be sent, gratis, to the Pastor. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the Pastor, gratis.

2. We respectfully ask Young Men to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

3. The largest lists we have yet received were from Young Ladies. We respectfully ask their help and favor. It is a mode of doing good which admirably suits their sphere. Please let us hear from you.

4. Some School Teachers have done kindly and well for the Guardian. May we not hope for their co-operation in a work which so well falls in with their own?

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THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. IV.

SEPTEMBER, 1853.

No. 9.

THE LITTLE FOOT.

My little boy, as gently on my breast,
From infant sport thou sink'st to rest,
And on my hand I feel thee put,
In playful dreams, thy little foot;
The thrilling touch sets every string
Of my full heart a quivering:
For ah! I think, what chart can show
The ways through which this foot may go.
Its print will be, in childhood's hours,
Traced in thy garden round the flowers;
But youth will bid it leap the rills—
Bathe in the dews of distant hills—
Roam o'er the vales and venture out
When riper years would pause and doubt;
Nor brave the pass, nor try the brink,
Where youth's unguarded foot may sink.
But what, when manhood tints thy cheek,
Will be the ways thy feet my seek?
Is it to lightly pace the deck?
To helpless slip from off the wreck?
Or wander o'er a foreign shore,
Returning to thy home no more,
Until the bosom now thy pillow,
Is low and cold beneath the willow.
Or is it for the battle plain?
Beside the slayer and the slain?
Till there its final rest be taken,
There sleep, thine eyes no more to waken?
Is it to glory or to shame
To sully or to gild thy name,
Is it to happiness or woe
This little foot is made to go.
But wheresoe'er its lines may fall,
Whether in a cottage or a hall,
Oh! may it ever shun the ground
Where'er His foot hath not been found,
Who on His path below hath shed
A living light, that all may tread
Upon His earthly steps, and none
E'er dash his foot against the stone.
Yet if thy way is marked by fate,
As guilty, dark and desolate—
If thou must float by vice and crime
A wreck upon the stream of time;
Oh! rather than behold that day,
I'd know this foot in lightsome play
Would bound with guiltless infant glee
Upon the clod that shelters me!

TAKING CARE OF THE FRAGMENTS.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

Will our young friends permit us to ask their serious attention to a few thoughts on Economy. We would be far from recommending a narrow and miserly spirit; this is not only sinful in the sight of God, but also mean in the sight of men. There is however another extreme, which is just as bad. We mean a careless squandering. It is a beautiful thing to be able to hit the golden middle-path between the miser and the spend-thrift.

The tendency, at present, we think, among the young, is not towards too much saving, but towards too much *spending*. How frequently do we see that young persons scatter the earnings and savings of their parents with a freedom and carelessness which shows that they neither consider their value, nor remember the labors and pains by which they were gathered. How common it is for heirs to fall into extravagances which eat up in a short time the gatherings of years. It came easy—not to them who earned it—but it came easy to the heirs, and it goes easy. How often, too, do we find that, true to the proverb, this kind of “wilful waste soon brings woful want.”

It is however, not only among those who inherit what they have that this extravagant spending prevails; but, as we think, also among young persons who have what they spend by hard labor. How lavishly, and how carelessly, do many young persons spend their hard earnings! I think I hear my young reader say, “have I not a right to spend what I earn myself?” Certainly you have. But if I can persuade you that it is an injury to you to do so, have I not done you a kindness? This I will endeavor to do.

Now look at facts. Take a young journeyman in any of our towns. He gets, we will say, to make it high enough, \$30 per month. Out of this he pays his boarding, say \$8 per month—which leaves \$22. Washing perhaps another \$1, which leaves \$21. Then comes clothing, say in an average \$5 per month—leaves \$16. Then allow for little necessary incidental expenses, for postage, paper, books, innocent social pleasure, traveling expenses to visit friends, loss of time, &c., \$6 per month, in an average, leaves \$10 per month, or \$120 per year clear saving. This any young man, in good health and of industrious habits, with economy, can save per year; and in so doing he need not be miserly or niggardly in his savings. This, now, in a few years, would secure him a handsome sum on which to begin bu-

business for himself, and it would be a sufficient sum for any one who has, by a good character, won the confidence of the community, to begin business with, without a single cent of inheritance from his parents.

But now let us take those \$10 per month clear gain, as it *may* be, and see how free spending will reduce it to nothing. Let that young man attend theaters, shows, circuses, just once a week in an average, and \$1 is gone in the month. Then let him go to an oyster-cellar or restaurant, three times a week, (and many do it every evening in our larger towns) and another \$3 is gone with the month. Then count the ice-creams, the lemonades or other drinks, which come, in many cases, once a day, and generally in company with one or more. Then count cigars, sweetmeats, and the hundred other penny-eaters which nibble at the careless young man's pocket every day of the week—add them all up, and the remainder of the \$10 is gone!

This is not a fancy calculation. The experience of hundreds will prove it to be a true calculation. Though it may vary in items, it is nevertheless the same in the result, which is this: The year finds the hard-working journeyman with empty pockets! Not one dollar saved for future use when the year's labor is past! All the result of free spending.

Now, is not this true? Hundreds will answer yes. Is it a wise course for a young man to take? Thousands will answer no! and especially such as foolishly squandered all their earnings, during the best period of their life.

Look for a moment at the consequences of such a course. These are precisely the years of his life in which he can best of all save something to give him a start in life. He is single, and has only himself to maintain, and does not, therefore, need all he earns. But these years pass away, and he has saved nothing. At length he takes a wife, with barely enough to meet the expenses connected with marriage. He now rents a house, procures on trust some needed articles; and soon finds that there are many little items of expense confronting him which he dreamed not of before. Besides this, he needs a small capital to begin business with, which he has not; and consequently begins in a crippled manner. He labors year after year—lives in a rented house—and if not in debt, still in a way which is called "from hand to mouth." After years of struggling, he finds himself surrounded with a dependant family, whose necessary wants he can barely satisfy. He did not start right, and consequently he never got right. He is as one who lost time in the morning, and consequently was behind hand all the day.

Again we say this is a true picture. It has been verified in the case of hundreds ; and judging from the increased extravagances of the times, it will be still more abundant in bitter fruits, among the generation of spendthrifts that are now candidates for a future of misery.

Now look at a picture the reverse of this which is equally a true one. A young man, during his young or single years, by avoiding the spendthrift's course, saves \$120 a year, or say \$100. He has \$500 in his possession when he takes a wife. Besides this, and what is of even more value to him, he has a good character for industry and economy. Every person is convinced from his past care and caution, that he is taking a wise and sure course. In this sum, and in the possession of this character, he has what is amply sufficient to give him an humble start in his business ; we say an *humble* start, for that is much better than a dash and a smash ! which two things generally go together.

The story is short. He has the cage. He catches the bird. He prospers in business ; and like a man who begins early in the morning, and begins right, he is up to his work all day.

If the young man who reads these thoughts, will consent to practice on the advice, we may both live to see the day when he will thank us heartily for this small chapter on "taking care of the fragments."

THE LEGEND OF THE CROSSBILL.

On the cross the dying Saviour
 Heavenward lifts his eyelids calm,
 Feels, but scarcely feels, a trembling
 In his pierced and bleeding palm.
 And by all the world forsaken,
 Sees how he with zealous care
 At the ruthless nail of iron
 A little bird is striving there.
 Stained with blood and never tiring,
 With its beak it doth not cease,
 From the cross 't would free the Saviour,
 Its Creator's Son's release.
 And the Saviour speaks in mildness:
 "Blest be thou of all the good !
 Bear, as token of this moment,
 Marks of blood and holy rood !"
 And that bird is called the crossbill ;
 Covered all with blood so clear,
 In the groves of pine it singeth
 Songs, like legends, strange to hear.


Translated from the German by Rev. B. Bausman.

DEFECTS IN THE EDUCATION OF DAUGHTERS.

THE BRIDE.

BY DR. FREDERICK JOACHIM GUENTHER.

You are perfectly correct, my honored friend! You have reached a point of view, where I have eagerly desired to see you. You ask what it may profit that we first discuss and agree concerning the aim and end of woman, whilst properly speaking no person can pre-determine such an end for herself.

You seem to think we need apprehend no danger with your  from this source. You assign as a reason, that there are few women who, in their education, have such a definite end in view, and are in constant alarm, who would still suffer any serious injury, even if the end were false.

You then plainly tell me the course you are accustomed to pursue in your own family; namely, that you admonish and educate them in every thing that is good, punish and guard them against evil, that you instruct and have them instructed in all useful knowledge, whether it be designed for the use of the wife or the mother, without any special reference to either. You moreover state that in this respect you feel perfectly easy about the future destiny of your daughters, fully aware that this is entirely under the control and direction of divine Providence.

I think you are perfectly correct. I wish that all mothers would act so wisely, educate their daughters after the same manner that they had been educated, only endeavoring to guard them against those errors and defects which their own experience has taught them to detect. In other words, it would be well if all mothers had a good training and would educate their daughters after their own model, only endeavoring to make them more perfect.

But in my first letter I simply intended to direct your attention to the difficulties involved in searching after the leading aim and end of woman; not only to convince you that the views hitherto held on the subject, are not satisfactory, and must prove fruitless in actual practice. I am happy to see that you apprehend the object I have in view, which is partly by incidental remarks to enlarge, correct and alter many of the views you have thus far advanced, and partly to present a new view respecting the true aim and end of woman.

But, however much we may differ on some other points, I little suspected to be charged with holding views that are vision-

ary and impracticable. You say that although my position seemingly is practical and adapted to be carried into fruitful effect, that in the main I still bear a striking resemblance to those writers whose thoughts and principles are too fanciful and unreal to be of any practical utility for mothers, and most of all, that my leading idea is visionary. I say I was not prepared for such a reproof, since I have hitherto simply repelled and refuted some general thoughts, which certainly would not justify your accusation. Since this is the case we must both contend with the same weapons.

Shall I frankly tell you what I believe? You seem to be indignant and alarmed about the concluding part of my letter, because I attempted to discover your sentiments. I am convinced of this, and had I succeeded, you would scarcely have owned them as yours. But you are especially displeased with me, because you suspect me of entertaining a view with reference to the aim and end of woman, that is far more useless and pernicious in its consequences than those already alluded to, which at least have some bearing upon the general interests of practical life.

I will therefore pursue a course differently from what I had originally intended. I will commence the subject with the most common, simple features of real life; consider different classes of society; give a brief description of the prevailing method of education as I have observed it; and draw a few practical conclusions to prove my position relative to the independent aim and end of woman. Bear with me a little, in the end I hope to conciliate you again.

In the case of a young man, for instance, we have not the least doubt about the purpose and end of his life. Here the above named difficulties do not exist. If there is any thing of vital importance in the education of young men, it is so entirely social and universal that we are disposed to think the highest ends of our race primarily depend upon the sterner sex. The gentler sex are supposed to have a very limited influence upon these ends, and withal that they derive this influence not so much from their essential social position as from the merciful favor of the more important factor of the race. With a view of rectifying this error, the theory has been started that the chief end of woman is to become a wife or a mother. But why can we not in like manner say that the chief end of young men is to become husbands or fathers, and why do we never find that parents educate their sons with a view to this end. This is very singular. It really seems as though men thought it unnecessary

and impossible to educate young men for husbands or fathers. It is supposed that young men cannot be educated for husbands or fathers, but that this relation is determined by their nature and constitution. This is perfectly correct, and therefore the more surprising that we should deny the same thing to woman. Why not admit that the power of reaching the aim and end of her life is also derived from the constitution of her nature?

Such writers, in my opinion, have paid a poor compliment to woman. The cause, however, is doubtless owing to the difficulty of apprehending the difference between the nature and constitution of the sexes. I will say more of this hereafter. The education of young men first claims our attention.

Let us take a lad from one of the lower classes of society. After he has attended school until the time for his confirmation, parental culture ceases. The youth is old enough to serve an apprenticeship. He is bound over to a mechanic, or he learns the trade of his father, or he spends his life in some humbler occupation. Or perhaps the father consults with him as to what trade he wishes to learn. In certain instances perhaps he has his own choice. He chooses according to his taste, which depends upon the horizon of his past history. Among the higher classes of society the disposition and inclination of the youth usually becomes stronger and more decided. He remains longer at school, grows riper in his views, more fixed and firm in his taste, and consequently the more independent in his choice. Among all classes of society, the choice of a trade or occupation depends upon accidental or essential family relations. In every instance, however, the lad or the youth is set apart for some future calling, that he may be engaged in a real active sphere, whether it be for a mechanic, for one of the arts or sciences, for a civil office, or for an humbler employment. When he has made a choice of the business to which he wishes to devote himself, he still continues to receive instruction, but with special reference to his calling.

But how is it in this respect with daughters? Can we prescribe such a calling to them? They have no chance to be educated for any particular calling. They are doomed to perpetual dependence. Their calling, and their only calling, is to become the companions of their lovers—aye, now we again recur to our old and seemingly exploded view—she is destined to become a wife or a mother! I deny this. If the present number of young ladies would be multiplied in a tenfold degree, and every one of them would marry, I would never admit that this was the end or calling of their life, or the standard by which to

regulate her education, simply because this choic is not within their control, but entirely directed by an overruling Providence.

Look at the lower classes! When a daughter has received but a very common education—and in many cases even this is deemed unimportant—that is, if she can read, write and cipher, and knows enough of christianity to live virtuously and die happy, she will either remain at home, to assist her mother, if circumstances permit, or labor abroad for her living, and in this way enters upon her calling. She may continue in this sphere during life, remain unmarried, serve for wages, without ever commencing a family of her own. Or perhaps she may be chosen by some young man, whom she marries and to whose happiness she devotes herself with fond obedience. Still she continues in her previous employment, only in a more extended and independent way, in which she is her own mistress. Now what have such persons regard to in the education of their daughters? Their main object doubtless is that their daughters may become pious, faithful, honest, industrious and skillful; that they may learn to perform the ordinary duties of domestic life so soon as possible, upon which they depend for their subsistence. Not every young lady is fit to be received into a family. Certain qualifications are necessary. Besides many other requisites, she is expected very soon to accommodate herself to the new relations into which she may enter, &c. Wise and prudent parents will therefore educate their child in such a manner as to make her willing and able to labor and be useful in any sphere in which she may be called to move, that she may possess all those qualities which will enable her the more readily to make a choice for the future.

These qualifications, which at present I cannot enumerate and discuss at length, are at the same time calculated to commend the young lady to her future husband. If her attainments will satisfy those whom she serves, they will also satisfy her future husband, unless she lacks those qualities which would render her an agreeable companion to him. That she may possess these, or to express myself more clearly, that she may not happen to meet with a lover of a contrary temperament and disposition, but become acquainted precisely with *that* young man, who admires every feature of her character, whose heart is tenderly alive to the soft and touching responses of her undivided affections; I say, all this depends upon the direction of a merciful Providence. To say—I refer to this by the way—that beauty and symmetry of form are all that is necessary to commend a young lady for a suitable companion, is not only contrary to

daily experience, but contrary to the divinely constituted order of our social nature. In short, we may say that a young lady of the lower classes has been well educated, when she is willing to be employed for a useful end, and when she possesses those traits of character which will lead her to be chosen for such an end, and if Providence then so designs, she may become the wife of some worthy young man.

Follow me, my honored friend, to a higher social position. A wealthy mechanic has a daughter, who is diligently sent to school. She learns sewing, drawing, embroidery, and every thing else that is taught there. She is confirmed, leaves the school, and now has the choice between two different spheres of employment. She may either remain at home and assist her mother in her work, or she may devote herself to some other calling among the higher ranks of society. She may enter upon a more refined employment, on account of her superior education. She possesses those rarer and more refined traits of character, which always command the respect, and very often the affections of young men of true worth. In this case her future calling is the same as that of the young lady of an humbler social rank, only with this difference, that her superior education may secure for her an admirer from a higher class of society.

But let us suppose that the daughter of the wealthy mechanic remains at home. She assists her mother out of pure love and filial devotion. What education commenced in the former case, the mother continues to perform here—to cultivate and ennoble her affections and the general features of character, that is, to complete her education. And for what purpose? Evidently that she may gradually become prepared for the duties which the family imposes, that she may advance in the cultivation and ennobling of all her powers, and finally become prepared for the blissful society of heaven.

But more of this hereafter. At present we will simply speak of actual life in its outward form. This daughter remains at home. If it is the will of Providence, and she possesses those traits of character which combine to make her attractive, she will be led to the altar. She enters upon her duties as a wife, and in a more independent form, continues to labor for and superintend the domestic interests of the family.

But how is it if no one will choose her as his bride? How will it then fare with those lovely qualities, which invest her with such charming attraction; those special advantages of rank, wealth, unassumed gracefulness and glowing natural

beauty? Is all this inimitable excellence but an unreal shadow, of no farther use either to God or man? Have all parental efforts proven fruitless? By no means. The daughter will remain with her parents so long as they live. After their death she will either devote herself to the service of others, or secure a living by sewing, drawing, &c., or perhaps she has a fortune at command, and may pursue any temporal employment her pleasure may dictate. The excellencies of her character are a permanent, imperishable fund. Wherever she may live and labor, she possesses and exhibits those charming traits—a necessary treasure, indispensable for her present and eternal salvation. For, a want of these would bring her into unutterable misery.

Let us ascend the scale of social rank still farther. I will select a definite and real example. The daughters of your pastor are very amiable and attractive young ladies. Take for example the oldest one, Augustina, I believe is her name. She lived with her parents from early infancy. She received a great deal of schooling, acquired much useful knowledge, was afterwards confirmed by her father, since then she has remained three years with her parents, until she has reached the age of seventeen. Her education seems to be completed, but in reality is not. The highest and most important end is wanting; an end which is the common central object of all education, upon which, so far as the parents are concerned, depends the perpetuation of all the social relations; nay, more, an end for which God himself educates. This end is entirely wanting in her character and training; it is as far removed from her as the probability or possibility of her dying hour. What is this end? Alas, she is still in a state of virginity. She has not been married. Can it be possible that the husband is the chief end in view? She possesses all the lovely attractions which would make her an agreeable companion to a worthy young man of corresponding sympathies and affections. Can it be possible that notwithstanding all these, Augustina and her parents have still mistaken the true aim and end of education, and that she must remain miserable and unhappy, simply because she remains unmarried? She might perhaps be unhappy in a temporal point of view, if her mother had not trained her to superintend and have care over the affairs of the family; and if she did not find a source of pleasure and perfection in the very act of cultivating these domestic virtues.

But she can never become spiritually unhappy if she has really acquired the above-named virtues. For her religious

nature must also be educated to prepare her for the end which Providence may have in view for her.

Let us adduce but one more example from the independent classes of society. The daughter of a well known Earl has all the mental qualities which fit her for a choice, I mean to be chosen for a wife. But suppose she has no desire to marry, or no one will propose to marry her. She need have no care. She is neither dependant upon a choice or a proposal. She has the means to live independent; she may devote herself to some temporal calling, whatever that may be, and in this way labor to promote the perfection of her nature.

But she has also an immortal nature destined for the life and light of heaven. She is to live for Eternity, rather than for time. And now, my honored friend, what think you is the ultimate end of all this improving and cultivating of the immortal part of her nature? Surely none other but that the Lord Jesus Christ, the faithful shepherd of the ransomed flock, may on the great day of final reckoning, find her among the redeemed, amid the countless throng of an assembled universe, and assign her a place at his right hand as an heir of heaven. This, too, is an election; and, next to the grace of God, those virtues in which she excelled, mainly condition and determine this choice.

I have now reached the end of my argument, and trust that you are sufficiently prepared, without much surprise, to receive my views with reference to the aim and end of all true female education. And what think you is that? Woman is destined, the young lady must be educated, for a BRIDE.

THE EVENING STAR.

Lo! in the painted oriel of the West,
Whose panes the sunken sun incarnadines,
Like a fair lady at her casement, shines
The evening star, the star of love and rest!
And then anon she doth herself divest
Of all her radiant garments, and reclines
Behind the sombre screen of yonder pines,
With slumber and soft dreams of love oppressed.
O my beloved, my sweet Hesperus!
My morning and my evening star of love!
My best and gentlest lady! even thus,
As that fair planet in the sky above,
Dost thou retire unto thy rest at night,
And from thy darkened window fades the light.

LONGFELLOW.

MY SISTERS.

BY AMELIA WELBY.

Like flowers that softly bloom together,
Upon one fair and fragile stem,
Mingling their sweets in sunny weather,
Ere strange, rude hands have parted them,
So were we linked unto each other,
Sweet sisters, in our childish hours,
For then our fond and gentle mother
To us was like the stem to flowers.

She was the golden thread that bound us
In one bright chain together here,
Till Death unloosed the chord around us,
And we were severed far and near.
The flowret's stem, when broke or shattered,
Must cast its blossoms to the wind,
Yet round the buds, though widely scattered,
The same soft perfume still we find.

And thus, although the tie is broken
That linked us round our mother's knee,
The memory of the words we've spoken,
When we were children light and free,
Will, like the perfume of each blossom,
Live in our hearts where'er we roam,
As when we slept on one fond bosom,
And dwelt within one happy home.

I know that changes have come o'er us;
Sweet sisters, we are not the same,
For different paths now lie before us,
And all three have a different name;
And yet, if sorrow's dimming fingers
Have shadowed o'er each youthful brow,
So much of light around them lingers
I cannot trace those shadows now.

Ye both have those who love ye only,
Whose dearest hopes are round ye thrown,
While like a stream that wanders lonely,
Am I, the youngest, wildest one.
My heart is like the wind that beareth
Sweets scents upon its unseen wing—
The wind that for no creature careth,
Yet stealeth sweets from every thing.

It hath rich thoughts forever leaping
Up, like the waves of flashing seas,
That with their music still are keeping
Soft time with every fitful breeze.
Each leaf that in the bright air quivers,
The sounds from hidden solitudes,
And the deep flow of far-off rivers,
And the loud rush of many floods.

All these, and more, stir in my bosom
Feelings that make my spirit glad
Like dew drops shaken in a blossom;
And yet there is a something sad.

Mixed with those thoughts, like clouds that hover
Above us in the quiet air,
Veiling the moon's pale beauty over
Like a dark spirit brooding there.

But sisters, these wild thoughts were never
Yours, for ye would not love like me
To gaze upon the stars forever—
To hear the wind's wild melody;
Ye'd rather look on smiling faces,
And linger round a cheerful hearth,
Than mark the stars' bright hiding places,
As they peep out upon the earth.

But, sisters, as the stars of even
Shrink from Day's golden, flashing eye,
And, melting in the depths of Heaven,
Veil their soft beams within the sky;
So shall ye pass, the joyous-hearted,
The fond, the young, like stars that wane,
Till every link of earth be parted,
To form in Heaven one mystic chain.

IMPORTANCE OF A WELL TRAINED MIND.

One of the great distinguishing characteristics of man, consists in the intellectual faculties with which he has been endowed, and the union of which constitutes mind. It is this which makes him the noblest work of God, and lord of creation; it is this which constitutes him an intelligent and a responsible being; it is this which, when God said, "Let us make man in our image," constitutes that image, as he was gifted with intelligence and moral freedom. But by a willful act of disobedience these powers of mind have become deranged; and in this deplorable condition, the antagonistic principles which are at war in the world of mind, and which produce such misery, wretchedness and distress among mankind, it should be the noble aim and aspirations of all to correct.

Reason has been hurled from the throne of Justice, whilst malice, envy and prejudice have taken its seat, and sway the sceptre of universal tyranny and oppression. The *will* has been taken captive and brought under subjection to all the detestable passions which render the human family miserable. Instead of making the subject a law unto himself, he now yields himself a willing vassal to all the vices to which human nature is heir. Notwithstanding this, there is still a principle within the human breast which strives to extricate itself from the mass of corruption in which it is involved, and to insist in imparting happiness unto others.

In order that this may be realized, it is indispensably neces-

sary that all the powers of the mind be thoroughly and correctly trained. The blessings which will accrue from such a mind, will be invaluable to the melioration of society ; and its influence will be felt till heaven shall be rolled together as a great scroll, and the elements melt with fervent heat.

The nearest approximation we can make to, and the clearest view we can obtain of, the importance of a well-trained mind, is when we view the different spheres and occupations in which man is called to move and act. Time and space will not permit us to enter into detail of all these, but let a cursory view of the leading and most important stations of life suffice.

The first which we shall introduce is the Lawyer, to whom the balances of justice are committed, that the law should be preserved as a corrective against all the encroachments which should be made upon it. To the despiser and the violator of law, the law demands reparation in his punishment, and that justice be meted out to the wronged. In the hands of the lawyer is placed that which is most sacred to men's earthly existence as a body politic, and their peace, prosperity and happiness, as individuals. Often is he called on to adjust difficulties which spring up and exist in the daily intercourse of life.

But men blinded by interest and passion, will diverge more and more from right and justice, instead of approaching an amicable adjustment, until little affairs become magnified and result in serious consequences. How important then, that the lawyer, who is generally called in as a third party, have his mind so trained as to be unbiased in all his counsels, and award the parties their just due. Let the lawyer lose sight of the noble principles of truth, integrity and honor, and no matter how much knowledge he possesses and intellectual training he has had, he engulphs himself in the whirlpool of dishonor, deceives, injures and wrongs those who committed their sacred rights to his disposal. Let him lose sight of these noble principles, which should adorn his character, and he becomes utterly unfit and unworthy to guide the destiny of the masses, and the settling of the difficulties among men.

It is the lawyer with his store of knowledge of men and of things, which make him the radiating point of intellectual light ; and his daily intercourse influences and shapes the opinions and conduct of society. Hence it is that he is often called into the political arena of life, being more acquainted with the masses and the interests of the community, and his education and business give him a more thorough knowledge of public affairs.

clergyman's influence above all other professions. He drinks deep of the fountain which contains the waters of life, and thus becomes an outlet of that fountain to irrigate the heart of man, and infuse into it a principle of life, which shall make it fruitful in the production of peace and happiness. Here is where heathen priests and priests of false religious fail to raise their people above their animal nature, and infuse into them principles of virtue.

The many thousands of discourses, embracing almost every topic of morals, proclaimed every week from the sacred desk, implant in the heart of man aspirations after freedom from its evil possessions, and resolutions to elevate himself above his animal nature. There is not a feature or a look in the character of his Saviour which he reflects in his own, but what will tell in his own weekly ministrations, and add power to the truths brought forth and conveyed to the conscience and the heart. With the truth of the language of the Apostle Paul, entering into his very being, "For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh," and this truth working in him both to will and to do of God's pleasure he proves a blessing to his day and generation by causing iniquity to hide its face in shame.

These are the professions on which society is based, and through which peace and happiness must flow and elevate the morals of society. Remove either of them, or disconnect them from a thorough training of the mind and heart, and you at once open all the flood-gates of vice, misery and distress, to which human nature is heir. It is necessary that the inscription upon the temple of Apollo "Know Thyself," be truly the consciousness of every individual, both as regards a knowledge of his relation to God and man; and especially should it be of the professions on which society is based. Seek, reader, to know and understand the true meaning of your own existence, and let every effort made in the cultivation of your mind be of great importance to the welfare of the human race. Let the inscription, "Know Thyself," be the combined effort of your mind, and the influence that will be exerted by it, will be sensibly felt through all time to come in the melioration of society; and will be a source of happiness, comfort and pleasure to your own individual existence.

J. H.

THERE is a deal more truth than poetry in the following verse :

Young ladies, rising with the dawn,
Steal the roses from the morn;
But when young ladies sleep till ten,
Aurora steals them back again.

THE MARRIAGE VOW.

"Look now they come—a mingled crowd,
Of bright and dark, but rapid days:
Beneath them, like a summer cloud,
The wide world changes as ye gaze."—BRYANT.

Speak it not lightly!—'tis a holy thing,
A bond enduring through long distant years,
When joy o'er thine abode is hovering,
Or when thine eye is wet with bitterest tears,
Recorded by an angel's pen on high,
And must be questioned in eternity!

Speak it not lightly!—though the young and gay
Are thronging round thee now, with tones of mirth
Let not the holy promise of to-day
Fade like the clouds that with the morn had birth;
But ever bright and sacred may it be,
Stored in the treasure-cell of memory.

Life will not prove a sunshine : there will come
Dark hours for all : Oh, will ye, when the night
Of sorrow gathers quickly round your home,
Love as ye did in times when calm and bright
Seemed the sure path ye trod, untouched by care,
And in the future like the present, fair?

Eyes that beam with health may yet grow dim,
And cheeks of rose forget their early glow;
Languor and pain assail each active limb,
And lay, perchance, some worshipped beauty low;
Then, when ye gaze upon the altered brow,
And love as fondly, faithfully as now?

Should fortune frown on your defenseless head,
Should storms o'ertake your bark on life's dark sea,
Fierce tempests rend the sails so gaily spread,
When hope her syren strains sang joyously;
Will ye look up, though clouds your sky o'ercast
And say, "together will we bide the blast."

Age with its silvery locks comes stealing on,
And brings the tottering step, the furrowed cheek,
The eye from whence each lustrous gleam hath gone,
And pale lip, with accents low and weak;
Will ye then think upon your life's gay prime,
And smiling, bid love triumph over time?

Speak it not lightly!—oh! beware, beware—
'Tis no vain promise, no unmeaning word;
Lo!—men and angels lisp the faith ye swear,
And by the high and holy One 'tis heard;
Oh! then kneel humbly at his altar now,
And pray for strength to keep your marriage vow.

SIN.

Man-like is it to fall into sin,
Fiend-like is it to dwell therein,
Christ-like is it for sin to grieve,
God-like is it all sin to leave.

THE BIRDS OF THE BIBLE.

THE CRANE.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

This Bird of the Bible is tall, slender, and has a long neck and long legs. It is said to measure about three feet from its bill to the end of its tail, about four feet from its head to its toe. It has considerable resemblance to the Stork, both in size and figure. Its plumage is ash color; and it has two large tufts of feathers that spring from the pinions of each wing; these together help to form a somewhat bushy tail, the feathers very much resembling hair, and finely curled at the end. These feathers the bird has the power of erecting or depressing at pleasure; it was formerly custom to set them in gold, and to wear them as ornaments in caps and bonnets.

This Bird was known early by all the ancients, and it is still common in the East. "When Dr. Chandler was in Asia, about the end of August, he saw cranes flying in vast caravans, passing high in the air, from Thrace, as he supposed, on their way to Egypt. In the end of March he saw them in Lesser Asia, busily engaged in picking up reptiles, or building their nests."

The ancient writers speak much of the crane. "In describing it," says Goldsmith, "they have not failed to mix imagination with history. From the policy of the crane, they say, we are to look for an idea of the most perfect republic amongst ourselves; from their tenderness to their decrepid parents, which they take care to nourish, to cherish, and to support when flying, we are to learn lessons of filial piety; but in particular from their conduct in fighting with the pigmies of Ethiopia, we are to receive our maxims in the art of war. In early times, the history of Nature fell to the lot of Poets only, and certainly none could describe it so well; but it is a part of their province to embellish also; and when this agreeable science was claimed by a more sober class of people, they were obliged to take the accounts of things as they found them; and in the present instance, fable ran down blended with truth to posterity. In these accounts, therefore, there is some foundation of truth; yet much more has been added by fancy. The crane is certainly a very social bird, and they are seldom alone. Their usual method of flying or sitting, is in flocks of fifty or sixty together; and while a part feed, the rest stand like sentinels upon duty. The fable of their supporting their aged parents, may have arisen from their strict connubial affection; and as

for their fighting with the pigmies, it may not be improbable that they have boldly withstood the invasions of monkeys coming to rob their nests."

The crane gathers much of its food along waters, such as fish, earth-worms, snails, lizards, and various kinds of reptiles. For this purpose Providence has furnished them with long legs to wade, and long bills to fish in shallow waters. It is said, however, that corn is its favorite food. They are thus in some countries hard customers to the husbandman. In the inland parts of the continent of Europe, at the close of Autumn, they cross the country in flocks of sixty to one hundred, on their way from northern regions towards the south, and when a corn-field lies in their way they sometimes descend upon it in the night, "and the husbandman who lies down in joyful expectation, rises in the morning to see his fields entirely laid waste, by an enemy, whose march is too swift for his vengeance to overtake."

The flesh of the crane, though now not prized, was much sought after and highly relished at the tables of the ancients. Plutarch tells us that, in his day, cranes were blinded and kept in coops, where they were fattened, not only for the tables of the nobles in Greece, but also for the feasts of the great at Rome.

"In general it is a peaceful bird, both in its own society, and with respect to those of the forest. Though so large in appearance, a little falcon pursues, and often disables it. The method is, with those who are fond of hawking, to fly several hawks together against it; which the crane endeavors to avoid by flying up perpendicularly, till the air becomes too thin to support it any higher. The hawk, however, still bears it company; and though less fitted for floating in so thin a medium, yet, possessed of greater rapidity, it still gains the ascendancy. They both often rise out of sight; but soon the spectator, who keeps his eye fixed above, perceives them, like two specks, beginning to appear: they gather on his eye for a little space, and shortly after come tumbling perpendicularly together, with great animosity, on the side of the hawk, and a loud screaming on that of the crane. Thus driven to extremity, and unable to fly, the poor animal throws itself upon its back, and, in that situation, makes a most desperate defense, till the sportsman coming up, generally puts an end to the contest with its life. It was once the barbarous custom to breed up cranes to be thus baited; and young ones were taken from the nest, to be trained up for this cruel diversion."

In flying they soar often at an enormous height; their notes

being the loudest of all the birds, are often heard in the clouds when the bird itself is too high up to be seen. In these ærial regions they direct their flight together by their cries, exhorting each other either to proceed or to descend. Though themselves unseen from earth, they have a distinct sight of what lies beneath, and when hungry, a cornfield will soon draw them into sight from out the azure sky.

"Their voice, it was observed, is the loudest of all the feathered tribe; and its peculiar clangor arises from the very extraordinary length and contortion of the windpipe. In quadrupeds the windpipe is short, and the glottis, or cartilages that form the voice, are at that end of it which is next the mouth; in waterfowl, the windpipe is longer, but the cartilages that form the voice are at the other end, which lies down in their belly. By this means they have much louder voices, in proportion to their size, than any other animals whatever; for the note when formed below, is reverberated through all the rings of the windpipe, till it reaches the air. But the voice of the duck or goose is nothing to be compared to that of the crane, whose windpipe is not only made in the same manner with theirs, but is above twenty times as long. Nature seems to have bestowed much pains in lengthening out this organ. From the outside it enters through the flesh into the breast-bone, which has a great cavity within to receive it. There, being thice reflected, it goes out again at the same hole, and so turns down to the lungs, and thus enters the body a second time. The loud clangorous sound which the bird is thus enabled to produce is, when near, almost deafening; however, it is particularly serviceable to the animal itself, either during its migrations or its stay; by it the flock is encouraged in their journeys; and if, while they are feeding, which is usually performed in profound silence, they are invaded on any side, the bird that first perceives the danger, is sure to sound the alarm, and all are speedily upon the wing."

It is to the peculiarly loud, harsh scream of the crane, that the prophet refers in Is. 38: 14. "Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter." The language is elliptical. Taken literally it would indicate that the crane also chatters like the swallow, which is not the case. "The elipsis," says Paxton, "may be supplied in this manner, 'As a crane, so did I scream; as a swallow, so did I chatter.' Such a supplement is not, in this instance, forced and unnatural; for it is evidently the design of Hezekiah to say, that he expressed his grief after the manner of these two birds, and therefore suitably to each; and he uses the verb which properly corresponds only with the last

noun, to indicate this design, leaving the reader to supply the verb which corresponds with the other. It is also perfectly agreeable to the manners of the East, where sorrow is expressed sometimes in a low, interrupted voice, and anon in loud continued exclamations. The afflicted monarch, therefore, expressed his extreme grief after the manner of the Orientals, in loud screams like the crane, or in low interrupted murmurings like the swallow." We find, too, that when grief takes the form of horror, there is a disposition to express it by chattering; and when it is poignant, it finds naturally its expression in a harsh, shrill scream!

One of the most interesting features in the habits of the crane is its migratory propensities. This bird is not a permanent inhabitant any place, or in any climate, but a sojourner in all. "He changes place like a wanderer. He spends the Autumn in Europe; he then flies off, probably to some more southern climate, to enjoy part of the winter; returns to Europe in the spring; crosses up to the north in the summer; visits those lakes that are never dry; and then comes down again to make depredations upon cultivated ground, in autumn."

The migrations of the crane indicate very correctly certain changes in the atmosphere and in the seasons; and on this account their movements were very closely watched by the ancients. A traveler says that in Lesser Asia the return of the crane and the beginning of the bees to work, are considered as a sure sign that the winter is past. When these birds disappeared it was a sure sign that the winter was at the door, and the mariner laid his frail bark snug to shore, and ventured no more out into open seas.

All this the ancients noted. "Stillingfleet has given a quotation from Aristophanes, which is quite appropriate here. The crane points out the time for sowing, when she flieth with her warning notes to Egypt. She bids the sailor hang up his rudder and take his rest, and every prudent man to provide himself with winter garments. On the other hand, the flight of these birds towards the north, proclaimed the approval of spring." They were in a certain sense the prophets of the seasons; their early arrival indicated plenty, their late return foretold scarce times.

These habits in this bird, with these remarks on them, will illustrate that affecting passage in Jer. 8: 7. "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle, and the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming; but my people know the judgment of the Lord." This is

a most cutting reproof. These birds of passage know by instinct when to move away from danger and want, to where safety and plenty are found ; but my people, to whom I have given reason, my prophets, and my word, to direct them, will not be instructed. The crane, which knoweth her time, puts them to shame. The crane can teach them wisdom !

THE BRIGHT LAND—THE GATE, AND THE WAY.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

"We went into the graveyard. I had Wilsie on my arm when I stood at the graves of our dear Babes, and when he saw me weeping, he put his arms round my neck, and his face close to mine, as if he would comfort me."

From a private Letter.

I.

We are told that there lies a bright world beyond this,
Hid now from our sight.
That it bathes in the soft mellow beamings of bliss,
And knows of no night!
'Tis the land of the sainted—the Home of the Blest,
Where the sinful are holy, and weary ones rest.

II.

Through the Valley of Death lies the wonderful way,
Which leads to that Land ;
And Jesus Himself guides the pilgrims, they say,
With affectionate hand.
They pass through the valley, and reach the blest plain,
Where they dwell with the Angels and weep not again !

III.

The gate of that valley, which leads to those climes,
They say, is the Tomb ;
A spot in the church-yard, that opens at times,
To take pilgrims home !
The flowers that bloom there—the willows that wave,
Make hopeful and peaceful this gate of the grave.

IV.

I strayed to this spot ; for my own infant band,
So early—so blest,
Found the gate that leads on to that beautiful land
Of holiest rest !
I saw where they entered !—for a few vernal showers
Had not covered the gate with the grass and the flowers !

V.

They are gone !—And I wept—but the tear-drops that fell
For those gone to rest !
Caused the heart of my dear little "Wilsie" to swell,
As he leaned on my breast.
He fondly embraced me, and his eyes seemed to say,
"Oh Mother they are blest who pass off by this way !"

INDIVIDUAL RESPONSIBILITY.

A CHAPTER ON FACT AND FICTION.

BY J. M. WILLIS GEIST.

"We spend our years as a *tale* that is told."--PSALM 90 : 9.

If young women took half the pains to adorn their minds that they do to decorate their persons, our task on this occasion would be a work of supererogation. If fathers and mothers were what they ought to be, so many sons and daughters would not be what they are. All rules have exceptions, but we find as a general thing that the mind, or at least the character, of the child is the reflex image of the parent. If the latter is fond of reading good books, the former will be early inspired with a taste for profitable reading.

We are imitative beings, and do a great many things not because we think they are right, but because we see others whom we love and respect doing so.

We are responsible beings. Every one of us, no matter how humble our position in the social scale, becomes in some degree the guardian of another. There is no human being who does not exert more or less influence. Herein lies our responsibility. If we do that which is just and right, those over whom our example may exert an influence will be benefitted. If we do evil, they will be injured by our influence. This is a plain principle which calls for no logical effort in its elucidation.

The responsibility of persons differ in nature as well as in degree. Thus the statesman is, in one sense, responsible for the character of his constituents. Bad rulers make a bad people, as a corrupt people create corrupt rulers. The minister of the gospel is responsible for the souls of his flock. [Ezekiel 3: 17. 33: 7, &c.] If he leads a soul astray by the influence of a loose example, God will hold him responsible for that soul as well as for his own. Thus, if a minister takes a social glass of wine, and a young man is induced by the high example to drink of the same cup, and through that first cup he is led on to drunkenness and ruin, the offence will be laid at the door of him who is obligated by the example of the great Apostle to abstain from everything which may cause his weaker brother to offend. [Romans 14: 15. 1 Cor. 8: 9—13.] In this case ignorance cannot be pleaded in excuse, for God has not only declared that "wine is a mocker, and strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise;" but he has also pronounced an unqualified "Wo unto him that giveth his neighbor strong drink, who putteth the bottle to him and makes him drunken also."

[Hab. 2: 15.] That preacher sees the dreadful evil of intemperance all around, maelstromming the souls and bodies of men daily, destroying them for time and eternity, and he knows that all this train of unsightly misery entered and took possession of the soul through the subtlety of "the first glass," which was taken under the influence of his example, or the example of others perhaps equally respectable.

And the same rule of responsibility applies to men of every occupation and position in society. Society, like corporations, is destitute of a soul. As a whole, it cannot be held accountable for its offences. The responsibility lies with each individual member of the social compact. God calculates man's accountability by personal units, not by communal sums total; and we, as reformers or christians, must hold individuals responsible for evils of their own creation. Moral accountability, like charity, *begins at home*—in our own hearts—but *it must not end there*.

There are few classes of men who incur a greater amount of moral responsibility than EDITORS. Although the great JUDGE declares that "every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment," we find that many who profess to be heirs of the Arisen Hope, live and talk as if such an eternal declaration had never been revealed to the world. Yet, when a man *speaks* an "idle word," its influence is comparatively limited. Its effects are rarely felt outside the social circle in which he moves and speaks. Not so, however, with the Editor. When he writes and prints an "idle word" its influence is thrown over hundreds and thousands. In this way man places the rule in God's hand by which his individual responsibility and moral accountability are to be measured in the day of Judgment!

"IDLE WORDS!" As Jacobus aptly remarks, "men might think their *words* of small account. But here [Mathew 12: 36, 37] these are shown to be of serious importance, as speaking out the heart. Hence they shall all be subjected to strict judgment at the final day." But what is meant by the phrase "*idle*?" In 2 Peter 1: 8, it is rendered *barren*. The literal meaning of the original is, first, *vain*, then *false*. "Every heedless word, even though esteemed most trivial, shall be brought into account—"for (v. 37) by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."

"We spend our life as a *tale* that is told!" When a tale—a fictitious story—is told, that is the end of it. Its importance then ceases. It leaves no good and lasting impression upon

the mind, the heart, or the soul. If we read a scientific dissertation, a historical narrative, a philosophical essay, or anything else substantial and true, we are benefitted. An impression is made upon the mind. We know more than we did before. Then we "number our days so as to apply our hearts unto wisdom," and "Wisdom is known (or justified) of her children."

It is a remarkable fact that when David sought a figure of speech by which to illustrate the fragility of human life in the most forcible manner, he should use the simile of "a tale that is told." Had newspapers and parlor magazines been as plenty in his day, as they now are freighted with "idle" tales of fiction, we should express no surprise at the choice of the Psalmist. Their, non-existence in that age of the world, considered in connection with the singular appropriety of David's illustration, may therefore be set down as an evidence of his inspiration and prophetic wisdom. A modern writer might search the entire range of all the languages, dead and living, and he could not find a more fitting illustration of anything that is transitory, uncertain, and ephemeral, than the "*tales* that are told" in the parlor magazines and newspapers of this country. Like the ghost-stories our old grandmothers used to tell us, when assembled around the Winter evening fireside, they are excitingly interesting while the recital continues, but they possess no more solid food for the intellect to feast upon than their imaginary heroes and heroines possess fact and personality, or than the subject of a ghost-story is endowed with substance. The history of "some Fool's adventures in Lunatic Vale," interlarded with graphic dashes of milliner loves, *a la Willis*, may make a sensitive young lady feel very full about the heart, and moisten her eyes; but is she benefitted by her reading? Not in the least. You might put nine-tenths of the parlor magazine and newspaper "tales" into a huge intellectual screw-press, put a weight on them equal to the pressure of all the common sense in christendom, and after forcing the screw down to its lowest capacity what would you get? "All pomace and no cider!" Oh, says an objector, some tales teach very good morals. Granted. And can you point out a single moral in the entire legion of idle tales which is not in your bible, and a thousand other good books of fact, and that too without being poisoned with the unnatural coloring which excites the imagination, but does not expand the judgment or strengthen the reasoning powers?

"Talk they of Morals? O, thou bleeding Love!
Thou maker of new morals for mankind,
The prime morality is love to thee!"

Perhaps some Editor, who measures his moral responsibility

with the self-made yard-stick of expediency, may argue that there are thousands who will not search the Gospel, or read sound practical books and newspapers, who seek and will have "light literature," and who may be benefitted by "the moral of a love tale." The very fact that the majority of readers prefer sentimental trash, is the strongest argument that can be urged against its publication. The cheap press has created the disease, and if a cure is to be effected those who preside over it must become the physicians. Every Editor can mold the tastes of his own readers; and we hold it to be the duty of every man who assumes to write or print for the public—presuming that he is morally and intellectually qualified to discharge so important and responsible a trust—to endeavor to bring his readers up to his own standard instead of descending to theirs. The newspaper—going as it does among the masses—should be an *instructor*. When it panders to a vitiated taste it degrades itself and its readers, and he whose mission should be a public blessing becomes, if measured by the divine rule, little better than a public scourge and the artificer of his own condemnation. He does not number his days so as to apply himself unto wisdom, nor attempt to avoid those idle words of which his God will require an account in the day of judgment. And when the clods of the valley mingle with his moldering dust, few of his readers will rise up to call him blessed.

AUTUMN.

Thou comest Autumn, heralded by the rain,
With banners, by great gales incessant fanned,
Brighter than brightest silks of Samarcand,
And stately oxen harnessed to thy wain!
Thou standest like imperial Charlemagne,
Upon thy bridge of gold; thy royal hand
Outstretched with benedictions o'er the land,
Blessing the farms through all thy vast domain!
Thy shield is the red harvest moon, suspended
So long beneath the heaven's o'erhanging eaves;
Thy steps are by the farmer's prayers attended;
Like flames upon an altar shine the sheaves;
And following thee, in thy ovation splendid,
Thine almoner, the wind, scatters the golden leaves.

LONGFELLOW.

“I HAVE BEEN AFFLICTED.”

BY REV. W. D. C. RODROCK.

Solomon says, “It is better to go to the house of mourning, than to go to the house of feasting.” Who, whatever his or her condition and position may be in life, has not felt the truthfulness of the wise man’s words? When burdened and perplexed with the cares and trials of our present life, or disgusted with its frivolous pursuits, we go in search of other objects to alleviate our cares and our griefs, and afford us consolation and happiness. And when, after having drank deeply of the cup of affliction, the heart is wounded by its sorrows, and the cold world withdraws its sympathy, then are we best fitted and prepared, to think and reflect seriously upon those high and holy concerns which pertain to our everlasting destiny.

But when the sunshine of prosperity holds forth her ensnaring hand, and the world lavishes all its glory, its honor and allurements, then it is that man is *too* prone to forget that this earth is but a tarrying place. Then does he cling with a blind affection to that which is perishing and deceitful, and erect his hopes and plans upon unstable foundations. Then too, alas! are the interests of an hereafter banished from the mind as an “idle tale,” and as unwelcome guests of another world. For as the *true bard* of England truly and justly sings:

“Pleasure is deaf when told of future pain,
And sounds prophetic are too rough to suit
Ears long accustomed to the pleasing lute.”

It may not be out of place to narrate an instance of every day life; we briefly subjoin it for the “young lady” readers of the Guardian. Ellen R—— was the gayest of a fashionable and dissipated circle. In early life she was deprived of parental instruction, was brought up without restraint, and suffered to rove at liberty in search of what the world terms pleasure. In her personal appearance she was lovely; her bright and sparkling eyes revealed the intelligent countenance, her smiling lips the light heart that was yet unsoured by mortification and disappointment. And though her “refined education” had imparted much that was ostentatious and superficial, yet she was not by any means deficient in intellectual attainments. Amiable, rich and beautiful, she did not fail to attract admirers, who would pour in her willing ears the words of flattery. Yet, with all that appeared necessary to afford enjoyment, and to confer earthly happiness, she was not in reality what the world called her, or what she herself fain wished to be, truly happy. And

while a burst of feeling, an exhilarating flow of spirits, often enlivened her countenance, yet not unfrequently during the vacancy of an idle hour, or the loneliness of solitude, would a "still small voice" whisper in her ears that there was yet wanting the "one thing needful." And it was for the want of this great requisite, that a gloom was cast over all her seeming joys in one moment, and launched her out into all the wildness and extravagancies of gaiety in the next.

It was during this disturbed period of her life that she was on the eve of being united to one worthy of her, and in every respect her equal. And whatever her feelings might have been with regard to the gaiety and dissipation in which she lived, the fact of uniting her destiny with another, engrossed all her attention, and formed one of the strongest ties which bound her to this world. Without entering into details, it may simply be observed, that when the full consummation of her happiness seemed to be not only in prospect, but almost complete, the hand of affliction was laid heavily upon her. And he, in whom all her earthly felicity was centered, was suddenly cut off and laid in the cold and silent place of the dead.

In those who have been brought up and nurtured in the school of adversity, calamitous events do not excite that unalleviated grief which tears and rends the hearts of those on whom the cup of misery is poured, when they are in the period of their most joyful prosperity. And what christian is not able with David to exclaim, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted;" and with the apostle Paul, "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

The blow which thus unexpectedly came upon Ellen, caused her to feel deeply. The chastening rod of Providence had torn away the dearest object of her love, that object which had entwined around her heart's inmost joys. She was like some gay and tender flower on the mountain's brow, on which the rude and unfeeling storm has poured the wildness of its fury, that still retains its existence, even when despoiled of its beauty. In secret she pined and wept over the sad misfortune which had befallen her. No one could sympathise with her in her distress, for none could conceive the ardor of her affection. The condolence of the world was as disgusting as it was cheerless; and it made her deeply sensible of the *want* of One, to whom she could pour out the sorrows of her soul, and who could fill the aching void within her breast.

The skeptic and unbeliever would have murmured and ar-

raigned the decrees of Providence. He would have looked upon the sad bereavement as a scourge, cruel and unjust, and plunged recklessly into the vortex of dissipation and crime. Truly,

“One part, one little part, we dimly scan
Through the dark medium of life’s feverish dream,
Yet *dare* arraign the whole stupendous plan,
If but that little part incongruous seem?”

But God’s thoughts are not our thoughts, neither are his ways our ways. “For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his ways higher than our ways, and his thoughts than our thoughts.” It is good to be afflicted, for “whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth;” and so Ellen regarded her afflictions.

To her, the world had lost all its charms and pleasure. Its joys were gone; and all its frivolities had lost their enchanting spell. With a heart bowed down in affliction, and a mind harassed with heavy trials, where else could she go, but to that long neglected source, where alone the comfort she desired could be found? Well would it be, if all did but consider in the day of trial and adversity, and hail the chastening hand as that which brings the lost and wandering soul back to duty, and points it beyond the skies, where “a rest remaineth for the people of God.”

Serious reflection had convinced Ellen of the impropriety of the dissipation in which she lived, and led her to form those resolutions from which she has never since departed. Though the expression of her beautiful features is still somewhat sombre, yet it is that of sincere and heartfelt sorrow. Those bright and sparkling eyes that once flashed with the brilliant coruscations of wit and youthful animation, now reflect from the soul a mild devotional feeling, that indicate the change within, and beam with heavenly light, which is one of the surest indices of the christian heart. She has since shown a bright example to those around her, and by her benevolence and charity to the distressed, and her religious consolation to the afflicted, endeared herself to many an humble child of poverty. Now her heart, in the full persuasion that “God is Love,” can clearly see and adore the mercy of an all-wise Creator, in thus weaning her affections from this world by means of affliction, and bringing her to the realization of those glorious promises contained in his word.

Truly the cares and pleasures of this present life are all “vanity and vexation of spirit.” And in our sojournings through life, we may well with the Poet sing:

“Oh, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul!”

'Twere vain the ocean's depth to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the *whole* of life to live,
Nor *all* of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above ;
Unmeasur'd by the flight of years—
And all that life is love."

CHRIST'S AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

He knelt—the Saviour knelt and pray'd,
When but His Father's eye
Look'd through the lonely garden's shade,
On that dread agony !
The Lord of all, above, beneath,
Was bow'd with sorrow unto death.

The sun set in a fearful hour,
The skies might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
So to o'ershadow *Him* !
When He who gave man's breath might know
The very depth of human wo.

He knew them all—the doubt, the strife,
The faint, perplexing dread,
The mists that hang o'er parting life,
All darken'd round his head !
And the Deliverer knelt to pray—
Yet pass'd it not, that cup, away.

It pass'd not—though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath his tread ;
It pass'd not—though to him the grave
Had yielded up its dead.
But there was sent him, from on high
A gift of strength for man to die.*

And was *His* mortal hour beset
With anguish and dismay ?
—How may we meet our conflict yet,
In the dark, narrow way ?
How, but through Him, that path who trod ?
Save, or we perish, Son of God !

MRS. HEMANS.

*"And there appeared an angel from heaven, strengthening him."—*St. Luke* xxii. 43.

FLOWERS UPON THE CORPSE.

Strew flowers upon her corpse, ye blooming maidens ! Do
ye not bring flowers at birth festivals, and strew them upon the
cradle ? Now she is holding her highest festival ; for the Bier
is the cradle of Heaven !

POPULATION OF THE CITIES OF THE WORLD.

London	2,363 141	Pesth	125 000
Paris	1,053 262	Prague	124 181
Constantinople	768 990	Barcelona	120 000
New York	522 766	Genoa	120 000
St. Petersburg	478 437	Cincinnati	116 716
Vienna	477 846	New Orleans	116 327
Berlin	441 931	Bristol	115 000
Naples	416 475	Ghent	112 410
Philadelphia	409 354	Munich	106 776
Liverpool	384 263	Breslau	104 000
Glasgow	367 800	Florence	102 154
Moscow	350 000	Rouen	100 265
Manchester	296 000	Belfast	99 660
Madrid	260 000	Cologne	92 244
Dublin	254 850	Dresden	91 277
Lyons	249 325	Stockholm	90 823
Lisbon	241 500	Rotterdam	90 000
Amsterdam	212 800	Antwerp	88 000
Havana	200 000	Cork	86 485
Marseilles	195 257	Liege	77 587
Baltimore	189 059	Bologna	75 100
Palermo	180 000	Leghorn	74 530
Rome	172 382	Trieste	70 846
Warsaw	162 597	Konigsberg	70 198
Leeds	152 000	Sheffield	68 260
Milan	151 438	The Hague	66 000
Hamburg	148 754	Leipsic	65 370
Boston	136 788	Oporto	62 000
Brussels	136 208	Malaga	60 000
Turin	135 000	Dantzic	58 012
Copenhagen	133 140	Frankfort	57 550
Bordeaux	130 927	Magdeberg	56 592
Venice	126 768	Bremen	53 157

LAW OF LIFE.

Live I, so live I,
 To my Lord heartily,
 To my Prince faithfully,
 To my Neighbor honestly,
 Die I, so die I.

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THREE YOUNG MEN!

BY REV. E. H. HOFFHEINS.

Faithful found
Among the faithless, faithful only they
Among innumerable false, unmoved,
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified.
Their loyalty they kept, their love, their zeal.
Nor numbers, nor example with them wrought
To swerve from truth, or change their constant mind,
Though single and alone they stood.

SHADRACH, MESHACH AND ABEDNEGO; these three exemplary and faithful Hebrew youths lived during the tyrannical reign of Nebuchadnezzar king of Babylon. They were the early companions of the prophet Daniel; and were, with him, carried captive to Babylon, in the year 602 before the birth of our blessed Saviour. By the special order of the king, and under the superintendence of one of the chief of the princes of Babylon, they were educated in all the Chaldaic learning, in which they made great proficiency; they soon distinguished themselves above all the king's magicians in all wisdom and knowledge, and were made his interpreters, to unravel and explain his dreams and visions, Daniel being the chief among them.

Of the history of these three worthy youths, previous to their captivity in Babylon, we know nothing, except, that they were of the princes of Judah, and were selected from among all other Hebrews youths by the king's order, because "they were without blemish, well favored and skillful in all wisdom and cunning in knowledge, and understanding science, and such as had ability in them to stand in the king's palace." Their Hebrew names were Hananiah, Mishael and Azariah, which were exchanged, upon their transfer to the court of the king of Babylon, for the Chaldaic names of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego. As their Hebrew names designated their relation to the God of Israel, so now these new Chaldaic names had reference to the pagan idols which they were now required to worship.

Nebuchadnezzar, the proud and infatuated king of Babylon, having greatly augmented his treasures by numerous conquests which he achieved over surrounding nations, especially that of

the Jews, during the reign of Jehoiakim, king of Judea, erected a monstrous golden image, "whose heights was three-score cubits, and the breadth thereof six cubits," to his god Belus in the plain of Dura. "Having convened his princes, governors, captains, judges and other officers under him to the dedication of this idol, he issued a decree, that, at a certain signal, every man should prostrate himself before it in token of adoration; and that, if any refused to obey the mandate, he should do it at the fearful expense of being cast into a fiery furnace." Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, at once refused, from conscientious principles, to submit to this horrible requisition; upon which they were immediately summoned to appear before the king, to answer to the charge of disobedience to their king. On their appearing before him, they were again offered the alternative of rendering homage to the idol, or of being cast into the furnace. But they hesitated not a moment: with a noble firmness, such as could face the frown and anger of a mighty monarch, yea, even the most appalling horrors of martyrdom, without fear they replied: "O Nebuchadnezzar, we are not careful to answer thee in this matter. If it be so, our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace; and he will deliver us out of thy hand, O king. But if not, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."

In the conduct of these three Hebrew worthies, in refusing to comply with the tyrannical mandate of their imperious king, even at the peril of a fearful death, we have a noble example and worthy pattern of christian fortitude and decision of character, such as cannot fail to strike every beholder with admiration—a pattern that cannot be too carefully studied, nor too closely imitated by every youth.

A want of firmness and decision of character—actions that rest not on strictly upright and conscientious principles, are among the prevailing evils of the times. There is on all sides evidently, too much accommodating to circumstances, too much bending to consequences, and a suiting to the peculiarities of the times, which is highly censurable, utterly inexcusable, and at variance with every principle of firm, unwavering, decided christian character. Men act more from the impulse of the moment—more from a sense of fear or favor—more with a view and desire to obtain the applause, or avoid the frown of men, than to please God. How few do we find, whose actions originate in and proceed from, an enlightened conviction of christian duty.

In order that we may act decidedly, and from fixed enlightened principles, in any instance, we should know, in the first place, and clearly understand what our duty really is. Without such a knowledge and conviction we can never act decidedly, much less from correct principles. And should we act at all, under any such circumstances, our acts will be, at best, but feeble, inconstant and inefficient. The very thought too, that we may be, after all, deceived as to what our duty really is, and, that possibly, we may be acting contrary to the will of God, has a strong tendency to enfeeble our efforts and unsettle us in our purpose. A man can never travel a road with safety and comfort in regard to which he entertains doubts whether it be the right one or not. It was the settled conviction of duty in these three youths which enabled them to act so promptly, firmly, and unhesitatingly, in the presence of their haughty king. "O Nebuchadnazzar," said they, "we are not careful to answer thee in this matter." We are not taken by surprise in this thing. We know what our duty is. We are fully persuaded as to what we are to do, and neither the fear of the fiery furnace, though seven times heated, nor the favor of life can make us swerve from it.

In refusing to do homage to the golden image, they neither acted ignorantly of what the consequences would be, nor under the delusive hope that they would after all escape the frown of the king, nor yet rashly and inconsiderately, but with a full sense of all the fearful consequences, with a determination to meet the worst, let that be what it would; and this they were able to do, from the fact that they knew they were doing right. They knew what this duty was, and were determined to do it without a fear of consequences.

This is the most important requisite in order to act decidedly and firmly—viz: a resolute determination to act at all times in accordance with what we conscientiously know and believe to be our duty, without an improper regard to consequences. It is one thing to know our duty, and altogether another to do it. Some, indeed, glory in their clear knowledge of all their obligations, yet their knowledge will not save them, if they do not act accordingly. Yea, he that knoweth his masters will, and doeth it not, shall be beaten with many stripes. It is a deplorable fact, that many, especially among the young, who know what their duty is, and are fully persuaded as to the course they ought to pursue, have not resolution and courage to act. When the day of trial comes, and the hour of temptation is at hand, they falter. They yield to the tempter, they commit the

abominable act which will for ever disgrace them, and be as a foul stain upon their character forever afterwards, and render them eternally miserable. And all this for want of resolution, the courage to say in the time of trial after the example of these youths: Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor the golden image which thou hast set up.

The three youths, whose conduct we have been commending as most worthy of our imitation, were not only settled in their conviction that they ought not, but also in their purpose that they would not bow down before the idol. This their language clearly shows. Their's was not the language of fear, of doubt or hesitation, but of unyielding determination, of inflexible purpose. Nor was it the language of enthusiasm, of an excited imagination, but that of sober, calm reflection, and of mature deliberation. Such will be, to a great extent, the decision of every christian, who acts from correct, enlightened principles. In vain you threaten him with the fires of persecution, in vain seek to overwhelm him with the waters of tribulation. In vain you deprive him of every thing he holds dear this side of heaven. "Neither the horrors of the prisoner's dungeon, nor the martyr's stake" can turn him from his fixed purpose, faithfully to walk in the path of duty. The consequences he leaves with God.

Our actions, however, should not only be characterized by an enlightened sense of duty, and an unshaken determination to discharge faithfully, under all circumstances, what we know to be our duty, let the consequences be what they will, but also by a confidential and firm reliance upon Almighty God. This is the third most important requisite in order to act decidedly and consistently. This the three young men, again strikingly illustrate and exemplify. "And if it be so," said they, that in refusing to bow down and worship the golden image, O king, we should be thrown into the firey furace, "our God whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning, fiery furnace, and he will deliver us out of thy hands, O king."

Noble declaration! Worthy of all commendation and imitation. Not in themselves, indeed did they confide. Not upon their own strength, cunning, or ingenuity, did they rely for help in this critical hour. But they looked to the Lord—the God whom they served, knowing that he was able to deliver them from the burning furnace. They felt fully persuaded that the God of Abraham, of Moses, of David and of the prophets was still living; and that He who could divide the waters of the Red sea—cause the walls of Jericho to fall before the

bowing of rams horns—and enable David, the stripling in Israel, to slay Goliath the champion of the Philistines, and deliver the prophets out of horrible pits and the mouths of lions, was well able to deliver them out of the fiery furnace, though heated seven times.

Their is still another element in the nature of the decision of these Hebrew youths, which we must not overlook: viz. their *quiet resignation to, and calm acquiescence in, the will of God*. They had not only full confidence in God, that he would deliver them: “*But if not*, be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up.” They felt persuaded, that if it should even be so, that their bodies should be destroyed amidst the burning flames, God would be glorified, his holy will would be done, and they themselves be blest and honored in the event.

Such was their faith—such their confidence, resignation and faithfulness in the worst moment of their severe trial. The King’s decree had to be executed, the furnace was heated—heated seven times; and “the king, full of fury, and the form of his visage changed against Shadrack, Meshach and Abednego, commanded the most mighty men that were in his army to bind them; and they were bound in their coats, their hasen, and their hats, and their other garments, and were cast into the midst of the fiery furnace.” The worst of their trial had come—in the worst came their deliverer. Most glorious was their deliverance!

This, moreover, is not the only instance of patient resignation to the will of God, confidential reliance upon Him, and of glorious deliverance through Him which the Bible contains. Behold Noah in the ark. Abraham on Mount Moriah. Moses at the Red Sea. Daniel in the lion’s den. Paul, and a host of others, in every age of the church of Jesus Christ. Arise! then, O young man, and follow these illustrious patterns of christian decision and courage. Be firm, be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. See where thy path of duty lies, set thy feet to walk in it; and turn neither to the right hand nor to the left. Lift up thy head, and look to God for help in every case of trying emergency; and know that the God of the Hebrew youths will be with thee; and the end will be glorious!

As mountains stood to guard
Old Zion’s sacred ground,
So God and his almighty love,
Embrace his saints around!

THE BIRDS OF THE BIBLE.

THE HAWK.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

The Hawk is three times mentioned in the Bible. Levit. 11, 16: Deut. 14, 15: Job, 39, 26. In the two first passages in the German Bible, the word is translated *Sperber*, which means sparrow-hawk, one of the species of hawk. In Job, the German translation has it *Habicht*, which means simply hawk.

In the first two passages allusion is made to the *uncleanness* of this bird; and in the last passage there is reference to its *migratory* habits, and the *swiftness* of its flight. There are two species of the hawk kind, the habits of which, will explain these two classes of passages.

I. THE GOSS-HAWK.

This is evidently the species of this bird referred to in Levit. 11, 16: and in Deut. 14, 15. This will appear from a description of this bird, and its habits of life.

The Goss-hawk is common in the East. It is somewhat larger than our buzzard, one foot ten inches in length, slender in appearance, and more comely than the buzzard.

"Its bill is blue, tipped with black, the cere green; the eyes yellow; over each eye there is a whitish line; the head and all the upper parts of the body are of a deep brown color; and each side of the neck is irregularly marked with white; the breast and body are white, with a number of wavy lines, or bars of black; the tail is long, of an ash color, and crossed with four or five bushy bars; the legs are yellow, and the claws black; the wings are much shorter than the tail."

This bird in the above passages is pronounced unclean. It was to be held as an abomination by the children of Israel; they were neither permitted to eat its flesh, nor to touch its carcass. The reason for this is no doubt to be found in the following two facts:

First. It is a bird of prey, and consequently cruel in its temper, and gross in its habits of life. It feeds on mice, and small birds, and raw flesh. It tears its victims to pieces, and gorges down the pieces entire. This mode of living, especially in warm climates, imparts a very offensive flavor to their flesh. It is not relished by any people; and none are known to eat its flesh, except under the pressure of the most extreme emergencies of hunger. God would secure the Jewish people against low and degrading habits, and elevate them to that re-

finement and delicacy of taste which comports with the dignity of rational, religious, and immortal beings. There is wisdom in this law; for we know that there is an intimate connection between the physical habits of a people, and their mental and moral character. It is known that among the heathen, those who worship degraded objects as gods, become more degraded themselves; so, in this case, those who are mean in their modes and habits of life, suffer a corresponding degradation in every other respect. By securing them from degrading habits, he did in reality at the same time secure them against degrading dispositions.

Secondly. The hawk was very early held in the highest estimation by the idolatrous heathen, and by them raised to the rank and honor of a divinity. The Egyptians held no animal so sacred as the ibis, and the hawk; among them it was sacred to the Sun. The Greeks borrowed the idea from the Egyptians, and also made the hawk sacred to the sun, of which Apollo was the representative. So sacred were these birds held that if any one killed a hawk, either with design or by accident, he was punished by death! Even the flight of the hawk was regarded as ominous; and it was thought to be exceedingly fortunate to discover them flying in circles from left to right, towards the south. The fact that idolators, especially in Egypt, were even already thus early regarding this filthy bird as a God, was a good reason why God should pronounce it unclean to his own people; and by inspiring them with disgust for it, guard them the most effectually against the very appearance of evil. It were well if all christians were better guarded by a holy disgust against all which is made by the wicked an offence to God, and a source of evil. I Cor: 8.

II. THE PIGEON HAWK.

This is evidently the species of the hawk kind referred to in Job 39: 26. God in order to impress Job with a deep sense of his own ignorance, and powerlessness, and weakness of faith, refers him to many mysteries in the natural world, challenging him whether he understands them, and whether his power has made them such. Among others he presents the challenge: "Doth the hawk fly by thy wisdom and stretch his wings towards the south." In which passage there is an allusion to the rapidity of its flight, and to its habits of migration.

This species of hawk is remarkable for the rapidity of its flight, and the rapid motion of its wings in flying. This the Hebrews observed; and it seems to have suggested its name, which is *nets*, from the verb *natsa*, to fly. The ancients reck-

oned the hawk the swiftest of all the feathered race. Homer compares the descent of Apollo from heaven to the flight of the hawk: "From the mountains of Ida he descended like a swift hawk, the destroyer of pigeons, that is the swiftest of birds." Ajax tells Hector that the day should come when he would wish for horses swifter than hawks to carry him back to the city. The Egyptians made the hawk the symbol of the winds.

Referring to this swift bird, God makes the challenge, Did you give the hawk those swift wings, and is it capable of such astonishing flight by your wisdom, power, and skill?

The latter part of the verse, "and stretch her wings towards the south," is an allusion to the migratory habits of this bird. The hawk belongs to that large class of birds of passage, which make for the south or warm climates, at the approach of winter. Now God demands of Job, Does your wisdom direct this bird to do this? Did your skill implant into its nature that wonderful sagacity of instinct, by which it knows, even better than man, at what precise time it ought to move toward more congenial climes? No! This is not of thee; it has its origin in the wisdom of a God who doth all things well. It is an evidence and an example of that over-ruling Providence, by which all creatures are governed and directed for their good. He who has so made this bird, and who so directs its flight, will see to it that thou, O my servant Job, art safely led. That God, who cares for birds, will much more care for you, O you of little faith.

There is a world of comfort in this reflection. How often are faithless children of their heavenly Father afraid that the way in which He leads them will end in darkness. How often, thus, do they virtually reflect upon both his wisdom and his love! Such ought to remember, for their comfort, and for the strengthening of their feeble faith, that the same God who, by instinct, directs birds to the place of comfort and safety, is leading them also, by a power infinitely higher than instinct, even by the suggestions of His all-gracious providence; and so much as they are of more value than many birds, so much stronger reason have they to submit themselves in humble, joyful confidence, to His all-wise guidance.

THE HOUR OF DEATH.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, Oh! Death!

LITTLE AT FIRST, BUT MIGHTY AT LAST.

A traveller through a dusty road
Strewed acorns on the lea,
And one took root, and sprouted up,
And grew into a tree.

Love sought its shade at evening time,
To breathe its early vows,
And Age was pleased in heats of noon,
To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twig,
The birds sweet music bore,
It stood a glory in its place,
A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way,
Among the grass and fern :
A passing stranger scooped a well,
Where weary men might turn.
He walled it in, and hung with care
A ladie at the brink;
He thought not of the deed he did,
But judg'd that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well,
By summers never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues
And saved a life beside !

A dreamer dropp'd a random thought,
'Twas old and yet was new,
A simple fancy of the brain,
But strong in being true!
It shone open a genial mind,
And lo! its light became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
A monitory flame.
The thought was small, its issue great ;
A watch fire on the hill,
It shed its radiance far adown,
And cheers the valley still!

A nameless man, amid the crowd
That throng'd the daily mart,
Let fall a word of Hope and love,
Unstudied from the heart :
A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transitory breath,
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

Translated from the German by Rev. B. Bausman.

THE EARTHLY AND HEAVENLY BRIDE.

Let us make ourselves a little more familiar with the bridal relation, commencing with the bride in her common social position. When a young lady has been sweetly and cordially chosen by her lover as a suitable companion, to whom she is espoused and who expects through marriage to make her his partner for life, we call her a Bride. Owing to outward transient circumstances, the bridal season is not limited to any particular time, and is considered the happiest period in life, a cheerful spot of bright unclouded sunshine.

While this heavenly relation remains pure and untainted, it should serve as a soft and sweet prelude in which the several chords of affection are tuned into a vital harmony, and thus be made spiritually and really one. During this happy season of unclouded joys, the lovers must lay the abiding foundation of a covenant, whose ground-work is the love of Christ. For only when they are united firmly and faithfully by the ties of holy love in Jesus Christ can they escape from falling a prey to sense and sin.

The bridal relation is attended with such pure and unalloyed pleasures, because its chief and primary object is a union of hearts, hopes and affections, in the highest and holiest relations of life. This happiness always increases in proportion as the longings of her future husband, after a complete union of spirit, are refined of all that is merely earthly and sensual and are elevated to an earnest noble yearning after true spiritual marriage.

But what is the special duty of the Bride? First, she must accommodate herself to the peculiarities of her companion, feel herself spiritually and morally bound to him by the most sacred ties, and seek in his firm and fearless constitution support for the wants and weakness belonging to her sex. Secondly, if she has a proper education and disposition, she must endeavor even at the risk of conflict and contention, to unfold and preserve unspotted the nobler part of her being, purity, virtue and love to the Redeemer, in opposition to the rougher masculine nature of her companion, so that during her married life her piety may never suffer by serving her husband. This is that real spiritual independence, which should be the aim of all true education. Lastly, she must learn the process of transition from a state of natural filial obedience to that of a cheerful subordination to the will and wishes of her husband—a will endeared by happy experience and affectionate esteem. She must also learn to pay a respectful deference to his superior penetration and judgment.

The end and aim of female education is precisely the same among all classes of society, only under different relations and modified circumstances.

As to her heart and spirit the Bride must remain bride after she has assumed her marriage vows. This is a point of vast importance. If the young lady has been educated a Bride, she will retain her bridal ornaments, chastity, purity, and a spotless innocence, to the close of her life. A wife of the proper character, must remain a virgin during life, a pure unblemished bride in the spiritual sense. But how can she possibly become such a bride, adorned with the garlands of perpetual virginity, if she is educated simply for a wife and a mother and nothing more? Is not this placing sense above spirit, and time above eternity? Can that which is the mature fruit of a life-time be given as a moral dowry to the newly married couple in the form of rules and directions? Never. The conclusion of the whole matter is simply this. The young lady must be educated for a choice of position and activity, a choice which requires her to fill every temporal and spiritual relation. Chiefly, first of all, she is to become a heavenly Bride, a spouse of Jesus Christ.

Let us carry out a little farther this comparison between the earthly and the heavenly bride. My dear friend, after what do your pious longings unceasingly aspire? Is it not that your heart and spirit should continuously be buried in the abyss of a Saviour's love, in order that you might become spiritually one with Him? Is it not your ardent desire that you might find the principle and fountain of your mysterious spiritual life in His love, which fondly blends your spirits into one? Would you not guard with sleepless vigilance the unspotted ties with which you are wedded to the blessed Redeemer? Ah yes, neither time nor space can weaken the bonds of this hallowed union. The longer you remain a spiritual bride upon the earth; the longer you continue with melancholy impatience to press and aspire after this higher marriage with the Saviour, the more your enjoyments will partake of the unspeakable sweetness of heavenly bliss. Would you not cling to the incarnate person of the divine Redeemer as your adorable heavenly Bridegroom, with all the intensity of your affections, and repose in Him with the submissive confidence and reverence of a heavenly bride? Do you not continuously shrink from a compliance with the codes and customs of the world, and have you not a disposition to love and obey the Saviour? What else is this but the happy relation of a Spouse of Christ? Do you not hope with the heavenly yearning of a true bride that sooner or later

He will take you home into His Kingdom above? Happy marriage! Happy home! In whose midst the sun and centre of love will shine with unclouded effulgence long after the hopes and homes of earth will have perished. Happy, thrice happy the young lady or the wife, who retains her bridal purity uninjured and untarnished to the end of life. "Behold the Bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet Him." "As many as are ready can go in with Him to the marriage;" all that are "sick of love," the true heavenly brides still lingering on the shores of time, these can enter in to the Marriage supper of the Lamb. In my opinion the highest aim of the child, virgin, wife and venerable matron, during every part and period of their life, is the unceasing aspiration after this heavenly marriage in our "Father's house." Especially since this relation can never be fully consummated in our present state.

Now, my dear friend, consider for a moment this view of the subject in its bearings upon the several examples to which we have already alluded. The daughter of the poor man could and should be educated a spiritual bride, and thus be qualified for a marriage with the heavenly Bridegroom. I spoke of the general virtues which would commend her as a suitable and pleasant companion to her future husband. But what are these virtues, faith, love, obedience, humility, moral purity, innocence, renunciation of the world, and a self-sacrificing spirit, what are all these but the bridal ornaments found and furnished only in Jesus Christ? If these graces of the spirit, even in the humblest walks of life, combining to commend a young lady to the love and choice of a worthy young man, and still should not be chosen by any and thus remain unmarried, these same graces will at the same time give her an undoubted claim to some worthy and respectable situation, in which she can fulfil a noble calling and secure a temporal subsistence.

The daughter of the wealthy mechanic shall become a bride of heaven, whether she enter the domestic relations of a wife, or remain unmarried and devote herself to some other useful calling. I need not further remind you that the more you elevate the spiritual culture among the different classes of society, the more you elevate and hallow their spiritual relation to Christ. Your amiable Augustina would perhaps be far happier if she never would be wedded to a harsh and unpolished husband. This thought has often filled me with painful apprehensions. Every tract and lineament of her person and character show that she possesses the elements of a heavenly Bride.

But alas! What mothers we meet with in our times! They

have but one idea, with reference to the education of their daughters ; it the central thought of all their maternal instructions and warnings, around which all their hopes and fears revolve, and that is a splendid, prosperous marriage. Whether they rock the innocent babe in the cradle, or prepare the young lady for boarding school, whether they see her skipping on the village green or shining in the social party, they think of a beau, a bride and bliss. In all their cares and prayers, the future marriage of their daughters is the burden of their anxieties. Their highest conception of duty is the securing of matrimonial honors and happiness to their daughters. This they think is the Eden of women, in which the heavenly flowers of her tender, loving heart, will unfold and bloom beneath an unclouded sky with undying freshness. The daughter is taught to value this as the very pinnacle of happiness, the quintessence of heavenly bliss. After this her soul must unceasingly aspire. For the attainment of the nuptial crown secures a perennial fountain of unmingled joys ; but let her once cross the Rubicon of hope, and she must droop, waste and wither under the insupportable anguish of viewing the present and the future through the "*blue*" spectacles of an old maid. Such a doom they must dread with as much honor as they would dread death.

Thus their maternal fancy will conjure up hordes of hideous harpies whose frightful mien continually fills their unsuspecting hearts with terrific alarm. Their future looks threatening, and the only question with them is how to evade the monstrous fangs. The mother of course must furnish the weapons with which to fight this man of straw, the creature of her unblushing folly. She instructs these blooming, innocent virgins, in the art of wooing. Equips them with rules and regulations in the tactics of courtship, furnishes them with false allurements and unreal charms, with which to carry on a successful warfare in the empire of Love. With these they are to win youthful hearts, as the fond trophies of their skill, and the infallible remedy for all the horrible heart-burnings and reproaches of unmarried life ! What a training for an immortal being to be fitted for the skies !!

I once knew a widow lady who daily wept tears of bitter anguish in the very presence of her daughter and a stranger ; who sobbed and sighed because her daughter had no prospects of getting a husband. She cruelly charged her with stupid ignorance, and thus with her shameless folly embittered the life of a beautiful, amiable young lady, already fading with declining health. Soon, alas ! far too soon, she mourned over the loss

of her once lovely daughter, but never regretted for a moment that she had failed to educate her for an unfading Bride of Heaven. Just think, this widow yet became the mother-in-law of a distinguished, or at least a wealthy son. This is literally true. And this woman was a diligent reader and admirer of Jean Paul !

O that in these material, turbulent times, when sight and sense have taken the place of faith and spirit; when carnal impulses are made the principle of love, instead of believing that "God is Love," would that in these times we could inscribe upon the tablet of every mother's heart in letters of living light the glorious heaven-born truth, "Marriages are formed and finished in Heaven. Neither father or mother can do anything better to secure the happy marriage of a daughter, than to educate her for heaven, and thus derive the preparation and principle for her marriage-love from above and not from beneath."

Marriages are formed in Heaven? Ah yes, but also in Hell ! Formed in hell for the endless punishment and pain of hearts united with unsanctified marriage ties ! They that have not been reared and educated for Heaven, but for the groveling, gloomy, sensual pleasures of the present life, such can only be attractive to young men of similar inclinations, the servants of sense and sin. Alas ! how can the blessed light of Heaven shed its cheering, life-giving influence upon a marriage connection, composed of the sinful sensual elements of graceless unsanctified hearts ! But every virgin reared for a heavenly bride, is amply prepared to be chosen as the wife of a virtuous young man, of congenial affections and disposition of heart. Or should a young man not be satisfied with that which merits the approval of Heaven? Should he not be attracted by a bride whose charms are sufficient to attract "the Lord of glory?" Every wife, that possesses and preserves untarnished the purity of heavenly virginity, must and will become a faithful and affectionate mother in the true sense, if God should favor her with a family. Can there be a worthier object for the loftiest aspirations of christian parents, a higher aim and end of maternal education, than to rear and educate their beloved offspring as children of heaven and not of earth ? Can a mother, whose confiding heart clings to Jesus with unyielding devotion, can she permit her children to become the subjects and slaves of sin and Satan ? Never will she feel at ease until she beholds them safely moored in the heaven of the Saviour's loving heart. What an enchanting loveliness plays upon the face and features of a

virgin led to the altar? Her person is invested with the charms of a mysterious loveliness which beggars description. She leans upon the arm of her beloved, while the unbidden blush of modesty steals playfully over her cheeks. She looks confidently, and sees his countenance beaming with love and fond attachment, feels consciously that he is the stay and support of her weakness and wants, the joyful companion and partner of her life. She still lives in a world of enigmas. She sails over a sea of mysterious uncertainties. Now her heart beats calmly with undisturbed peace; then again she looks tremblingly into the future. Love prompts her actions, beams from her countenance, and animates her heart. But it is a love which reveals itself in spiritual power, and even there blushing seeks to conceal itself; a love which prompts her to offer herself and all that she has at the shrine of her beloved, which neither values nor desires the interests of sense and sin. This, O friend, is the happy bride of a man, a perishing mortal man, and the prospect of such a communion of loving genial spirits, sheds peace and comfort over many an unhappy heart. The mere sight of such a happy couple is itself a source of happiness. And yet the love of the bride to the bridegroom is limited and clogged by temporal relations. It is by no means free from trembling misgivings, the uneasy forebodings of being blemished by the conditions of time and sense.

But behold the countenance of a heavenly bride, whose eyes sparkle with the joys of a spiritual love. She does not simply lean upon the arm of her bridegroom, but He dwells within as the stay and staff of her soul. Though He sits enthroned at the right hand of the majesty on high, he at the same time sways His loving sceptre over the domain of her heart. Her affections, her confidence and her faith, all centre in her heavenly friend. Christ is her guardian, Christ is her guide for this and the future life. He is her firm support in all the changes and weakness of her temporal relations. She still lives in a world of faith, and in a blessed hope of that glorious world, where faith shall change to sight. At one time she is happy in the consciousness of her vital union with the Redeemer; at another she is tremblingly alarmed by a sense of her frailties and need of redemption. She looks beyond the world of time and toil into that eternity of light where dwells her beloved in peerless glory. Love to Christ is her vital breath. Holy love is the moving spring of all her actions, the animating principle of her heart, which loves all for the Lord's sake; which cares, pities, prays, sacrifices and suffers "in the Lord;" to which humility

imparts the precious charm of modest concealment, preferring to shelter its delicate beauty in the shade of secrecy. This is the love which loves parents and kindred much, but Christ more; which for His sake will leave father and mother, sister or brother, husband or child. And all this she does to attain her fadeless bridal crown, "an inheritance that is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away." And now my honored friend, behold the eyes of such a heavenly bride, beaming with a sanctified innocence and a spotless purity, and whether she be a child or a virgin, a wife or a widow, a mother or an aged hoary-headed matron, whether she serves or sways the sceptre, you will exclaim with ecstatic delight; "Yes, the chief and highest destiny of daughters for this and the future world, is to educate every one for a Spouse of Christ and a Bride of heaven."

OUR LITTLE BOY.

I saw him in his play as in dreams I see him now;
The rose was on his cheek and the lily on his brow;
His lips were full of love and his laugh was full of joy,
And the sparkle of his eye told the merry-hearted boy.

I stood beside his couch, where in suffering he lay,
And struggled with disease till he breathed his last away;
No rose was on his cheek, and no sparkle in his eye;
Oh, how it broke my heart that the darling boy should die!

I saw him robed in white, as they decked him for the tomb,
And laid upon his breast a sweet blossom in its bloom.
A smile of beauty lingered upon his face so fair;
It seemed as if an angel were sweetly slumbering there.

I saw him once again, in the visions of the night,
He seemed a little cherub in his robes of snowy white.
A harp was in his hand and a garland on his brow;
Forevermore an angel—Oh, such I see him now.

AN IDLE WORD.

Matt. xii. 36.

It passed away, it passed away,
Thou canst not hear the sound to day;
'Twas water lost upon the ground,
Or wind that vanisheth in sound;
Oh! who shall gather it to tell
How idle from the lip it fell.

'Tis written with an iron pen;
And thou shalt hear it yet again!
A solemn thing it then shall seem
To trifle with a holy theme.
Oh! let our lightest accent be,
Uttered as for eternity.

ESTHER—THE ORPHAN QUEEN:

OR GOD'S CARE FOR HIS PEOPLE.

BY R. P. THOMAS.

Whatever is honorable in name—enviable in station, and commanding in dignity, always challenges a corresponding respect from the good and the admiration of the wise. So, whatever is virtuous in life, noble in character and dignified in conduct, must always call forth a ready response as if by sympathetic intuition—from every candid and honest heart. Under this general view of the mutual sympathy that exists in our social relations, we can easily perceive why it is, that Esther—with the many illustrious characters who adorn the pages of sacred history—are made to stand out with such peculiar prominence; and that her career is filled with so much interest.

But the history of her life forms at the same time, a part of the Old Testament Canon: and who, we may ask, has ever read the short but thrilling record contained in the book bearing her name, without a copious flow of commingled sympathy, tears and most joyous emotions, as the scenes connected with its illustrious heroine open before the view? She stands out in the history of her age like some lone brilliant star on the darkest mantle of night; or like the more dense, permanent coronet that sometimes crowns the converging and fitful corruscations of light that well up in flashing, waving streaks along the autumnal skies, when the bright Aurora gilds the northern heavens. From her surpassing beauty, virtue and sudden introduction upon the theatre of action, she seems more like some guardian angel, sent from the spirit-world on a mission of mercy to the chosen people of God, than a child of earth. Although not without those weaknesses and imperfections incident to human life in its very best stages, yet this Orphan Queen presents us, in many respects, with a model character—from the contemplation of which we may derive much to profit us, and that may prove worthy of our closest imitation. And to bring out these prominent traits, therefore, with some moral reflections, by way of inference, shall be our present purpose. But we shall content ourselves for the present with the consideration of her elevation to the dignity of Queen, and the peculiar circumstances connected therewith, reserving her subsequent career for some future time.

Before proceeding, however, to the proposed delineation of the character before us, we may remark, in a general way, respecting the book, that it seems to us more like some moving,

soul-stirring drama or tragedy, than a plain, simple, though most sublime chapter of Bible history. The diversified characters introduced—the rapidity with which the scenes change, and the subject matter of the narrative itself—all tend to clothe it with the most intense interest. We are first introduced into the august presence of his majesty, the rich and powerful Persian King Ahasuerus—seated upon his dazzling throne, and wielding his golden sceptre, from India to Ethiopia, over one hundred and twenty-seven provinces. The dread, however, that we would naturally feel on being ushered into the presence of such a mighty Monarch under ordinary circumstances, is here dissipated in a great measure, by the otherwise attracting scenes and operations attending the busy, bustling arrangements just in process of execution for the magnificent royal feast about to be given to the princes and nobles of his vast Empire. Then comes the beautiful but unfortunate Vashti, who, through the wicked counsel of Meemucan, is doomed to a perpetual separation from her royal consort. Then follows the poor, despised Mordecai, with his adopted child Esther, who is just budding into that transcendant beauty and loveliness for which she became so distinguished—both the personifications of humility and christian meekness. But how changed now the actors, when the proud, wicked and supremely contemptible Haman enters upon the stage! Methinks I see his fiend-like nature stamped upon his very countenance, and traced in every lineament of his haughty, supercilious features and scowling, scornful smile. Zareh, his equally wicked wife, is worthy to stand beside him, and close the catalogue of prominent *individual* actors. Beside these, however, we notice also several interesting groups of privy-councillors, princes, courtiers, chamberlains, &c., which give variety, fulness and agreeable turns to the whole scene.

With such an outline of leading and subordinate characters before us in the narrative, we say, it reminds us of some prized effort of dramatic genius, with its well conceived, arranged and harmoniously acted parts. But let us enter upon its contemplation as being something *real*: though it may truly be classed among that reality and that truth, which seems even stranger than fiction.

Of the birth, childhood and earlier life of Esther, Sacred History gives us no account. She is first introduced to our notice as a poor orphan girl, just blooming into womanhood, and living among the captive Jews at the palace Shushan—those “whom Nebuchadnezzar, the King of Babylon, had carried

away from Jerusalem" in the time of Jeconiah the King of Judah. We here find her, in addition to the generally sad and pitiable condition of her people, *without father or mother*—a lone, destitute orphan, in a strange land. And one would think, that just to be in a foreign country under servile bondage to an unfriendly and merciless despot—cut off from all the endearments and friends of our fatherland—would be enough in itself to cause one's heart to melt with sadness, and feel like the Jews did on another occasion, when they sat down by the rivers of Babylon and wept as they remembered Zion; and when they hung their harps upon the willows in the midst thereof. But how much more distressing even than all this, was the condition of this virgin slave! In addition to the causes now enumerated for mourning, she had one besides that touched the tenderest chords of her delicate soul. When thinking over her condition, tears would unconsciously and unbidden flow at the remembrance of her lost parents, whom she now, no doubt, called to mind with more than filial affection. Ah, how still more pungent grew her grief as she visited their last resting place, there to pour out the votive offering of her heart—to deck the loved mound with flowers and evergreens and hold sweet converse, as it were, with the spirits of the departed around the consecrated tomb. Those who have experienced the pangs and sorrows of parting with kind parents at death, may form some conception of the emotions that now must have filled the breast of Esther, with the endurance, in her peculiar circumstances, of this separation from those whom she loved with all the devotedness of her pure and tender heart. And methinks, when it says, "she was fair and beautiful," that it must have been from the effects of something of a home-sickness to be with the departed ones, that her soul was filled with such brilliant manifestations of divine illumination as to shine through her whole person, and give her an appearance somewhat similar to that of Moses, when he had to veil his face before the Israelites could look upon him; or to that of the blessed son of God on the mount of transfiguration. Methinks I can see that countenance lighted up with a heavenly smile as the tears trickle down her angelic face, only to moisten and give it greater beauty, and to tinge her cheeks with a deeper vermilion hue. Under such circumstances, is it any wonder that our sympathies should at once be enlisted in her favor? and that we should mark with greater interest the course of her subsequent life?

But our anxiety for her welfare and security is greatly relieved when we call to mind the trusty "Guardian" into whose care she

has fallen. He took her "for his own daughter:" and from his general character, we may suppose that Mordecai watched over her with over her more than paternal solicitude. In return she loved him with an ardent attachment and child-like confidence. Her deference to him was as cheerful as it was characteristic. For when the decree had gone forth that Vashti should come no more into the presence of King Ahasuerus, and that "her royal estate should be given to another better than she;" and when it was known to Mordecai that Esther was to be numbered among the select company from which the future Queen was to be chosen, he charged her not to show her people or kindred; and she heeded with the strict obedience of a dutiful child. So that here, as with one stroke of the inspired narrator's pen, we have an evidence of the tenderest mutual relations that existed between them as father and child.

But now we are hurried on to a most eventful, strange and significant era in the life of Esther. As already remarked, she was designated as one of "all the fair young virgins" who were gathered together at Shushan, according to the king's decree, as candidates for the high and enviable distinction of Queen. She, more from necessity than choice, submitted to the fiery ordeal through which they were about to pass. But who will pretend to describe the feelings that now agitated her breast, as she is conveyed in pomp to the royal palace? Simple, retired and diffident in her whole previous mode of life and manners, she now, no doubt, asked herself with great humility and strange emotions, "what recommendations do I—born and reared in obscurity—possess, so as to deserve even the notice, much less the favor of the king or his royal attendants?" In response to this significant question, each one of us is now ready to answer in the words of Moses: "Fear thou not," noble Esther, "stand still and see the glory of the Lord, which he will show you to-day."

Yet, however great we may imagine the anxiety of Esther to have been at this crisis of affairs, we are assured of no less deep emotions and concern on the part of Mordecai, who, we are told, "walked every day before the court of the women's house, to know how Esther did, and what should become of her." Neither of them, we may readily infer coveted, or in the least expected the exaltation to which Esther was about to be raised for its own sake. And in the deep anguish and solicitude of his heart, he no doubt often gave vent to the soul-stirring lamentation: "O, Esther! my child, my child, how shall I give thee up!"

Here the scene suddenly changes: the crisis is at length past

—and a result appears that must have been no less astounding to Esther and Mordecai, than it was surprising to the rival virgin suitors for the King's favor. During the twelve long months of suspense and preparation, in which they were required to undergo a process of purification with myrrh and sweet odors before appearing in the presence of the King, it had probably never entered the minds of the proud aristocratic ladies of the nobility, that the modest, unostentatious Esther, was to be the favored one. We may well imagine, therefore, the perfect discomfort and amazement of her ambitious rivals, when it was announced that the little orphan was the victor, and that she was crowned queen, as successor to the ill-fated Vashti. Though retired and unassuming in her general deportment, as we have seen from the beginning, everything conspired to make her triumph the more complete, and her unsolicited exaltation the more brilliant and enviable. Without the least disposition to covet the proud station—preferring rather to pass an humble, peaceful life with her beloved father Mordecai—and envying rather the virtues that adorn the christian character than all the royal trappings and jeweled ornaments of a King's palace—this sudden transition from the lowest to the very highest position in life, must have seemed to her more like some dream of youthful fancy, than a real, settled, unalterable fact.

From the course of the narrative we are led to infer too, that Esther was the last who was presented to the King for acceptance or rejection. For we are told, that every maiden had gone in unto the king, and that whatever each desired to adorn her person and render her as attractive as possible, was freely given. But now when Esther's turn came, she, despising rather the splendid apparel and gaudy trinkets of the women's court, seems to have made no choice of "*what she should wear*" or adorn herself with; and required nothing, except what had been "appointed" for her. Still jealous for her native modesty and simplicity, she was resolved to throw herself upon whatever recommendation she might possess in her *tastefully dressed*, though *not foolishly adorned*, beautiful person. Yet from beneath this outward show of simplicity—having no superfluous gewgaws or artificials to disguise her queenly form—there shone forth to the eyes of the King that virtue and recommendation, which always appear to best advantage in their own native, original colors. Truly may it be said, that "the honor of modesty is the majesty of the female sex."

And methinks there must have been, besides, more than an ordinary display of that brilliant beautifying power on this occa-

sion, of which we have already spoken, and which could not but enlist the deepest interest on the part of the King in her behalf. "And the King loved Esther above all the women, and she obtained grace and favor in his sight more than all the virgins; so that he set the royal crown upon her head, and made her Queen instead of Vashti."

From the interesting history of our Orphan Queen thus far, we are taught some of the most important lessons relating to our general, social and moral relations; and which we cannot here forbear to impress upon the minds of our young readers before we conclude our present article. This, no doubt, is one of the great ends for which the history has been rerorded; for it is all according to God's own appointment. Notwithstanding the course of events may have appeared strange and mysterious at the time and to the actors themselves, yet viewing the whole scene at a single glance, as we now do, we cannot but discern the deep and wonderful workings of Providence in the whole movement. The lessons here to be learned are—

1st. That however poor or humble our condition in life we should be content therewith, not knowing but that God may yet call us, in the midst of the ever-changing scenes of life—as he did Esther—to act some important part in the exhibition of His power and glory and in the extension of His kingdom. "For He chooses the weak things of the world to confound the things that are mighty." If not so, the sure promise still is, "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of God."

2d. We should learn to cultivate proper filial reverence and obedience for our parents and guardians, who, in the providence of God, may be placed over us. "For Esther did the commandment of Mordecai," (even after separated from him) "like as when she was brought up with him."

3d. We are taught the great lesson that humility is always better than pride; and that the simple unadorned life of a truly virtuous and pious person, presents far more attractions to the good and wise, than all the fanciful vagaries of an overwrought and foolish "*fashion*." "Beauty the more natural the more agreeable." And what a reproof does not the conduct of Esther here—in the midst of seemingly excusable circumstances for artificial adornment—give to the blind devotees of fashion in our own enlightened day! "Now when the time of Esther was come to go in unto the King, she required nothing" (different from what custom taught and from what all the other maidens had done before her) "but what Hegai, the King's chamberlain, the keep-

er of the women, appointed." She seems to have been perfectly indifferent as to any *useless* appendages or ornaments of dress. And this is the spirit that should pervade every truly serious, honest or christian breast. Our eyes should ever be open to the delusive dangers of a sickly, sentimental "*fashionable life*:" and professors of religion especially, should learn that every thing beyond good taste and decency in dress, only tends to render them contemptible in the eyes of the world, and still more unapproved in the sight of God. To the "fair" readers of the "Guardian" especially, we would therefore, recommend the imitation of the example here presented in the person of the noble Esther—worthy to be a pattern, in this particular, for all her sex.

But there is another lesson to be learned, of even deeper and higher significance than all these, from Esther's modest and unfeigned approach into the presence of the King. Let us be reminded by it of the manner in which we should ever draw nigh to the King Eternal, Immortal and Invisible—He who has his throne in the heavens, and who sways the sceptre of universal dominion. Let us not come as did the proud and self-conceited Pharisee, but rather as the poor Publican, smiting upon our breasts, and thereby manifesting our repentance of sin and our unworthiness of being admitted to an audience in his august presence. Let us remember that, though mortal eyes may be deceived by outward appearances, nothing is concealed from him who knoweth the secrets of our hearts, and those all-seeing eyes pierces into the deepest recesses of our souls. Nothing will find favor and acceptance in his sight, but purity of heart—a simple, unadorned, virtuous and holy life. But with a character bearing these marks upon it, we need have no apprehensions to approach him in his holy Temple or at the mercy seat; for we are then prepared to stand undaunted before his scrutinizing glance, and to receive the crown of honor and glory, with which he delights to crown his faithful children.

THE STARS.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
 If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
 Of men and empires—'tis to be forgiven,
 That in our aspirations to be great,
 Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
 And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
 A beauty and a mystery, and create
 In us great love and reverence from afar,
 That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

AN EXAMPLE AND A WARNING.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

It is astonishing what depravity and wickedness begins to manifest itself in all our large cities. It is said that there is more evil, ignorance, moral degradation and heathenism, this moment in London than in the Sandwich Islands, which but a few years ago were yet peopled with idolators, without any light from Revelation. Our American cities are fast tending in the same direction. It is even now scarcely safe for an inexperienced and confiding young man from the country to trust himself alone in our cities. We will give an instance of the depravity to which we have referred, which may serve both as an example and as a warning to any of our young friends who may have occasion to go to the cities.

A young man of our acquaintance went lately to New York, and put up for a few days at one of the hotels. One day he returned to his hotel just a few minutes before dining time; and, to pass the time, he took a paper and sat with others, in the recess before the door. After awhile he observed a well dressed stranger cross the street to the hotel, and take a seat among the boarders, and near to where our young friend was sitting. He at first sat with his head upon one hand, as if in some calculation or study. He then drew from his pocket a blank book, such as merchants have, in which they enter their purchases. He seemed to be making some entries with a pencil, and casting up some accounts. Presently he seemed to have finished his work, and returned his book to his pocket. He then, after sitting a moment leisurely, turned toward our friend, and began, in a friendly and familiar way, to enter into conversation with him.

"I suppose you are a resident of the city."

"No sir," was the reply of our friend.

"So. What part of the country are you from, sir?"

"I live in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania."

"Pennsylvania? A fine State—in many respects superior to ours."

"Where are you from?"

"From Ohio—I am engaged in the mercantile business in Dayton, Ohio—have just finished my purchases, and my goods are shipped to-day—a weary business over."

"I suppose so; it must be tiresome."

"Yes, indeed, it is a very tiresome business. You have been to the Crystal Palace, I suppose."

"Yes, sir, I just came from there."

"A fine sight. I have been there several times; but I shall not go back; it is so hot in the great crowd. A great many strangers are going over to Hoboken; I intend to go over with a friend this afternoon. It is quite a place of resort—a great deal of interest there. Perhaps you will accompany us?"

Here the dinner bell rang. After dinner, as our friend stood before the door of the hotel, this merchant stood near him talking with another man. Incidentally he appeared to discover that our friend stood near him, when he turned round and said to him, "This is my friend, a merchant from Cincinnati, who is going with me to Hoboken this afternoon. If you have made up your mind to accompany us, we will take an omnibus for the wharf in a few minutes."

As our friend had nothing particular before him, he thought he would go with these merchants, and thus see something of the suburbs of New York. They took an omnibus to the wharf, and then on a pleasant steamer rode across to Hoboken.

When the steamboat landed, the merchant from Dayton proposed that they would first visit the "Subterranean Fountain"—"a great curiosity," he said, "and visited by many strangers." They went on to the outskirts of one side of Hoboken, where they came to an entrance into a field, that led down into a piece of woods; but there was no path through it. Our young friend thought, that it could not be a place of much resort, or there would be more of a thoroughfare leading to it; and, excusing himself, said he would stroll through town awhile. They went on; and he, passing down a few streets, turned up into town.

After some time the merchants met him again at the other end of town. They remarked to him that they were just on their way to the "Fort" and "Battle-ground," where General Washington had been with his army during the war; and asked him if he had any desire to see it. "An interesting spot—much visited by strangers—is just a few steps beyond the edge of town."

He concluded to walk along with the merchants. They went down a slight descent, but were still only at the edge of the town; when lo! these two friends who had all the time used their arts to decoy him into some secret place, sprang upon him like lions! One exclaimed, "you have a pocket book!" at the same time striking his open hand with a desperate grab upon the place where the pocket book was! "Hand over your money," exclaimed one of the fiends, while the other tore his gold watch from him with violence!

The young man was, of course, frightened, falling into such hands so unexpectedly, when he believed himself to be in the company of generous friends. Between his perturbation and their tearing at his clothes, they possessed themselves of his pocket book, containing \$150, and his gold watch!

When they had robbed him, one drew a dirk, and said, "Now say we are gentlemen!" which they actually compelled their victim to say; after which they left him and disappeared. Can any thing be imagined more inhuman and devilish than this whole affair! And all this at the edge of the town, with houses near on all sides!

After a moment, he sought a Justice, but he would not act in the case! Was not he perhaps an accomplice of these rogues? Who can know how far-reaching are these organized bands of pickpockets?

What makes the whole matter more sad, is the fact that this young man had saved that money with much care, with a view of using it in pursuing a course of studies preparatory to the ministry! Alas! that such hands should spend the money consecrated to so sacred an end. May God have mercy upon those poor wretches, who seem, to all human appearance, to be hopelessly sold to Satan; and may this example serve to put upon their guard, all unsuspecting young men, who have occasion to visit any of the cities. For this purpose we have recorded it.

THE TEACHINGS OF NATURE.

Is it not the design of our kind Maker, in surrounding us with so many mercies, to make us happy? How grateful should we be, that He allures our hearts from the fleeting phantoms of this transient world to the service of a pure and heavenly being; and thus, in a measure, return our gratitude to Him who is the creator and preserver of all things? And, though we may learn of nature, look around us where we will, if we feel disposed to profit by her instructions, yet how few there are that *do* gain knowledge from her teachings.

The glorious Sun sets day after day, apprising us that it has borne us one day nearer our eternal home, and teaching us that, as it enlightens and imparts vigor to the earth, so is the gospel God's instrument to enlighten our hearts, and impart to us a

zeal to do good. The flowers, although by some considered insignificant things, teach us humility and love; and that, as the hand of God is essential to their perfection, so is His hand needed to guide us in the right path through this wilderness of sin. The dews of heaven, as they are dispensed alike on the just and unjust, teach us unostentatious charity. The moon and stars, as, in their paths, they silently traverse the broad canopy of heaven, as though conversing and holding sweet communion with God, teach *us* to lift *our* thoughts above the things of time, and hold high converse with those of eternity.

Even the merry little birds, warbling forth their cheerful notes, and praising their Creator, should tune our hearts to melody, and teach us the lesson that we too ought to try to cultivate a cheerful and thankful heart for the many blessings with which we are surrounded. Nor would we forget the teachings of the hardy oak that, as it braves the storm and tempest, so ought we to bear up under our afflictions, believing that all things do work together for good to them that love God.

Even silence has its lesson. The grave, darkness, and the lonely waste, all admonish us to think of death, and tell us that by neglecting a preparation for it, darkness will overwhelm us! The lightning, the thunder, the waves, and the mighty deep, all tell us of the mighty power of God, and bid us fear and obey Him, to think of ourselves, of death and eternity.

The lessons which nature imparts to us are not only calculated to instruct us, but if we will permit our minds to muse upon them, will also make us feel grateful, and lead us to exclaim with the Psalmist, What is man that thou shouldst be mindful of him—or the Son of Man that thou visiteth him?" What is it that makes the inhabitant of Iceland happy in a land that we would call and think unpleasant? It is simply this: because his chief intercourse and enjoyment is with nature, while men engaged in the busy pursuits of the world, surrounded by all that is gay and fashionable, seldom take pleasure in viewing the noble structures of their Creator.

The study of Nature is the cheapest of all others; for while the chemist has his apparatus, the student of literature his library, the astrologer his telescope, we have but to cast our eye abroad, and we will behold what never man could make.

After contemplating nature and her beauties, we would ask where the Infidel grounds his views? While he takes Nature for his God, he yet refuses to acknowledge her teachings, for she, if truly understood, would inevitably lead him to see, in her wonderful works, the hand of the true God. M. S. D.

THE MARRIAGE RELATION.

A GOOD BOOK.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

A good book, like a good man, is a good companion, and exerts a good influence on those who keep its company. It has been well said that books are the prophets of those who possess them. Show me the books which a young person reads, and I will speak a good prophecy as to his future character and fate. A good book, in these last days of froth, and foam, and trash, is as when one meets a familiar friend in a strange city.

We have lately met with a good book. It is written by Rev. A. Wanner, and has just been published at the Printing Establishment in Chambersburg, Pa. Its title is, "The Family; or Marriage Relation, and Religious training of Children." This is really a good book, sound and sensible, and exactly suited to the times. It is full of direct and pungent remark; and will make an impression wherever it is read. We heartily hope that it may be placed in many families. The first part of the work, containing seven chapters, is devoted to the Marriage relation. We earnestly advise our young readers to possess themselves of this book, and study well the wholesome truths which are here brought forward on every page. We have long since been convinced, that there is no point to which it is more necessary to call the attention of the present generation than this. We are convinced, that any amount of false and mischievous views prevail in regard to the earnestness and solemnity of that step which exerts so important an influence on the whole of after life, and which has so determining an influence upon every one's eternal destiny. We have frequently expressed these convictions in the Guardian, and from the pulpit; and have also given the reasons upon which they are grounded. But as long as the godless, sentimental trash of our modern novels and tales are afloat and read, it is necessary not to be weary in giving line upon line, and precept upon precept, for we are convinced that here is the source of the greatest part of the mischief.

The number of unhappy marriages throughout the land, and especially in what are falsely called the "upper circles," is known to all; for the misery connected with them is not confined to a corner. Look at the number of divorces—look at the number of quiet separations—look at the number of unequal and jarring yokings, which are common to every neighborhood, village, and social circle! There must be causes for the effects.

What are they? The carelessness and prayerlessness with which these unions are formed—the dreamy and romantic notions of matrimonial life cultivated by newspaper love tales, and by a certain class of larger novels—that impious recklessness which does not stop to ask a solitary question in regard to the religious character of the intended partner for life, the want of all faith in the marriage relation as a religious, a *divine* institution—the absence of a serious and prayerful sense of dependance upon that providence which must be humbly acknowledged in the smallest affairs of our human life—in a word, unlike the instance at Cana in Galilee, Christ is not at the wedding.

Those cases of unhappy marriages in which there is open jarring, though they are more shameful, they are scarcely more miserable than those in which the one gradually discovers an entire want of sympathy and congeniality in the other, and is compelled to endure it in silent misery. The worst form in which this unhappiness can appear, is in those cases where there is, in one of the parties, the absence of all *religious* sympathy! Where the one is an heir of heaven, and the other an heir of hell!—and such an union for life! It was a practice anciently to punish culprits, by tying a dead carcass fast to their backs, after which they are compelled to carry it with them, with all its hatefulness, until it rotted away of itself! Strong as the figure may seem to others, to us it seems not a whit too strong to set forth that most horrid and monstrous of all unions, in which two persons, who are, in the deepest ground of their spirits, as far apart as light and darkness, as Christ and Belial, as heaven and hell. For our own part we should most decidedly prefer the carcass, for we would have the assurance that it would not hang on us so hopelessly and so long.

We make no apology for this strong language. We are in earnest on this subject. We are convinced that it is high time for all who have a voice that others will hear, to speak out as with a trumpet on this point. Let there be no compromise with such fellowships—so plainly, and so repeatedly forbidden in the word of God—so flatly contrary to every common sense conception of propriety—and so awfully disastrous in their consequences.

Where is there a Pastor, who could not furnish, from his own pastoral experience, examples as thrilling as the one which we here quote, in conclusion, from Mr. Wanner's book? It is a graphic picture; and what is worst of all, it is so true in hundreds of cases.

“A young lady of amiable disposition and excellent character, was waited on by a civil and respectable young man. Several years previously she had made a public profession of her faith in Christ. Her connection with the Church was a happy one. It afforded her much satisfaction and real enjoyment. She was happy in Christ. But alas! the day of temptation came. The young man above referred to, began his visits. At first these were regarded with indifference. At length, however, he gained her affections, and finally her confidence. He was frequently seen at public worship where she attended. The prayer meeting he often attended and from it accompanied her home. He did not only countenance religious meetings, but spoke very favorably of them. He positively asserted that it was his delight to attend them. Thus the impression was made, that the step would be perfectly safe. It was supposed that he might be gained for the cause of Christ. An engagement ensued. They were married. For the time being, all went off smoothly. After a little a farm was rented and occupied by the newly married couple. Here the real character of the man was soon discovered. He plunged headlong into the affairs of the world, dragging his wife with him. She remonstrated, but without effect. It was soon evident, that, for the remaining part of her life, she was doomed to an almost intolerable servitude. As her husband, from day to day, became more devoted to the service of the mammon of this world, his inattention to her and her wishes increased. When she expressed her desire to attend the house of God and the public means of grace, he most commonly offered some excuse or other to justify him in refusing to comply with her wishes. Hence, she was obliged to *walk* to church, a distance of five or six miles, or stay at home. The former she could not do, after laboring hard six days. To stay at home was all that remained for her. And here she had but little comfort. For his friends and relatives made of the Sabbath, a day of visiting and frivolity, so that, in consequence of their presence, she had and could have but little or no time for devotional exercises. She now saw her error. But, unfortunate woman, it was too late! Bitter tears could not undo what she ought never to have done, at first. Her treatment and circumstances grew worse and worse, until she was reduced to the greatest misery. Her pale countenance, her loss of health and depressed spirits, all gave evidence of the deep and sore afflictions through which she had passed. Her sun had hid behind a dark cloud, whilst the future threatened her with still greater evils, than the past had brought upon her. So many, who

marry a companion from the ranks of the world, are disappointed and rendered miserable for life.

THE SPIRITS OF AUTUMN IN THE WILLOW.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

Down by the stream, I heard the willow sigh in the twilight of an October evening. Now, upon its pendant branches, there was the quick blast of the cold wind, like a sharp rush of pain through the limbs of the afflicted. Now, there was a softer sigh; but still sad, like the moan of deep abiding sorrow. The waving of its long branches, was like the fanning of angel's wings over graveyards, in the stilly night, to make deeper and sweeter the repose of the dead!

I listened! Mingling with the sad music of the wind and the willow, I heard, as it might be, the soft voices of friendly spirits. They spake to me tenderly; and their tones were as the breathings of love.

"Hearken, O child of dust, pilgrim of a few years in these low-lands of sin and sadness, hearken to the voice of wisdom. Look around thee upon the earth! Hearest thou the hollow moanings of Autumn from the woods, from the groves, and from the mountains? It is a prophecy of the great Autumn of the world; when all things shall fade and fall! Seest thou the falling of leaves, and the fading of the flowers? So shall the light of thine eye, the health of thy cheek, and all that thou lovest on earth, fade and vanish away, when the short summer of this life is ended! Seest thou the dark clouds which hang around the portals of evening? They are like the pall-robcs, which are hung over the bier, when man goeth to his long home! Dost thou feel, in thy limbs and at thy heart, monitive chills of coming winter? They are like the first, gentle touches of the cold hand of death! Dost thou—"

"Stay thy words, O spirits of the solemn tone," I cried, "they bring to my spirit sad feelings, as it might be, the dark and ominous approaches of despair. They beget in my soul a sorrow, which, like a sigh, is called forth by thoughts of the past. They make me see nothing but vanity in the present. They cause gloomy shadows to float before the future."

"Ah! child of dust and sin," said the spirit, "that sadness is a healing sorrow to the soul. It is as the sighs and seekings of the exile, when he thinks of the land he left; and when, from his melted heart, well up the first tears of penitence that fall upon the homeward way!"

"Spirits of the solemn tone ! is there no spring-time, to succeed the great Autumn of the world !"

"Aye, verily, to those that weep now, and are sad for sin ! To the broken-hearted there cometh a time of healing, and of joy. When the autumn is gone—when the dark winter is past—when the mourning earth, under the melting breathings of the south wind, shall open its long concealed fountains, and there shall be flowings, like streams of tears from the eyes of a penitent !—then cometh spring-time, and green trees, and lovely flowers, and joy, and hope, and life, and love !"

"Will it surely come, that eternal Spring which ends in an Autumn no more ? Will it come, ye lonely spirits in the willow ? Oh, when will it come !

Lift up thine eyes penitent child of dust ; believe, hope, and smile and live forever ! It cometh soon the spring-time of the Universe—and of thy spirit ! It is before thee, the land where nothing fades, and where thy heart shall no more moan in answer to the mournful music of the spirits of Autumn, in the branches of the willow ! Go thy way, and sigh, and sin no more.

The twilight had faded into night ; but the stars were out above, and their soft light of love seemed to say : "Rest in hope, ye that live on the earth, and ye that sleep in its bosom ! We will watch till the morning comes !"

The wind ceased, and the spirits were quiet in the willows. Far—from afar, as if from out the infinite, I heard soothing words, and sweet songs, and voices of welcome ! They said, "HITHER ! HITHER !"

THE MAGAZINES.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE for October is an excellent number. This monthly has more of a religious character than any we receive. We have frequently praised it.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY for October. How glad would we be to hear that this excellent monthly had excluded the *Fashion Plate* trash from every family. Some numbers back we feared it was gliding a little into the light and sentimental ; but late numbers give promise that it will hold its original solid way. So may it be.

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART for July, August and September, is received. This is the first opportunity we have had to examine this publication. The reading contents are of the most solid character. To those interested in the Arts of painting, drawing and sculpture, this work must prove exceedingly valuable. The illustrations are all of classic historical character. *Three Dollars* per annum. Address, Alexander Montgomery, No. 71 Spruce St. N. York.

THE POPULAR EDUCATOR for August and September. This magazine we can also recommend. It is especially valuable to School Teachers. Price 12½ cents per No. Each No. contains 44 pages Quarto.

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

Vol. 4. No. XI.

November, 1853.

LIFE—LIGHT—LOVE.

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,



DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS

OF

YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

H. HARBAUGH, }
ELIAS HEINER, } AT { LANCASTER, Pa.,
SAM'L H. REID, } { BALTIMORE, Md.,
 } { PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

JOHN H. PEARSON, PRINTER.

They that seek me early shall find me.

I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong.


She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.

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FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL COLLEGE.—This Institution opened on the 12th of October in the city of Lancaster. The Faculty is full and efficient—the location healthy—and boarding can be had on reasonable terms. This Institution offers excellent advantages to such as seek a liberal education.

THE DOLLAR. Our subscribers look regularly for the appearance of the Guardian every month. They have a right to do so, because we promised to send it. We look regularly for the DOLLAR, because our subscribers promised to send it. What a fine arrangement this is for both sides!

 The Receipts for the present month will be attended to in the next number.

THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. IV.

NOVEMBER, 1853.

No. 11

THE CONTAGIOUSNESS OF SIN.

The Apostle Paul says, "Evil communications corrupt good manners." A proverb, the correctness and truth of which, can only be fully understood by a careful notice of the influence sin has upon people, in their intercourse with each other. There is nothing we believe upon earth, that demands the attention of the Christian more, than a close observation of the various developments of sin. It can assimilate itself to almost every state in life and society, in a deceptive form, so much so, that our utmost vigilance for its discovery is often eluded. We see it in the higher circles of society, in an extra-refined shape, leading its votaries to superfluous adornment, politeness and language. And in the vulgar, in the most unrefined, sensual, and revolting form imaginable. But all this is evidence only, to show that sin will deceive us, and lead us to vanities, if we are not "awake to righteousness, and sin not."

To be more particular, in our remarks on the infectious nature of sin, we might profitably take a look at the effect it has in the family circle. Perhaps the parents have no love for the Redeemer, and the sanctuary of the Lord. If so what havoc may they make in their families, through their wicked influence. If they have no reverence for the sabbath, can we suppose they will teach their children to observe it. If they have no love for the Bible, is it very likely, that they will learn them to read it, and explain its sense, and enforce an observance of its precepts. If they are addicted to drunkenness, profanity, or any other gross sins, will they warn them of their ruinous effects, and the final doom of those who live and die in those vices. If they never have enjoyed the sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit, can they speak to them of the joys of the Christian. If they are not consistent members of the Church, will they urge them to join it. To all this, we answer in the negative; and feel warranted from the fact, that sin is contagious, and "that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

Again, impious brothers and sisters have an influence over the rest of the family. The ties of relationship are near and dear to every one, whether godly or ungodly. The pious brother

or pious sister has a peculiar love for those that are impious, yea, they love their souls more than they themselves do, and in their respect, and love, and desire for their eternal welfare, there is danger of being deceived by sin, by yielding too much, and going too far with them, in order to win them to Christ. Here is a danger to which all christians are exposed. Let all be aware that they yield not too much to the enemy, with the expectation of finally defeating him; for perhaps when we look for success, we may find ourselves farther from it, and bring reproach upon the cause of Christ by so far consenting to evil. Do not the evil thing, hoping that good may come; but rather let us be uncompromising in our attacks against evil in every shape, and as the apostle says, "have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." And also "let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers."

Just as the wicked example of parents is apt to lead their children astray, and cause them to grow up ungodly, just so may ungodly brothers and sisters by their influence and example, lead their other brothers and sisters out of the way that leads to everlasting life. And what an account for the day of judgment, when the sins of others are laid to our charge! And if there is any difference in the responsibility and influence of the members of the family, it rests upon the parents, and the eldest brothers and sisters. They can injure and ruin those lesser and younger ones, who cannot injure them, either by influence or example. Then you older brothers and older sisters, be not a stumbling block to those who are younger, for the Saviour said, "woe to that man by whom the offense cometh!" If we are instrumental in influencing those "little ones" to evil, "it were better for us that a millstone were hanged about our necks, and that we were drowned in the depth of the sea."

Another place where sin can influence silently though powerfully, is in the social circle. It is a common expectation in social pastimes, that something of mirthfulness approaching to vanity, should characterize the whole company in their conduct. But here is an honorable place for Satan. He knows how to turn giddiness and gaiety to his own interests. Too much mirth will lead to vanity, and nothing but vanity will lead to obscenity, and obscenity will lead to actual sin, and consequently a gloom of disgrace will overshadow the minds of those who once partook only in the mirth and pastimes of the social circle. Are then all social meetings and enjoyment

sinful. Oh no, not if we talk and act like christians. "Let our conversation only be as it becometh the gospel of Christ," "conversation without coveteousness." "An example to believers, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity," as the Apostle Paul told Timothy.

But what is the reason, that the social circle is so often the place of so much lightness and vanity? Perhaps, only because two or three of the company are impious. They do not wish, and will not converse and act religiously, and consequently the others, are apt to allow the course of conversation to take the current that suits the few, at their loss, altogether out of civility towards them. But this is an extreme politeness on the part of professors of religion, that they should not attend to. It is manifestly giving wickedness the preference and privilege of bending everything to suit itself.

Nor is the influence of wicked persons felt in the family and social circles only. It is felt in all the business and communications with the people generally. In the shops, stores, manufactories, and in the field, we observe the same usurpations of sin, to bend the conversation and minds of men. Worldliness, sensuality, and vice of every sort, appears in general to be the whole topic of conversation; which if continued in for some time, will pervert the mind, sensualize the feelings, throw the whole individual, both soul and body, into the power of the devil. How important then, that Christians watch, and observe the various manifestations of sin and use their utmost righteous endeavors, to stop the current of sin, that flows through the conversation of the world. And this can be done, only by shunning "profane and vain babblings; for they will increase unto more ungodliness."

J. V. E.

FORMATION OF HABITS.

Like flakes of snow that fall unperceived upon the earth, the seemingly unimportant events of life succeed one another. As the snow gathers together, so are our habits formed. No single flake that is added to the pile, produces a sensible change; no single action creates, however it may exhibit, a man's character; but as the tempest hurls the avalanche down the mountain, and overwhelms the inhabitant and his habitation, so passion, acting upon the elements of mischief, which pernicious habits, have brought together by imperceptible accumulation, may overthrow the edifice of truth and virtue.

FOOTSTEPS OF ANGELS.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

When the hours of day are numbered,
And the voices of the night
Wake the better soul, that slumbered,
To a holy, calm delight,

Ere the evening lamps are lighted,
And, like phantoms grim and tall,
Shadows from the fitful firelight
Dance upon the parlor wall.

Then the forms of the departed
Enter at the open door;
The beloved, the true-hearted,
Come to visit me once more.

He, the young and strong, who cherished
Noble longings for the strife,
By the roadside fell and perished,
Weary with the march of life.

They, the holy ones and weakly,
Who the cross of suffering bore,
Folded their pale hands so meekly,
Spoke with us on earth no more.

And with them the being beauteous,
Who unto my youth was given,
More than all things else, to love me,
And is now a saint in heaven.

With a slow and noiseless footstep
Comes that messenger divine,
Takes the vacant chair beside me,
Lays her gentle hand in mine.

And she sits and gazes at me
With those deep and tender eyes,
Like the stars so still and saint-like,
Looking downward from the skies.

Uttered not, yet comprehended,
Is the spirit's voiceless prayer,
Soft rebukes, in blessings ended,
Breathing from her lips of air.

O, though oft depressed and lonely,
All my fears are laid aside,
If I but remember only
Such as these have lived and died.

THE EDUCATION OF THE HEAVENLY BRIDE.

What a torrent of objections and suspicions you have provoked against me? You have handed my letters to some of your female friends, who have related their contents to their husbands. And now your letter gives utterance to individual views on moral culture, taken from different standpoints, all of which challenge an immediate reply. I can therefore not advance anything new in this letter, but will simply endeavor rightly to confirm and clearly prove those points to which we have already alluded.

You impute my assertion to an ignorance of the laws and relations of social life, when I allege that the young lady should be educated with a view of making her a spiritual bride; and that parents should not esteem their qualifications for marriage and mothers the primary and highest end of their education. You describe to me the trembling anxiety and care of an affectionate father, who has six or seven daughters, none of whom has the faintest prospect of getting married. You depict the bitter anguish which the blasted hopes of such worthy young ladies must excite, when they see that every young man of pure morals and a promising future passes them by unnoticed, while others are preferred, far more homely and unpolished, mere play-things whose only recommendation is a lucrative dowry. I will not repeat all that I have said about marriage; marriages, where the fervent flow of affection is stifled with bickering antipathies, and the breathings of mutual love repressed by sense and sin. That all the prudential art and cunning of parents, employed in dragooning their daughters into a system of wooing, cannot supersede the wisdom and well-meant purposes of God. All these have no bearing upon that particular point, from which your objection proceeds. But I will expand still further those truths at which I have simply hinted in my last letter; namely, that the young lady should be educated to a more perfect feeling of self-dependence than we commonly find—an independence of character altogether foreign to the false premises and blind predjudices upon which our present educational code so prevailingly rests. She must be taught that her eternal destiny should be poised on a surer support than the precarious prospect of a marriage alliance; that she can secure an abiding power in her own soul, which will relieve her from a slavish dependence upon the marriage relation, which Providence for wise purposes may have placed forever beyond her reach.

Christian parents are not only morally bound, but are also under civil obligations to give their children such an education as will secure to them an independent support through life. This duty, of course, varies with the rank and wealth of the parents. If the interest of her father's bequest will furnish her with a competent support, well and good. He may suffer his daughter to grow up and remain ignorant, ill-bred and unlovely. Humanly speaking, her bodily subsistence, food and raiment at least are secure.

But suppose a father has only means sufficient to educate his daughter in keeping with his standing in society, but can leave her no fortune at his death. Under such circumstances, you would say, parents have every reason to be anxiously concerned about the marriage of their daughter. But pray what can the parents do in this case, in educating their daughter for marriage instead of training her for heaven? What are all their endeavors to secure the connubial happiness of their daughter, but a trifling with the solemn business of eternity? They stake the life, happiness and eternal future of their child upon the contingency of a lottery, where a very few draw prizes, and an alarming number the fearful doom of a ruinous *blank*. Is this right? Should she not be taught to love God more than a suitor or future husband, and esteem the prize of eternal life in Jesus Christ a higher and nobler end than even marriage itself, however solemn this relation is? They should regulate the education of their daughter so as to ensure to her a measurable independence of support, whether married or single. How shall this be done?

I admit that persons who have nothing but an annual salary, a bare competency, for their support, have reason to feel uneasy about the temporal welfare of their daughters; especially if they know nothing but the useless sciences taught in our higher female seminaries; to sing, dance, and make embroidery, dress gaily, prattle bad French and read novels. The parents of such young ladies may well weep over the cheerless prospects of their children, when every successive birth-day festival brings with it new disappointments, without any hope of suitors or their wedding day. The cause of their tears is appallingly real. The future of their daughters is terribly ominous. What but an education most miserably defective is the ground of all their danger and alarm? Had they been taught to read, write and cipher; and the common useful arts of life—to sow, knit, cook and wash. Had they been taught to work and pray; carefully to read the Bible instead of sighing away their very

existence over sentimental romances and spend their precious time at the toilet preparing for the ball-room, their parents would be saved the fear and dread of future misery and want, even though they should remain single. For they who pray well will not be ashamed to work. It would be the part of wisdom for parents to pursue this course, for by this means they might enhance the true worth of their daughters, and furnish them with attractions worthy of the admiration and love of a much larger class of respectable young men. But in the present age, such an education is too often looked upon as suited only for the poorer classes of society, because it unfits ladies to attain to any extraordinary honor in the eyes of the world, by simply endeavoring to maintain their humble rank in the lowly path of piety and honest labor.

I know full well that you can urge an objection to this by expressing your pity for the daughters of parents who move in fashionable life, and yet are not able to give them enough money to keep up the appearance of such a station, that such ladies after the death of their parents would be obliged to hire themselves out to strangers for a support. How they would have to stoop to toil and drudgery for a living. But in the first place such ladies will not hire out under precisely the same condition as those of an inferior class. Their claims to a situation will be conditioned by their degree of true worth and refinement. A virtuous, cultivated lady, who has been taught to labor rather than command, and who has been educated for a spiritual bride, can lay claim to a higher post of usefulness, and attain to greater respectability, than one educated for mere carnal worldly ends. But again, the arrangement and order of God's Providence in the world, is such that neither sons nor daughter can always retain precisely the same rank and reputation of their parents. Some are more worthy, other more worthless. Some rise above, others sink beneath the social standing of their parents. This is very natural. For where would they get to, if the child would always transcend the compass of the parent's worth? Parents who lament over this Providential relation, who suppose that a daughter wedded to a young man of an inferior class in society, must necessarily make them unhappy, have never acquired the virtue of humility themselves nor taught it to their children. It is very evident that the wants of young ladies vary with their position in society; and it is no less evident that these wants are best provided for by educating them at least to an outward independence, so that their happiness will not depend upon the uncer-

tainty of marrying a husband. Should their sense of duty prompt them to remain single, so as more successfully to cultivate the graces of spiritual brides, they are free to decline the offers of their suitors. Their parents need have no care or painful anxiety about the future welfare of their children. Their tender solicitude will be soothed with the conviction that it shall be well with them, whether they marry or not.

I have partly anticipated the substance of your second objection. You remark, that even the very expression that young ladies should be educated for spiritual brides savored of the atmosphere of the nunnery, and that very probably the background of my assertion is tinged with Catholicism. I thank you kindly, my dear friends, that you give me this opportunity frankly to express my honest convictions. I am no Roman Catholic, neither in theory or practice; nor do I catholicize in that sense which regards the Roman Catholic as the exclusively saving church. I am of the opinion, that among Greeks, Catholics and Protestants, all who fear God and do right, who are baptized in the name of the Trinity, and live conformably to the gospel; who pant after reconciliation with God through the blood of Christ; that all such belong to the holy Catholic Church, whose invisible vitality extends over the whole earth, and that all such will in the end inherit eternal life and its consequent happiness. But at the same time, I do not belong to that class of protestants who regard every thing as anti-protestant which the impetuous pressure and tempest of the Reformation has abolished and destroyed, simply *because* destroyed; who forget that what has been impaired by abuse, can be restored by a proper use. On that account I can never persuade myself that nunneries are in themselves necessarily bad and anti-protestant. I would not wish to have monasteries restored. It is far less frequent, that *men* fall into that state of mind, which impels them to seek retirement. At least this should not, and with us protestants can not, be the case, so long as it is the leading purpose and desire of their hearts, to devote their life and talents to the service of God, and aspire after that holiness of heart which is the end of all religion. But the leading idea and design of these female convents is so noble and humane, that they need but a slight alteration to make them institutions fruitful in unspeakable blessings, even among protestants.

In the removal and total abolition of nunneries, the reformers acted on the assumption, that woman is socially designed for a wife and a mother; that her education should primarily be regulated with a view to this end. At the time of the reformation, therefore, many nuns married after they detected the im-

position of error and priestly delusion. But since it has been proven to a demonstration, confirmed by daily experience, that not *all* ladies can marry, how can woman fulfil her destination as a wife? How are we to determine who is to marry, and who remain single? Should we decide this by lot? I would by no means deny, that where ladies have been piously educated, this method is fruitful in good results. Still I am of the opinion, that it conflicts with the nature of conjugal love. But even granting that such a method could be universally introduced and carried out, it still remains an undisputed fact, that many men can never acquire a competency to support a family, within the marriageable period of life; and still further it has been ascertained to a certainty, that more women reach the age of maturity than men. Now what is to be done with the surplus of young ladies, if they are all providentially destined to marry? *Must* they not fail, by an unalterable necessity, to fulfil their mission or attain their destination? Or rather can that be the universal destination of the sex, which some are destined never to reach? The whole matter therefore amounts to this; that all young ladies who will not or can not marry, whose parents cannot bequeathe to them a competent fortune, or who are convinced of the evanescent character of all mere earthly good; that all such should either be so trained and educated as not to be dependant on the uncertain support of wedded life or any other accidental event, even at the risk of earning their own support by serving others; or they should be provided with a place of refuge, that would shelter them from the severities of want; a place for the protection of their life and innocence, for the securing and preserving of her eternal salvation; in short a place of genial retirement, where, untrammelled by adverse social influences, she might cultivate and complete the ornaments and graces of a spiritual bride. The latter is very much needed, and is doubtless preferable for the higher classes of society. What are such places of educational retreat but—I will not say nunneries, lest I provoke the hatred of prejudice and the suspicion of honest inquiry—charitable female institutions, analogous to nunneries, free from their corrupt objectionable features?

If men only would have had sufficient experience and discernment when they abolished convents with indiscriminate fury! Had not many dukes and lords been personally interested in the confiscation of the property of these institutions! Nay, if the lords of those days had only been as wise as Napoleon, who saw that the Sisters of Charity would be of incalcu-

lable service in the maintenance of almshouses, and therefore he speedily re-established such convents. Had this been the case they would not have proceeded so rashly in the abolition of these quiet institutions, but rather would have reformed and improved them, and thus have prevented the necessity of their total abolition. What are some of our higher female institutions but such as I have just described—protestant nunneries, purged from the dross of papal inventions? It is true, at least so far as my observation extends, they have been considerably secularized; the mere natural mental powers are cultivated at the expense of the moral and the eternal. The head is trained instead of the heart—fancy in preference to the affections. Beyond doubt such schools, seminaries, nunneries, or whatever else you may choose to call them, to be successful, must have christianity as the principle and basis of all true nurture, and the standard of all their regulations; their ultimate aim and end; and the object of all the care, labor and rest of their inmates must be religion. Not simply a cold contemplative Christianity, which amuses the head while it famishes the heart; but a practical living christianity, which worketh by love.

For example, in Prussia there are many among the higher classes, filling official stations, members of Councils, &c. These often can give their daughters nothing but an education. Many of these ladies can never marry. Especially since the industrial interests of one common fatherland have been so much promoted. What shall they do? They will be very loathe to live as the hired servants of others, however refined and respectable that service may be. What a noble, generous provision it would be for the maintenance and comfort of such ladies, if such a protestant institution would gradually be established in every Province? How many unhappy marriages might thus be prevented, which are productive of naught but misery in this life, and endless woe in the life to come! Marriages to which pious and polished young ladies are forced to consent so as to evade the want of unprotected single-life, and escape a doom so painful to the pride and prejudice of their sex. How nobly they could thus treat with their suitors with a will untrammelled by the ominous threatenings of the future, and fearlessly profess their disposition or indisposition to marry! This would be a work, worthy of a noble German princess, in which her generous beneficence might soothe and solace many a heart, sorrowful with the forebodings of want. Thus you observe, by explaining and illustrating these two points, I have replied to

the main part of your doubts and scruples, and I humbly trust that I have also removed them.

Shall I seriously defend myself against a charge, which you positively declare to be unusual, and which you prefer with a certain fearful humidity? viz, that my view about the destination of woman is pietistic, which you aver is apparent even from the manner in which I express it; and that it reminds you of those well-known Moravian hymns about "the Sweet Heavenly Bridegroom." I will reply to this in a very few words. It is not necessary for any lady to know whether there are different parties and sects in theology, rationalists, superrationalists, orthodox or any other. The perfect understanding of these theories is not essential for the salvation of any christian. This is only for those who study theology, and whose business it is to prepare and examine candidates for church membership and for the office of the ministry. If a lady's faith, love and hope centre in Jesus Christ; if she loves Him supremely, loves Him with all that sincerity, purity and fervor of devotion with which a bride loves her earthly bridegroom, "she has chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her," and her salvation, will be temporally and eternally secure. If any are disposed to stigmatize this view as Moravian, mystical, or pietistic, they may do so. By this they only expose their practical ignorance of the religion of our Saviour, which is based upon faith, hope, and charity, whose very life and animating principle is a pure fervent and holy love. Nor can such persons have the faintest conception of the true nature of woman, whose spiritual and religious life is predominantly a life of feeling; the brightest ornaments of whose delicate constitution are chastity in feeling and love, which like a tender exotic, cannot endure exposure. If any wish to disturb the serene flow of her affectionate heart by cold soulless speculations; if they wish to lure her into the abyss of disputed religious opinions and controversies; if they wish to degrade the beautiful and noble, through the voice of obsolete terms and technicalities, they commit an act as base as it is wicked; they cruelly hurl a brand of hell into the sanctuary of woman's heart, degrade the sex, and lead her to a cross-road, which either conducts her into domestic misery, or into the nameless haunts of vice and degradation. A well-informed, educated woman, who does not love Christ above all things, is simply an educated heathen, with the hopes and fears of a heathen; but a woman who believes nothing, hopes nothing, and loves nothing but the

tangible, sensual, and visible, to whatever class or condition of society she may belong, she is to all intents and purposes a child of the devil!

When I say therefore that a young lady should be educated for a spiritual bride, I mean that this is the highest and holiest end of her hopes and longings, of her life and endeavors, which can be proposed to her either in this or the future world. If you would denounce this glorious destination of woman as uneral and fanciful, by simply branding it with odium of "pietism," you at once wantonly rend to pieces and scatter the matchless wreath of woman's worth, and ungratefully disown the priceless pearl of her true nobility.

FATHER, THY WILL BE DONE.

Though dark and heavy sorrow
Doth cast on thee its spell,
And gloomy seems the morrow,
Remember, "All is well."

Though grief doth hover o'er thee,
And dark clouds haunt thy sun,
Keep this sweet prayer before thee,
"Father, thy will be done."

Though when life's bark seemed freighted
With happiness for thee,
And with bright hopes elated
Thy heart with joy may be.
Afflictions dark clouds lower,
And grieve thy heart doth stun,
Then pray in that sad hour,
"Father, thy will be done."

And when earth's sorrows round thee
Have fallen thick and fast:
When ties which long have bound thee
So fondly to the past.
All sundered are, yet always
Whatever to thee may come,
Submissive and resigned, pray
"Father, thy will be done."

Whatever, in life's pathway
May come; of good or evil,
Confiding, thy fond heart, may
Bend to thy Father's will.
And when sadly thou dost grieve,
When all seems dark, yet one
Comfort's left for thee to breathe,
"Father, thy will be done."

ESTHER—THE ORPHAN QUEEN:

OR GOD'S CARE FOR HIS PEOPLE.

BY R. P. THOMAS.

Young, beautiful, retired and humble ;
Yet, the model Queen—true philanthropist,
And devoted servant of the Most High.

From the elevation of Esther to the throne as Queen, we are hurried on, with the rapidity of a moving panorama, to another scene in the picture, whose dark, stirring events, we cannot help but believe Providence had raised her up especially to control. She had long been honored with a seat upon the royal chair of state, or decked with her jeweled coronet, ere a most nefarious scheme and diabolical plot was concocted by the wicked Haman for the extirpation of all her people and kindred within the King's dominions. Unable to bear with proper humility and dignity the honor with which King Ahasuerus had promoted him, Haman now finds opportunity to give free scope to the play of his haughty, passionate and domineering spirit. Like too many similarly circumstanced, he was actuated by the false notion, that to tyrannise most is to rule the best. But—as is always true of such characters—he betrayed in this a heartless disposition, as well as a brainless head. To vent his spleen upon the poor and defenceless Mordecai, because, forsooth, he refused to bow before him, as did his other cringing vassals, and do him reverence, detracted far more from his dignity as a ruler, than it added to his fame, by the supposed maintenance of his supreme authority. The yielding to the temptation—only of force with contracted minds—of making so much account of paltry things, is a full half surrender to the deepest dyed acts of cowardice and meanness. Haman's thinking it scorn to lay violent hands on Mordecai alone, and seeking to involve all the Jews of the kingdom in destruction on account of his offence, was only another evidence of the intolerable pride that filled his heart, and of the importance he had presumptuously attached to his official character, as second only in authority to the kingship itself. Yet, by falsehood and flattery, he had so bewitched the king as to gain his consent to let him take vengeance upon those, whom he had now come to despise with all the bitter hatred and contempt of an Amalekite to the Israel of God. Accordingly, the bloody edict went forth, bearing the signet of the monarch, that all the Jews, both young and old, young women and children, should perish on the same day, in one general massacre and bloodshed. Surely no act of cruelty

ever appeared so great, or evinced such bare-faced and cold-blooded murder as this !

Bearing in mind that Esther herself was a Jewess, and that there was not a single exception made to the unalterable decree, we at once perceive that her own ruin was involved in common with the rest of her doomed nation. Had the king been aware of this fact, we may readily infer that he would have made at least *one* exception to the heralded death-decree of Haman. But, through zeal to gratify the wishes and thus redress the supposed wrongs and grievances of his flattering minion, he went so far—as much, no doubt, through ignorance as stupidity—as to sign the *death-warrant* of his own beautiful and beloved Queen.

The dread consternation experienced by the Jews upon the announcement of this decree, is exemplified to some extent, by the conduct of Mordecai, who “rent his clothes, and put on sack-cloth with ashes, and went out into the midst of the city, and cried with a loud and bitter cry.” We are also further informed that “there was great mourning among the Jews, and fasting, and weeping, and wailing, and many lay in sack-cloth and ashes.”

Esther’s conduct towards Mordecai in the midst of these trying circumstances, was that of a devoted child to a distressed and broken-hearted parent. His grief was hers ; and the Jews’ danger was her distress. She sent raiment to clothe him—to exchange for his habiliments of mourning, that he might receive “the oil of joy for mourning, and the garments of praise for the spirit of heaviness,” and thus be comforted. But Mordecai, like the Prophet of Israel, would not be comforted, because of the evil that was about to come upon them as a people. And as a last resort, he appeals to Esther, as she values her own life, to intercede with the king in their behalf. Esther no doubt cheerfully responded to the entreaty in her heart ; yet at the same time she felt the exceeding great risk of venturing into the presence of the king, uncalled for. As an excuse, therefore, for not at once complying with the urgent request of Mordecai, she plead the rigor of the Persian law respecting the appearance of any one, and especially a female, before the king, without a legal or official summons. To this seemingly reasonable and significant excuse, Mordecai answers in those truly sublime, purely christian, and deeply prophetic words : “Think not with thyself that thou shalt escape in the king’s house, more than all the Jews. For if thou altogether holdest thy peace at this time, then shall there enlargement and deliverance arise to the Jews from another place ; but thou and thy father’s house

shall be destroyed : *and who knoweth whether thou art come to the kingdom for such a time as this ?*" In these words we have an expression of the most unbounded confidence in the promises of God respecting the preservation and security of his people Israel. Deliverance, it is most unequivocally asserted, will surely come ; and if Esther is not the means of bringing it, the Almighty will interpose in some other way for their rescue. In the latter clause especially, we have a most brilliant outburst of faith in the over-ruling Providence of God. The form of the question, "and who knoweth," &c., implies far more than a mere *supposition* or *probability* that the hand of God underlay the whole concatenation of strange events that brought Esther to the proud position which she now occupied. It proves itself, to us at least, to have been a prophetic declaration concerning the whole truth and secret that was yet to be revealed.

If even Esther would have had any disposition previously to disregard the cries and entreaties of her people, it is not easy to see how she could have withstood an appeal filled with as much pathos and eloquence as this. But her heart and deepest sympathies were all the while with the race of her kindred ; and we may suppose, the only reason why she faltered at all to act promptly in the case, was the temerity of her youthful heart, and the great danger connected with the attempt. But this last appeal of Mordecai more than overcame all her fears and doubts ; and with a firm reliance upon Him who rules all events for His own glory, and with an equal assurance of the righteousness of her cause, she resolved to make the trial. Willing to sacrifice her life, if need be, in the service of her people, she boldly met the crisis—yielding to the force of the reasoning, that she could but perish if she went ; yet if she failed to make the trial her destruction was even more certain still.

Exhorting all the Jews, therefore, to follow the example of herself and chamberlains, in fasting for three days and nights as a process of preparation for the decisive hour, she assures them of her determination to importune the King—concluding her declaration with those admirable, awfully solemn and significant words, "*if I perish, I perish !*" Never did a more heroic or philanthropic expression escape the lips of mortal. True to her trust and resolve, she appeared before the King at the appointed time, not knowing whether this issue would be life or death. But she triumphed : and in her triumph—not less signal—we are reminded of the beautiful allegory of Una and the Lion in Spenser's "*Færy Queen.*" The fierce lion, thirsting for blood, was so overpowered with the beauty of Una

that, instead of making her a prey to his ravenous appetite,

“He kissed her weary feet,
And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue;
As he her wronged innocence did meet.
O how can beauty master the most strong!
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!”

As she entered the royal court the golden sceptre was extended towards her, as a signal that she had found favor and success with the King. And it was then, we may imagine, with feelings of almost overpowering joy and thankfulness, that she touched the top of the sceptre, as a suppliant, and entered into the first step of negotiation for her wronged and afflicted kindred. So much gratified, indeed, was the King at her presence—indeed of the contrary, as she had reason to apprehend—that he offered to satisfy her desire, though it should be at the sacrifice of half of his colossal empire. But, to his great surprise, instead of having a large demand made upon his proffered generosity, her simple wish and request was, that himself and Haman should attend a banquet which she had prepared for their entertainment. Puffed up (like pride always is before a fall) and blinded by the special honor which he conceived was thus designed to be conferred upon him, and feeling his favor—as he supposed—growing stronger with the royal pair, and his importance of more account, Haman thought not, nor had he the most distant apprehension of the sad end that was to grow out of this seemingly joyful beginning. To-morrow he was again invited to a banquet of Esther. Ah, how these tokens of honor must have pandered to his vain and self-conceited spirit! But during the intervening night, whilst Haman was plotting the speedy destruction of Mordecai, and was feasting upon the joyful anticipations of the morrow, the King was troubled (we may suppose by some divine or supernatural influence): and, as if to while away the sleepless hours, he commanded the “records of the Chronicles” to be brought; and as they were read, a disclosure was made that resulted in the exalting of the humble and the debasing of the proud. Impatient for the morning light to dawn, that he might hasten to inform the King of the arrangements he had made for the execution of Mordecai on the gallows, Haman appeared in the court early: inflated with the prospects of having complete revenge, and with the enjoyments of the day before him. But how differently had the counsels of that night resulted for the destiny of him, with whom they were both directly concerned! The one had planned Mordecai’s instant death; the other his highest honor and

distinction. What a signal instance of the folly of man serving to confirm and magnify the wisdom of God!

But instead now of being made the object of greater royal distinction, Haman had to experience the mortification of leading the richly caparisoned horse of the King, as he bore Mordecai, now clad with royal insignia, along in his triumphal parade through all the streets of the city, crying, as he had supposed it would be done unto himself, "Thus shall it be done unto the man whom the King delighteth to honor." Disappointed, chagrined and deeply mortified, Haman came again, but only after earnest solicitation, to the second banquet of the Queen: but it was only to receive another impetus to hurl him down to the pit of destruction, into which he had commenced to fall with such a fearful plunge. Upon Esther now making known her full request, which the king had promised not to deny her, Haman was ordered to be taken forth and hanged on the very gallows which he had prepared for Mordecai. A righteous retribution!—every one will exclaim—visited upon one for whom we can exercise but little sympathy. Truly shall the wicked be taken in their own net; and their feet shall be tangled in the snares which they have laid for others. The ring with which Ahasuerus had signalized the promotion of Haman, was now placed upon the hand of Mordecai, at his exaltation to the place which his fierce despiser and persecutor had so recently occupied.

But, notwithstanding the ring-leader in the contemplated bloody tragedy against the Jews was removed, yet the edict that had gone forth throughout all the provinces, and which could not be countermanded or revoked, was still in force. In view of this, Esther was emboldened to make one more request of the king for the salvation of her people. And after recounting what had been decreed against them according to the indictment of Haman, she appeals to the king in the following touching language: "How can I endure to see the evil that shall come upon my people? or how can I endure to see the destruction of my kindred?"

Though not able to remand or alter the decree, as was the law among the Medes and Persians, the king now granted every privilege and assistance to destroy the effect it would otherwise have, by an active counter movement. Swift as messengers could carry them, letters were dispatched to every province: "Wherein the king granted the Jews which were in every city to gather themselves together, and to stand for their life, to

destroy, to slay, and to cause to perish, all the power of the people and province that would assault them."

Then were the hearts of the Jews made glad. Instead of mourning they now had joy, and their bitter grief was turned into rejoicing, because they were permitted to stand in an honorable defence of their rights and lives against their enemies. Nerved for the fatal struggle by the encouragement of the king, the justness of their cause and the endearments of life, with all its pleasing associations, they resisted boldly unto victory; and thus evaded their threatened desolation and ruin.

Thus ends the crisis through which the Jews were called to pass during the reign of Queen Esther. And from all the events connected with it, no one can fail to recognise the over-ruling care of God for the good of His people. The deposition of Queen Vashti—the selection of Esther as her successor—the continued troubles of Haman with Mordecai, and the final complete triumph of the latter, to the utter destruction of the former, together with all his wicked plots and devices—the casting of Pur or the lot by Haman to decide the day upon which his plans were to go into execution against the Jews, and by which the time was delayed for eleven long months—and, in short, all the prominent acts and scenes connected with the whole history—could not have been the result of mere chance or the concurrence of fortuitous circumstances. We must perceive in it all the hand of God, and His wisely directing Providence.

Yet no character or event connected with the whole, appears so prominent as our little Queen Esther. She is emphatically the Heroine of the Tragedy. She was the chosen instrument in the hands of God for the accomplishment of His purposes. And a more fitting one—though apparently weak—for the times and circumstances we cannot well conceive of. In addition to a wise and prudent head, she possessed the graces and virtues of a most noble heart. And when even viewed from a christian stand-point, she stands out in these respects almost without a parallel.

To some of these virtues and prominent traits we have already directed particular attention. And it remains for us yet to specify more particularly a few of these as they have come before us in this *second* part of our subject.

We notice in the *first* place, then, the tender devotion which she ever continued to cherish and manifest towards her paternal Mordecai. In no situation, circumstances or extremities, did she forget the duty she owed to him as her father. How different is this to the conduct of many children, who, when raised

by wealth or station to eminence, too often grow unmindful of their parents, and the guardians of their earlier days! We all owe debts of gratitude to our parents which no attention or kindness, however great, can ever fully repay.

We notice *secondly*, the unbounded respect she always paid to king Ahasuerus; which teaches at the same time our obligations to those in authority over us, and the duty of the wife to her husband. Although born of Jewish parents, and trained according to Jewish manners and customs; yet, whenever tested, we find her manifesting a proper spirit of regard to Persian laws and customs, with which she came into such intimate contact as Queen. In this she betrays that virtue which Paul commends, when he exhorts us to "be subject to the higher powers," or "the powers that be," and which Christ himself gave evidence to, when He said, "render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's."

In the *third* and last place, we cannot but be impressed with the disposition she manifested to serve the Jewish people; for, if need be, she was willing to lay down her life in order to save them from their threatened doom. And what better test can we possibly have of a true friend, a noble heart, and of a true christian spirit, as exemplified by Christ himself, than that one should be willing to lay down his life for his fellow men?

Here, then, we leave our subject—though but generally considered and hastily glanced at—with a parting request of the readers of the "Guardian" to give a careful perusal, in connection with these few reflections to the whole Book of Esther, wherein you will find a more minute and extended life of the "Orphan Queen," in whom, we hope you have, by this time, become somewhat interested. It is certainly a history full of the deepest interest and of the most wholesome instruction.

THE ARROW AND THE SONG.

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song.

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

LEARN TO ECONOMISE.

Young men in our town and cities are constantly in danger of being too lavish in their expenditures. The temptations in this direction are numerous and often very difficult to resist. They are addressed to every sense, and he who has money on hand may permit it to escape from him in the pursuit of momentary pleasures, before he is aware of the inroads which have been made upon his resources. Let every one, therefore, be on his guard against the impositions which the world is sure to practice upon him if he be not careful. He may be as effectually plundered by listening to every silly feeling or appetite, that craves for gratification, as when he falls in with the pick-pocket or the highwayman. He receives no equivalent for what he expends, and he is moreover destined to be the prey of the afterthought, that the deception has been carried on all along with his own free consent. Our funds, whether they are the product of our own industry, or the gifts of affectionate friends, are not properly our own, and we have no more right to misuse them than any other gift we receive from a bountiful Providence. If they have been accumulated by our own efforts, then how insane it is to waste them in an hour, when they may have cost us weeks and months of wearisome toil in gaining them; if they have been placed in our hands by our parents or guardians, we commit a fraud upon them, when we suffer them to be employed upon objects which they would condemn, and the fraud becomes only so much the more glaring, when it is remembered that it is practiced upon those whom we should be the last to deceive, and who, it may be, would be the last to suspect any deception on our part. Everything that comes into our possession as patrimony, ought to be held as something sacred, which we are bound to respect, as we respect those from whom it was received.

Instead of contracting an evil habit of this kind, every young man should learn to husband his resources, and to practice lessons of economy. His future prosperity, his success in life, his happiness and his usefulness in the world, will depend very much upon the habit he forms in youth of living within his means. The good financier of his own funds, will be trusted by the community in any enterprize in which he may embark, and the public will be willing to commit to his charge large and important interests; for it is felt, that he who honestly and conscientiously guards the springs of his own activity will also be capable of protecting the property of others when placed in his hands. To be a good financier, however, is not

to be learned in a day or an hour, or at some indefinite period in the future. It requires the exercise of moral courage often times of the highest character, and is a point of practical wisdom, that is to be gained only by time and perseverance. The sooner, therefore, the lesson is learned, the better, and the more likely is the individual to retain for life the habits acquired in learning it. When habits of prodigality are once formed, the difficulty increases a hundred fold in magnitude. To retrench and learn to deny oneself under such circumstances, demands the fortitude that is necessary to pluck out a right eye, or to cut off a right hand, for the sake of some greater good. The best time that could be presented for the formation of habits of economy is youth. Character has not as yet been fully formed, or if formed, it is susceptible of improvement and change for the better. The young man is learning a trade, or preparing himself for some profession. All his activity has reference to the future. Why then, whilst he is making his preparation for the active duties of life, should he not pay some special attention to this subject, that when he is thrown upon the arena of life, and required to make his fortune by his own efforts, he may be prepared to take his place among others with the ability to take care of himself and of his own? Penuriousness ought to be avoided, for the avaricious man has no more claims upon the respect of others than the spendthrift. The love of getting and keeping may very easily grow into a passion, when the individual falls under the worst species of thralldom. But the man is not penurious, who sedulously watches the manner in which he expends every penny, refuses to give it up unless he feels persuaded that he has obtained a fair equivalent. The practice of keeping a neat and accurate account of receipts and expenditures cannot be too highly recommended to every young man. Nothing will be found to contribute more to the formation of a good habit than this. It will give him an opportunity to see where and how his funds have been expended, and if at proper seasons, say at the end of a week, month or year, a review is made, he may know precisely how far he has failed, and how far he needs to be corrected. It is presumable, that the severest reprimand which could be inflicted upon the prodigal, would be the exhibition of his expenditures in detail. The practice to which we have referred may be irksome at first, yet it will soon be settled down into a fixed habit, which will render the duty an easy as well as a pleasant one. If, moreover, in addition to such a habit of calling himself to account for the manner he uses his money, an individ-

ual endeavors to feel at all times, that he is responsible to his Maker, not only for every word he speaks, but also for every penny he spends, he will be able realize when in own case work the idea of the truly honest man, who is said to be the noblest of God.

* * *

THE MARYS.

There is scarcely another part of Gospel History so intricate as that pertaining to the different Marys, mentioned in connection with the Saviour's life. It is difficult to ascertain exactly how many Marys there were, and how to distinguish them clearly from each other as they are from time to time referred to. We will briefly designate them:

1. MARY, the wife of Joseph. Math 1. 16, Luke 1. 27. She was the Mother of Jesus. Math 13. 55, Mark 6. 3, Acts 1. 14. She stood at the cross when our Saviour died. John 19. 25. After his death she continued among the disciples. Acts 1. 14. John took her to his own home at Jerusalem. John 19. 27. It is said that she died in the fifth year of the reign of the Emperor Claudius; also that she gave birth to our Saviour in her fifteenth year—that she dwelt eleven years in the house of John, and died in the fifty-ninth year of her age.

2. MARY, the mother of James the less, and Joses. Math 27. 56, Mark 15. 40, 47: 16. 1, Luke 24. 10. She is called the wife of Cleophas. John 19. 25. She was a sister to the Mother of Jesus. John 19. 25.

3. MARY MAGDLENE. Out of her Jesus cast seven devils. Mark 16. 9. After this she joined the followers of Christ. Math. 27. 56, and 61. 28. 1. Mark 15. 47.: 16. 1. Luke 24. 10, John 19. 25. Tradition says that she went afterwards to Rome to accuse Pilate before the Emperor for condemning Jesus—that, still later, she published the gospel in Spain, and that she there established an asylum or convent for sinful females, and labored for their reformation.

4. MARY, the sister of Lazarus and Martha. John, chapter 11 and 12. She also anointed the Saviour's feet with ointment, and wiped them with her hair. John 11. 2. It is now however supposed that this anointing is not the same as that mentioned in Luke 7. 36.

5. MARY, the mother of John, whose surname was Mark. Acts 12. 12. Of this Mary nothing further is recorded in sacred history. That she was pious is evident from the fact that it said many were gathered together at her house praying.

H. H.

THE SONG OF STEAM.*

Harness me down with your iron bands;
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the power of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed as I lay conceal'd from sight
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze;
When I mark'd the peasant faintly reel
With the toil which he daily bore,
As he feebly turned at the tardy wheel,
Or tugg'd at the weary oar;

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As he bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love;
I could not but think how the world would feel
As these were outstripp'd afar,
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,
Or chain'd to the flying car.

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last;
They invited me forth at length,
And I rush'd to my throne with thunder blast,
And laugh'd in my iron strength.
O, then they saw a wondrous change
On the earth and ocean wide,
Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

Hurra! hurra! the waters o'er
The mountains steep decline;
Time—space—have yielded to my power--
The world—the world is mine!
The rivers, the sun, hath earliest blest,
Or those where his beams decline,
The giant streams of the queenly west
Or the orient floods divine.

*One of the English Reviewers has said that this is the best Poem any American Author has yet produced. Wherever it has met our eye it has been anonymous. Who is its author Let him come forth and claim his honored offspring.

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
 To hear my strength rejoice,
 And the monsters of the briny deep
 Cower, trembling at my voice.
 I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
 The thought of the god-like mind ;
 The wind lags after my flying forth,
 The lightning is left behind.
 In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine,
 My tireless arm doth play,
 Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,
 Or the dawn of the glorious day.
 I bring earth's glittering jewels up
 From the hidden cave below,
 And I make the fountain's granite cup
 With a crystal gush o'erflow.
 I blow the bellows, I forge the steel
 In all the shops of trade ;
 I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
 Where my arms of strength is made ;
 I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint,
 I carry, I spin, I weave ;
 And all my doings I put into print
 On every Saturday eve.
 I've no muscle to weary, no breast to decay,
 No bones to be 'laid on the shelf,'
 And soon I intend you may 'go and play,'
 While I manage the world by myself.
 But harness me down with your iron bands ;
 Be sure of your curb and rein,
 For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
 As the tempest scorns a chain.

PLENTEOUS REDEMPTION.

Our God will never turn away,
 Nor scorn the sinner's prayer,
 Who hast'neth while 't is called to-day.
 The Saviour's grace to share.
 His mercy is not like the rill
 By summer showers supplied,
 Which winter's stormy blast may chill,
 And check its flowing tide ;
 But like a vast unfathomed sea,
 Whose waves wash every shore ;
 'Tis wide and deep, and pure and free,
 The same for evermore :
 A sea, a sea, a boundless sea,
 Whose ever-rolling tide
 Brings life and spotless purity
 From the Redeemer's side.

THE BIRDS OF THE BIBLE.

THE PEACOCK.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

“I love to hear the *cur*
Of the night-loving Partridge.”

The Hebrew name of the Partridge is *Ker*, or *Kore*, from the verb *KARA*, to cry. It is supposed that it has received its name from its note. The same is the case in other languages; thus in Arabic it is called *Kurr*; and in the province of Andalusia, in Spain, it is called *churr*. In all these names there is a resemblance of sound to its note. Any one who, in Autumn, remains upon the field after sunset, will find abundant opportunity of hearing this noise, or note, of the Partridge, from which it originally derived its name.

The Partridge is a beautiful bird. It is about one foot in length. “The general color of the plumage is brown and ash, elegantly mixed with black; each feather is streaked down the middle with buff color; the sides of the head are tawny; the eyes are hazel; and under each eye there is a saffron-colored spot, which has a granulated appearance; and between the eye and the ear is a naked skin of a light scarlet, which is not very conspicuous but in old birds; on the breast there is a crescent of a deep chestnut color; the tail is short; the legs are of a greenish white, and are furnished with a small knob behind. The bill is of light brown. The female has no crescent on the breast, and her colors in general are not so distinct and bright as those of the male. There are generally from ten to fifteen in a covey; and if unmolested, they live from fifteen to seventeen years.”

The Partridge is twice mentioned in the Bible. In both cases a knowledge of the history and habits of this bird are necessary to the understanding of the sense of scripture. The first passage is in 1 Sam. 26: 20. “The king of Israel is come out to seek a flea, as when one doth hunt a partridge in the mountains.”

To understand this allusion, we must remember that there were two species of partridge in the Holy Land. The one is the same as those familiar to us in our own fields. The other was longer in its legs, and inhabited the mountainous districts. These could not fly as well as those on the plains, but they could run much faster. The Arabs still hunt these partridges in the mountains, running them fiercely until they are tired down and exhausted, when, finding it difficult to fly, their pursuers either

catch them alive or strike them down with bludgeons. Whoever reads the history of Saul's pursuing David in the mountains to take his life, will easily understand how much it resembles this kind of partridge hunting.

The other passage in which this bird is mentioned, is in Jer. 17: 11. "As the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool."

There are a number of analogies pointed out by the learned, which illustrate the idea in the text. No doubt they are all just.

1. It is said that the partridge, like the common domestic hen, frequently sits upon the nest and eggs of another, when its own by some casualty have been broken, or are taken away by preying enemies. "Now if, in the absence of the proper owner, the partridge sits on the eggs of a stranger, when that stranger returns to her nest and drives away the intruder before she can hatch them, the partridge so expelled resembles a man in low circumstances, who has for a time possessed himself of the property of another, but is forced to relinquish his acquisition before he can render it profitable." He gets riches, but "not by right," and he shall leave them without getting any good from them, and he shall go away as a fool from his empty nest.

2. The partridge builds her nest and lays her eggs on the ground, where they are exposed to injury, and are frequently destroyed before they are hatched. Sometimes they are broken by the foot of man or animals. There are also a number of enemies, who intrude upon her little home and drive her away; thus the eggs are chilled and rendered unfruitful; besides, they frequently build their nests upon low ground, where inundations sweep away nest and eggs, or where, at least, they are injured by long-continued rain and moisture. It is said that even that species of partridge which live ordinarily in the mountains, descend in hatching time into the plains, in order that the young, at their birth, may be surrounded by a ready subsistence. Here they frequently lose all ere they have brought their offspring to perfection. How often thus, while the miser, or the man of the world, sits brooding over his ill-gotten gains, does some thievish intruder or some flood of misfortune sweep them away, and he stands as a fool before emptiness and vanity.

3. We will venture to offer yet another, which we have not yet seen noticed, but which seems to us warranted by the known

habits of this bird. We have seen that it sometimes sits on a strange nest, when it finds its owner absent. We will suppose it finds a nest of eggs which from some cause or other have been entirely forsaken—perhaps its owner having left the nest but for a short time, was taken by the fowler, and returning no more, the eggs have been chilled, and are of course now unfruitful. Another partridge finds them, sits upon them, and hatches day after day these spoiled eggs. Thus, for instance, we have seen the domestic hen sit week after week upon spoiled eggs. It hatched away with astonishing patience until it became a skeleton. It may be driven from the nest; but it will return to it again. Yet, with all its pains, it “hatcheth them not.” It got possession of them, “not by right,” and now its labors only waste itself away, but produce nothing. It is compelled at last to leave them in the midst of its days’—having worn out half of its life to no purpose, and it stands as a fool in the end!

How much like this is the case of the man of riches, which are ill-gotten, and on which he now acts the miser. See how he wastes himself away in toil and care to hatch happiness and comfort out of his bags! As faithfully as any fowl that ever pined away over rotten eggs, does he brood over his gains! In many cases, he has so worn himself out as to be actually taken away from them by death in the midst of his days. He hatches to the last—he dies hatching—he clings to his nest of bags with skeleton hands. “At his end he shall be a fool!”

It is said that in the evening, when all other birds have long since gone to rest, the partridge still runs about upon the fields, pouring his unwearied *cur* into the ear of night. So is the ceaseless and untiring running to and fro of the covetous after much, and after more; and what are such ‘in the end’ but weary wasted fools. They have spent their strength for nought. They rose up early, and sat up, late, to make life longer; but instead thereof they have rendered it shorter. They ate the bread to find joy, sorrow; but it neither increased their happiness nor lengthened their life.

GENTLE WORDS.

Use gentle words, for who can tell
The blessings they impart?
How oft they fall (as manna fell)
On some nigh fainting heart.

In lonely wilds, by light-wing'd birds,
Rare seeds have oft been sown;
And hope has sprung from gentle words,
Where only grief had grown.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

A great deal has been said about woman's rights. Rights are precious to all persons ; and though it is neither very lovely nor proper for us in all cases to claim them, and stubbornly to stand up for them, it is nevertheless always our duty to yield them to others. The apostle teaches that it is, in some cases, ever a christian duty to wave our rights for the sake of what is even better than individual rights—namely the general peace, and the public good. Rom. 6. 7. Women too, have rights ; and yet to claim, with masculine energy and determination, those rights, on all occasions, is neither amiable, womanly, nor christian.

The rights of Woman is certainly a subject of sufficient importance to claim serious attention. We have now many laws, the object of which is to guard those rights, and many hearts and homes have felt the blessing and peace of their protection. Others may still be enacted, as occasion may require them, until the person, property, and reputation of woman shall have all the legal guards necessary in the case.

We have of course no sympathy with the movement which would bring this priestess of the inner shrine out upon the theatre of public life, by which nothing is gained either to her modesty, reputation, or happiness. We say rather it is her right—and a precious one it is—to be excused from the rough toil and tumult of public life. It is her right—a right which modesty demands for her—not to be taken from the delicate relations, the calmer, steadier, and sweeter joys of her more retired sphere, to the pulpit, the rostrum, and the popular convention. It is her right to exercise a silent, and for that very reason, a more powerful influence, in the hallowed circle of home. It is her right to rule by love, by loveliness, and devotion. It is her right to rule the hearts of men as sisters rule the hearts of their brothers—as modest maidens rule the hearts of their lovers—as worthy wives rule the hearts of their husbands—as pious mothers rule the hearts of their sons. These are her rights—and what glorious rights they are ! They govern and influence the hearts of brothers, lovers, husbands, and sons,—they do in reality govern the world, while they yet seem not to rule at all !

This we ask ; for these rights of women we earnestly contend. When these rights shall once be practically acceded to her, the world will be blest as it has not yet been.

See what evil results flow from a practical denial of these rights to women. How many more good brothers would there

be in our land, did they but yield to the tender entreaties of their sisters, and consent to be what their sisters would have them become. How many young men are restrained from profligacy by the power of some amiable female heart over them; and how many are out-cast, because they will not be brought within the pure restraints which the society of virtuous females would impose upon them. How many husbands would be better men did they but submit to the silent charmings of wife and home. Above all, how richly blest, for time and eternity, would be the sons of the state and of the church, did they but realize a mother's wishes and hopes, and seek to be what the councils, prayers and tears of their mothers beseech them to be!

Such are some of woman's rights. Can the most ambitious ask a wider range of influence? When we ask this kind of rights for woman, then do we truly honor her; then do we ask for her that which will bring her the warmest love and devotion from all the good of earth, and secure for her, in the end, the richest reward in heaven.

SILENT LOVE.

"An illiterate female," says Dr. Chalmers, "in humble life, applied for admission to the sacrament; but, at the customary examination, could not frame one articulate reply to a single question that was put to her. It was in vain to ask her of the offices or mediation of Christ, or of the purpose of his death. Not one word could be drawn out of her; and yet there was a certain air of intelligent seriousness, and the manifestations of right and appropriate feeling—a heart and a tenderness indicated, not by one syllable of utterance, but by the natural signs of emotion which fitly responded to the topics of the clergyman, whether she was spoken to of the sin that condemned her, or of the Saviour who atoned for it. Still, as she could make no distinct reply to any of his questions, he refused to enroll her as a communicant; when she, on retiring, called out, in the fullness of her heart, 'I cannot speak for him; but I could die for him!' The minister, overpowered, handed to her a sacramental token; and with good reason, although not a reason fell in utterance from her."

GIBBON.

There is an Hotel Gibbon here, (Lausanne,) partly standing on the site of that garden in which the historian took his evening walk, after writing the last lines of the work to which many years had been devoted; a walk which alone would have hallowed the spot, if, alas! there had not been those intimations in the work itself of a purpose which, tending to desecrate the world, must deprive all associations attendant on its accomplishment of a claim to be dwelt on as holy. How melancholy is it to feel that intellectual congratulation which attends the serene triumph of a life of studious toil, chilled by the consciousness that the labor, the research, the Asiatic splendor of illustration, have been devoted, in part at least, to obtain a wicked end—not in the headlong wantonness of youth, or in the wild sportiveness of animal spirits—but urged by the deliberate-hearted purpose of crushing the light of human hope, all that is worth living for, and all that is worth dying for, and substituting for them nothing but a rayless skepticism! That evening walk is an awful thing to meditate on; the walk of a man of rare capacities, tending to his own physical decline among the serenities of loveliest nature, enjoying the thought, that in the chief work of his life just accomplished, he had embodied a hatred to the doctrines which teach men to love one another, to forgive injuries, and to hope for a diviner life beyond the grave: and exulting in the conviction, that this work would survive to teach its deadly lesson to young ingenuous students when he should be dust. One may derive consolation from reflecting that the style is too meretricious, and the attempt too elaborate and too subtle, to achieve the proposed evil, and in hoping that there were some passages in the secret history of the author's heart which may extenuate melancholy error; but our personal veneration for successful toil is destroyed in the sense of the strange malignity which blended with its impulses, and we feel no desire to linger over the spot where so painful a contradiction is presented as a charm.—
SERGEANT TALFOURD.

SUCCESS IN CONVERSATION.

The art of conversation consists in the exercise of two fine qualities. You must originate, and you must sympathise; you must possess at the same time the habit of communicating and listening. The union is rare, but irresistible.

WINTER EVENINGS AND STUDY.

BY THE SENIOR EDITOR.

The winter season, to which the revolving year has again brought us, brings many advantages to those who know how to improve it. It is a season during which much can be done for the improvement of the mind in all useful and pleasant knowledge. The summer invites us to in-door retirement, where we may cultivate the mind and heart. The days in winter are short, yet sufficiently long for all industrious persons to do what is really needful to be done. The nights are long; and all its hours are not needed for sleep. There are long winter evenings, which may be devoted to reading, study, and the cultivation of the immortal nature, by all who desire it.

The proper improvement of the opportunities which long winter evenings afford, may be made fruitful in great good. There are many instances of men, who have in this way treasured up vast stores of useful knowledge; and have, at the same time, found the purest pleasure in the satisfaction which it afforded them. There is a pleasure in reading and study which those cannot value, who have not experienced it. The storms may howl without, the winds may whistle and moan, the snow may drift over the earth, and cheerlessness may reign with desolation over the dreary world, it is all alike to him who has a warm room, and a good book—

Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join
 To cheer the gloom. There studious let me sit,
 And hold high converse with the mighty dead;
 Sages of ancient time, as gods revered;
 As gods beneficent, who blessed mankind
 With arts, with arms, and humanized a world.
 Roused at the inspiring thought, I throw aside
 The long-lived volume; and deep-musing hail
 The sacred shades, that slowly rising pass
 Before my wondering eyes.

How much more rational, profitable, and pleasant it is to spend evenings thus, than in drowsy idleness, or in mere amusement, which does not leave the mind clearer, nor the heart better! How delightful to drink in the sweet strains of the Poet's lyre; to trace the interesting arguments and deductions of severer science; and to rove over the pages of history, which

"Conduct us through the deeps of time:
 Show us how empire grew, declined, and fell,
 In scattered states; what makes the nations smile;
 Improves their soil, and makes them wise and good."

Ho! ye, who waste these precious hours—waste them in places of public amusement—waste them in bar-rooms, shops

and stores, hearing and telling foolish anecdotes, and in those low delights which pass away as bubbles on the pool—waste them in drowsiness or in aimless pastime—hear now what the words of wisdom suggest. Do you forget you must live forever? Do you forget that you have an immortal spirit, which is capable of endless improvement? Do you forget that this talent is given you, that you may put it to usury; and that both your own happiness, and your duty to God and man, demand of you to seek wisdom, as a man seeks pearls? Do you forget that ignorance is both shameful and sinful? Yes, you forget all this, or you could not thus squander your precious hours; suffering the field of your mind to run to waste, and permitting your immoral powers to



Lie in dead oblivion,

Losing half the fleeting moments of too short a life!

“O, thou wicked and slothful servant!” So exclaims your Lord. Do not answer him with the yawn of the sluggard; but awake in good earnest, and begin to know, and to do. The means you have. The powers of mind you have. The opportunity you have. All that is needed is “the steady purpose and the high resolve.”

THE LIPS.

LEIGH HUNT says, of those who have thin lips, and are not shrews or niggards—“I must give here as my firm opinion, founded on what I have observed, that lips become more or less contracted in the course of years, in proportion as they are accustomed to express good humor and generosity, or peevishness and a contracted mind. Remark the effect which a moment of ill-humor and grudgingness has upon the lips, and judge what may be expected from an habitual series of such moments. Remark the reverse, and make a similar judgment. The mouth is the frankest part of the face; it can the least conceal its sensations. We can bide neither ill-temper with it, nor good; we may affect what we please, but affectation will not help us. In a wrong cause it will only make our observers resent the endeavor to impose upon them. The mouth is the seat of one class of emotions, as the eyes are of another; or rather, it expresses the same emotions but in greater detail, and with a more irrepressible tendency to be in motion. It is the region of smiles and dimples, and of trembling tenderness; of a sharp sorrow, of a full-breathing joy, of candor, of reserve, of a carking care, of a liberal sympathy.”

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THE GUARDIAN,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE;

DEVOTED TO THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS OF
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

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 } { PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

The Guardian is sacredly devoted to the highest interests of the young, at that period of life which lies between youth and manhood. This is the most interesting and solemn period of human life. It includes the transition time, in which the young pass from the warm bosom of the family into the more active duties and responsibilities of life. Here the road of life forks many ways, and each opens with an inviting smile to the young traveller. Habits are now forming—character is shaping and maturing—and the young spirit receiving that bias which generally determines its tendency for time and eternity. An education is now to be received or neglected—a trade or profession is to be chosen—new relations of life are to be formed. Such are some of the solemnities which crowd into this great transition period of life. At this period the Guardian hopes to be useful to the young.

We know of no periodical suited to the serious wants of this age. The light reading which so easily falls into the hands of the young, by means of many of our city publications, gives a false coloring to life, turns its earnest realities into romance, and leaves blight, morbidness and disappointment in its fearful wake. The Guardian will discourage light reading. It will be the aim of the Editors to make it true, pure, fresh, healthy and animated, as the morning of life in which the young have their being. It will seek to encourage Self-culture among the young, and lead to the useful improvement of leisure time. It will urge the claims of early piety, and seek to aid in making it intelligent, consistent, and lovely. Having no denominational or party bias, the Guardian advocates no religious peculiarities, but moves in the free element of its motto—"LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE."

The January number will commence a series of articles—written expressly for the Guardian—exhibiting **A NEW AND INTERESTING FEATURE IN SACRED HISTORY**, showing how God reflects Divine truth from the lower orders of creation, and makes them the instructors of the higher. It will cover, when complete, the following subjects;

- | | |
|-------------------------------|--------------------------------|
| I. THE BIRDS OF THE BIBLE. | III. THE ANIMALS OF THE BIBLE. |
| II. THE FLOWERS OF THE BIBLE. | IV. THE INSECTS OF THE BIBLE. |


The Editors have each heavy pastoral charges, and consequently have no time to devote to the increase of their subscription list. They therefore respectfully make the following requests.

1. Will every Pastor, who receives this Prospectus, be so kind as to hand it to a member of his church who will get subscribers to the Guardian? If the one so acting does not ask the sixth copy for himself, (see terms,) it will be sent, gratis, to the Pastor. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the Pastor, gratis.

2. We respectfully ask Young Men to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.


3. The largest lists we have yet received were from Young Ladies. We respectfully ask their help and favor. It is a mode of doing good which admirably suits their sphere. Please let us hear from you.

4. Some School Teachers have done kindly and well for the Guardian. May we not hope for their co-operation in a work which so well falls in with their own?

5. Postmasters are requested to act as our agents, to whom we will allow the usual percentage.  Specimen numbers sent when requested.

TERMS--ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR--IN ADVANCE. Any one who sends us five subscribers, with \$5 cash, will receive one copy for one year, gratis. Twelve copies will be sent for \$10. Twenty-five copies for \$20. ADDRESS EITHER OF THE EDITORS

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Full

Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.

"LIFE—LIGHT—LOVE."

Vol. 4. No. XII.

December, 1853.

THE GUARDIAN:

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,



DEVOTED TO THE
SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS
OF

YOUNG MEN AND YOUNG LADIES.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY

H. HARBAUGH, }
ELIAS HEINER, } AT { LANCASTER, Pa.,
SAM'L H. REID, } { BALTIMORE, Md.,
 } { PHILADELPHIA, Pa.

JOHN H. PEARSOL, PRINTER.

They that seek me early shall find me.

She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she veth.

I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong.

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THE GUARDIAN.

VOL. IV.

DECEMBER, 1853.

No. 12

THE BIRDS OF THE BIBLE.

THE RAVEN.

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

“A stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.”

The Raven has been called “the ebony bird.” It is so called on account of its color, which is a beautiful glossy shining black, like silk, a mixture of darkness and splendor. It derives its name, in Hebrew, from its color—*oreb*, the evening. In English it receives its name from its natural habit, it being a *ravenous* bird.

Goldsmith describes it thus: “The Raven is a bird found in every region of the world; strong and hardy, he is uninfluenced by the changes of the weather; and when other birds seem numbed, or pining with famine, the Raven is active and healthy, busily employed in prowling for prey, or sporting in the coldest atmosphere. As the heats at the line do not oppress him, so he bears the cold of the polar countries with equal indifference.”

The same author says, the Raven is sometimes seen of a milk-white color; and supposes this to be the effect of the rigorous climate of the north. “It is most likely that this change is wrought upon him as upon most other animals in that part of the world where their robes, particularly in the winter, assume the color of the country which they inhabit. As in old age, when the natural heat decays, the hair grows gray, and at last white; so among animals, the cold of the climate may produce a similar languishment of color, and may shut up those pores that conveyed the tincturing fluids to the extremest parts of the body.” We know that a similar difference is found to exist in regard to bears, those at the north being white.

The Raven is a very sagacious bird. “He may be trained,” says Goldsmith, “for fowling like a hawk; he may be taught to fetch and carry like a spaniel; he may be taught to speak like a parrot: but the most extraordinary of all is, that he can be taught to sing like a man. I have heard a raven sing the Black Joke with great distinctness, truth, and humor.” Thus the

poet, Edgar Allen Poe, is natural and correct, when, in his celebrated poem, "The Raven," he makes this bird

"Speak such words as—Nevermore!"

He is also cunning, thievish, and full of tricks. When tamed he will steal the ladies' scissors from the open window, or take away to his nest a tea-spoon, pen-knife, or ring.

The raven builds its nest in ancient trees, along the rocky precipice, or in old towers. It lays five or six eggs of a pale green color, marked with small brownish spots. The Raven is long lived. Hesiod says that he lives nine times as long as a man. This may be an extreme assertion; they have, however, been known to reach near one hundred years.

Appropriately does the poet make one, perched upon a limb, speak to a spectator of his own years past and to come, thus:

"When I was hatched, my father set this tree,
An acorn then. Its fall I hope to see,
A century after thou hast ceased to be."

Let us attend now to the sacred history of this bird. It is frequently referred to in the Bible; and very interesting truths are represented and illustrated by it.

It is first mentioned in the account of the flood. After the waters had been forty days upon the earth and Noah was desirous of knowing whether there was dry land any where, he "sent forth a raven, which went forth to and fro, until the waters were dried up from off the earth." Gen. 8. 7. This bird was no doubt chosen on account of its sagacity. It could almost understand what its master had in view in sending it forth from the ark. Its flying to and fro, till the waters were dried up, without returning to the ark, is also characteristic; for this bird is exceedingly fond of exercise, and does not grow weary in flight.

In Levit. 11. 15, and Deut. 14. 14, it is pronounced unclean; and the Jews are forbidden to eat its flesh. The reason of this prohibition is, no doubt, to be found in its mode of life. It is a glutton in its habits. Besides this it feeds upon unclean food; thus its flesh is rendered unsavory and unwholesome.

This bird is celebrated in the history of the prophet Elijah. When his enemies under the direction of the furious Ahab, pressed closely upon this good man, the Lord said to him, "Get thee hence, and turn thee eastward, and hide thyself by the brook Cherith, that is before Jordan. And it shall be that thou shalt drink of the brook; and I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there.—And the ravens brought him bread and

flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening, and he drank of the brook." 1 Kings 17. 3—7.

Some have endeavored to explain away this beautiful and touching miracle, or at least to reduce it to a mere natural occurrence. It has been said that the original word may be rendered merchants or Arabs, or the inhabitants of the city Arbo. But why should there be this shifting of the sense of a plain passage; especially when it renders no service to the case. For whether is easier for God, to command the ravens, or the Arabs, to feed his prophet?

It has also been attempted to explain away the miracle by recourse to the habits of this bird. Thus: It had its nest by the brook Cherith—to this place it bore food for its own young—the prophet took advantage of the natural habits of the bird, and supplied his wants with that food which was designed for the young ravens! Thus does a rationalistic spirit seek to drag down the sublime miracles of the scriptures into the mere sphere and order of nature; and while it seeks to make the holy oracles palatable to faithless human reason, it robs them of their beauty and their power.

They were, not men, but veritable ravens, which fed the venerable prophet. It is not by a trick played on irrational birds! but by a beautiful and touching miracle, that God provided food for his faithful servant. This is the sense of the Jewish and Christian church. This is, moreover, not the only place in scripture when God commands irrational creatures to do his will—the locusts, the serpent, the fish—thus showing that he is Lord over all, able to make them all obedient to his holy pleasure, and serviceable to the children of his love.

It was very anciently noticed, and it is confirmed by the observations of modern naturalists, that the ravens very early drive out their young ones from the nest, and thus oblige them to seek their own food, and to become early hardened to the perils and chances of a marauding life. Being thus left in a helpless and destitute condition, they gave forth signs and notes of distress. This fact explains those passages of touching beauty and tenderness in Job 38. 41, and Ps. 147. 9. "Who provideth for the raven his food? When his young ones cry unto God, they wander for lack of meat." Again, "He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry." No doubt the Saviour also alludes to this fact in that beautiful passage, by which he would inspire us with an implicit trust in Providence. "Consider the ravens, for they neither sow nor reap: which neither have storehouse nor barn; and God feed-

eth them. How much more are ye better than the fowls?" Luke 12. 24.

The raven when he lights upon a dead body to feed upon it, always begins with the eyes; this he regards as the most delicious part. It was customary anciently in the east to take the dead bodies of criminals who had suffered the punishment of death at the hands of the law, and cast them forth upon the open fields to be devoured by the beasts of the fields and the fowls of heaven. This mode of punishment was dreaded above all others by the orientals. Aristophanes, an old man, deprecates the punishment of being given as a banquet to ravens; and Horace pronounces it as the last degree of degradation to be devoured by these hateful birds. This gives a fearful meaning to the saying of Solomon—Prov. 38, 17: "The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it!" How often does that course of life which ends in capital punishment, begin by disobedience and disrespect to parents! Here is a true prophecy. It is a common expression in the east, in reference to one who is leading an improper course of life: "Ah! the crows shall one day pick out thy eyes!"

"Yes, the lizards shall lay their eggs in thy sockets!"

It is on account of the beautiful glossy blackness of this bird that the spouse compares the hair of her beloved to it: "His locks are bushy and black as a raven." Songs 5, 11.

The raven was regarded by the orientals as an ominous bird. According as he flew, or croaked, he waked distressful forebodings in the bosoms of men. From his habits of preference to live amid old ruins, or in gray and dreary towers, gloomy associations associated themselves with this bird. Thus the poet:

"Thin is thy plumage, death is in thy croak;
Raven, come down from that majestic oak."

Hence the prophet Isaiah, chap. 34, 11, in speaking of the desolations which should come upon Idumea, says, "The owl also and the raven shall dwell in it."

THE EAGLE.

Art thou the king of birds, proud Eagle, say
—I am; my talons and my beak bear sway;
A greater king than I, if thou wouldst be,
Govern thy tongue, but let thy thoughts be free.

THE RICH POOR MAN.

BY REV. S. H. REID.

Society is full of strange things. We sometimes look upon people who, we think, are very well off in the world, and are consequently very happy. They are surrounded with every conceivable comfort. They know no want which has not its supply. Their dress is costly and fashionable. Their fare is rich and sumptuous. And every thing which appears to the eye of sense to be necessary to make people happy in this world, they possess.

And yet do we find that these people are always happy? Do we find that their dwellings are always the abodes of contentment and peace? Do we find that their external comforts are always enjoyed to that extent to which we might suppose them to be? Not if what we see is to be taken as an index of what really exists. And not, if the confessions of men are to be taken as an expression of their true feelings and experience!

The writer is very well acquainted with a man still living, who was once poor, very poor, but who is now very wealthy. From low beginnings and hard labor and economy, he has arisen to be the owner of large estates. He indeed possesses so much land, and has such an amount of this world's goods at his command, that it is said he does not know how rich he is. He has lands in a number of counties in the State in which he lives. He owns dwellings in cities and in towns. He has stocks in railroads, in turnpikes, and in steamboat navigation companies. There is scarcely a Bank in which he does not do business, and upon whose books his name is not to be found. In a word, his wealth knows no bounds.

One should suppose that this man is a happy man. Judging as men of the world generally judge, from what they see, one would think that such unbounded wealth, such enlarged resources of competence and pleasures, could not fail to make their possessor one of the most independent and happy beings upon the earth. In this man's abode, adorned with all the splendor which wealth can possibly secure, and filled with the richest luxuries which nature can yield, domestic happiness might be supposed to reign without a limit. And its owner might be supposed to be the most enviable being that lives.

But, alas! for the sequel. Not every man that appears to be happy, is so in reality. A splendid exterior often conceals a wretched and miserable heart. Gilded mansions are often the abodes of domestic strife and individual wretchedness; and

a smile upon the cheek is not always an evidence that a thorn is not festering in the heart.

The subject of this chapter fully confirms, in his experience, the truth of these statements. With all his wealth he is an unhappy man. His unbounded possessions carry with them corresponding cares. Day after day and night after night his mind is agitated with thoughts on business. His large investments naturally involve a vast amount of anxiety and care. And indeed the man is so tossed and torn in his mind from week to week, not even excepting the Sabbath, until he is made to confess, that the condition of many of his dependants is far more preferable than his own.

In addition to this he has his domestic trials and troubles. His children, raised up in the lap of luxury and idleness, are just as their training might be expected to make them. His daughters, rich by reputation, have attracted suitors perfectly in keeping with their own proud and haughty natures. And these, in union with their idle and extravagant wives, have repeatedly rendered it necessary for the 'old man' to interfere with his purse, and save the 'youngsters' from a disgraceful arrest for debt.

And besides all this, the man's own conscience is powerfully at work, lashing him with its strokes, until he is made to writhe under its influence. "How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of heaven," is a sentiment that gives him a great deal of uneasiness. Thoughts of a future world and an impending retribution, are very unwelcome to his mind. It is even said that he is unwilling to retire at night to his bed, unless some attendant keeps him company. And when sickness interrupts his worldliness and compels him to think of death, those who witness his condition assure us, that he trembles like an aspen leaf. This, then, is a rich man! And this is the reward of over worldliness! Is such an one happy? Nay, verily! with great propriety and truthfulness may he be styled, *The Rich Poor Man!*

THE POOR RICH MAN.

We shift now the point of our observations; and we look out upon another class of society. We see some people who make but little stir in the world. They pass along through life, treading diligently and faithfully the even tenor of their way, without exciting any particular notice from their neighbors or passers-by. Scarcely are they known beyond the circle in which they live, and even here they are generally considered

to be nothing more than well-meaning, industrious *common* people. They are not dependantly poor, nor are they independently rich. They live comfortably and have always sufficient to satisfy their wants. Generally they are moral and religious, and occupy their leisure moments and their Sabbaths in improving their minds and hearts, and in contributing something to the welfare of society. Are these people happy? Do they live contentedly? As far as happiness is the lot of man here below, we think they do.

The writer has his mind fixed upon one case in which he thinks a good share of present contentment and happiness abounds. With propriety may he be styled *The Rich Poor Man*. He has not much wealth, it is true. But he has competence; and what is far better, he has contentment. He has never yet wanted for the comforts of life, and his children never yet begged bread!

His home is the abode of taste and neatness. His small but well cultivated farm not only yields a full supply for himself and his family wants! But it shows the marks of industry, neatness and care, which are yearly expended upon it.

This property is the result of his own and his companion's frugality and labor. They early toiled faithfully and regularly, until they have now a home in which to spend quietly and peacefully the evening of their days, and rear their family for society and usefulness.

Their offspring are all well disposed. Having imbibed their parents frugal and industrious habits, they give early evidence of a disposition to put them in practice. They are thoughtful and upright. Disposed to read and reflect. They resign the midnight carousal to others, and spend their earnings in far more ennobling and improving pursuits.

Religion is a living characteristic in this family. Here God is feared and loved. Here the Saviour, as the way, the truth and the life, is known and appreciated. Here the Sabbath is kept holy as a day of sacred rest. And here all the institutions of religion, both private and public, are held in most sacred and solemn regard. If, now, the ways of wisdom are the ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are the paths of peace; then here, in this quiet, unobtrusive abode, is true peace to be found. And in the head of this humble household, in contrast with the hero of our first sketch, we have—*A Rich Poor Man!*

TEACHING BY EXAMPLE makes a more deep and lasting impression than mere precept.

WHEN IS THE TIME TO DIE?

When is the time to die?
I asked the glad and happy child,
Whose hands were filled with flowers,
Whose silvery laugh rang free and wild
Among the vine wreath bowers;
I crossed the sunny path, and cried,
“When is the time to die?”
“Not yet! Not yet!” the child replied,
And swiftly bounded by.

I asked a maiden, as back she threw
The tresses of her hair:
Grief’s traces o’er her cheeks I knew,
Like pearls they glistened there;
A flush passed o’er her lily brow,
I heard her spirit sigh;
“Not now!” She cried; “Oh, no not now!”
“Youth is not the time to die!”

I asked a mother, as she pressed
Her first born in her arms;
As gently on her tender breast
She hushed her babe’s alarms;
In grieving tones her answer came,
Her eyes were dim with tears:
My child its mother’s life must claim
For many, many years.

I questioned one in manhood’s prime,
Of proud and fearless air,
His brow was furrowed not by time,
Or dimmed by woe or care;
In angry accents he replied,
And flashed with scorn his eye:
“Talk not to me of death!” he cried,
“For, only age should die!”

I questioned age; for him the tomb
Had long been well prepared;
But death, who withers youth and bloom,
This man of years had spared.
Once more his nature’s dying fire
Flashed high, as thus he cried—
“Life, only life, is my desire!”
Then gasped, and groaned and died.

I asked a christian—“answer thou
When is the time of death?”
A holy calm was on his brow
And peaceful was his breath;
And sweetly o’er his feature’s stole
A smile, a light divine,
He spoke the language of his soul—
“My master’s time is mine.”

THE FORSAKEN TO THE FALSE ONE.

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLEY.

I DARE thee to forget me !
Go wander where thou wilt,
Thy hand upon the vessel's helm,
Or on the sabre's hilt ;
Away ! thou'rt free ! o'er land and sea,
Go rush to danger's brink !
But oh, thou canst not fly from thought !
Thy curse will be—to think !

Remember me ! remember all—
My long enduring love,
That link'd itself to perfidy ;
The vulture and the dove !
Remember in thy utmost need,
I never once did shrink,
But clung to thee confidingly ;
Thy course shall be—to think !

Then go ! *that* thought will render thee
A dastard in the fight,
That thought, when thou art tempest-tost,
Will fill thee with affright ;
In some vile dungeon mayst thou lie,
And, counting each cold link
That binds thee to captivity,
Thy curse shall be—to think !

Go ! seek the merry banquet-hall,
Where younger maidens bloom,
The thought of *me* shall make thee *there*
Endure a deeper gloom ;
That thought shall turn the festive cup
To poison while you drink,
And while false smiles are on thy cheek,
Thy curse will be—to think !

Forget me ! false one, *hope* it not !
When minstrels touch the string,
The memory of other days
Will gall thee while they sing ;
The airs *I* used to love will make
Thy coward conscience shrink,
Aye, ev'ry note will have its sting—
Thy curse will be—to think !

Forget me ! No, that *shall* not be !
I'll haunt thee in thy sleep ;
In dreams thou'lt cling to slimy rocks
That overhang the deep ;
Thou'lt shrink for aid ! *my* feeble arm
Shall hurl thee from the brink,
And when thou wak'st in wild dismay,
Thy curse will be—to think !

SPARE MOMENTS.

A lean awkward boy came one morning to the door of the Principal of a celebrated school, and asked to see him. The servant eyed his mean clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than anything else, told him to go around to the kitchen entrance. The boy did as he was bidden, and soon appeared at the back door. "I should like to see Mr. B.," he repeated.

"You want a breakfast more like," said the servant girl, "and I can give that without troubling him."

"Thank you," said the boy, "I should have no objection to a bit of bread; but I should like to see Mr. B., if he can see me."

"Some old clothes, may be, you want," remarked the servant, again eyeing the boy's patched trowsers. I know he has none to spare;" and without regarding the boy's request, she went away about her work.

"Can I see Mr. B.?" again asked the boy, after finishing his bread and butter.

"Well, he's in the library; if he must be disturbed, he must; but he does like to be alone sometimes," said the girl in a peevish tone. She seemed to think it very foolish to admit such an ill-looking fellow into her master's presence; however, she wiped her hands, and bade him follow. Opening the library door, she said: Here's somebody, sir, who is dreadful anxious to see you, and so I let him in."

I don't know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened his business, but I know that after talking awhile, the Principal put aside the volume which he was studying, and took up some Greek books, and began to examine the newcomer. The examination lasted some time. Every question which the Principal asked, the boy answered as readily as could be.

"Upon my word, exclaimed the Principal, looking at the boy from head to foot over his spectacles, "you certainly do well. Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much?"—*In my spare moments,*" answered the boy.

Here he was, a poor, hard-working boy, with but few opportunities for schooling, yet almost fitted for college by simply improving his *spare moments*. Truly, are not spare moments "the gold dust of time?" How precious they should be! What account can you give of your spare moments? What can you show for them? Look and see.—This boy can tell you how very much can be laid up by improving them; and there are

many, *many* other boys, I am afraid, in the jail, in the house of correction, in the fore-castle of a whale ship, in the tippling shop, who, if you should ask them when they began their sinful courses, might answer, "*in my spare moments.*"

Temptation always hunts you out in small seasons like these, when you are not busy; he gets into your hearts, if he possibly can, in just such gaps. There he hides himself, planning all sorts of mischief. Take care of your spare moments.

"HOLLO! ANY THING GOING ON ANY WHERE TO-NIGHT?"

BY REV. H. HARBAUGH.

So shouted a young man—one of a company of four or five standing on one corner of the square—to a like company standing on the opposite corner, in the dusk of the evening. "Any thing going on any where to-night?" By this question the young man meant, of course, Is there any diversion going on any place—any play, any show, any sport, or perhaps any mischief, such as reckless young rowdies love to engage in? For these young men, and the large class like them in our towns and villages, have no higher idea of enjoyment than just such low pursuits. As soon as the work of the day is over, they are out to seek each other at the corners of the streets, and then the question is, Where is there some folly 'going on' that can engage us this evening. Thus evening after evening is spent by thousands of young men in various places, to no purpose whatever; yea, in a manner that is to them and to society, worse than in vain.

It is sad to reflect that these young men are soon to be citizens, husbands, parents!—and to them are to be entrusted, in part, at least, the interests of society. God has given them immortal minds capable of high cultivation and improvement; hearts to feel the most refined pleasures of social and religious society; in short, they are endowed with capacities by which they might wield a great moral influence in their generation; but all these considerations are without power to them. They treat them as the swine treat pearls, and turn around and call to each other, "Any folly going on any where to-night!"

As the question indicates, they are not particular as to the *kind* of employment they ask for. "Any thing!" Alas! how many a young man has been ruined, just by having no care as to what should engage him. To be ready for *any thing*, is to be ready for ruin! Let it just once be known that a young

man is ready for any thing, and he will soon be employed by others in the service of their own selfishness, and to his certain shame and destruction. What! ready for any thing! And shall this be said of any young man who has the least spark of self-respect remaining within him.

Neither do these young men care as to the *place* where they shall go. "Any where!" It has been found by the wise and the good, that one of the best safeguards to virtue and character that we can throw around us, is to choose well our places of resort. As in the natural world there are some places so unhealthy that the strongest constitution cannot venture into them without contagion; so in the moral world, there are places to which the purest cannot go without infection and injury. He that is ready to go anywhere, has nothing before him but sure moral wreck. Young man, note that down as an eternal truth!

"Hollo! any thing going on any where to-night?" Young man on the corner of the street, I will answer your inquiry. Yes, there is something going on? What is it?

1. There is something going on *above* you. Look up! The moon and the stars are moving on in their appointed courses. They are giving light to the earth. They are guiding the mariner through the trackless deep. They are helping to move on the course of the seasons. In short, they are doing what God designed they should do. Are you doing so too? They do not ask, "Any thing going on anywhere?" but they go on themselves to do their own duty.

This is not all that is going on above you. Above you God is engaged in your behalf! Even now he sustains you, and provides for you. Even now he calls on you to fulfil the design of your creation. The adorable Saviour is above you, engaged for your eternal good. His intercessions for you as a barren fig tree are going on. Lord spare him another year. If he bear fruit, well: if not, then after that thou shalt cut him down! The preparation of a house of many mansions is going on—mansions for you; which, however, you may never see! The ministry of angels is going on in your behalf; for in heaven the angels do always behold the face of your father in heaven! No doubt the intercessions of sainted friends—perhaps of a sainted father or mother—these are going on above you. Yes, solemn matters are going on. And what are you doing?

2. There are some things going on *around* you.

Do you see that light streaming forth from yonder window. Now let us go and seek entrance, just to see "what is going on there." In, through the long entry—up stairs—here is the

door—tap! tap! tap—Walk in! See! here is a young man at his desk. Before him, and around him, are books. He is an apprentice—a journeyman—he worked all day like yourself; but he finds it his pleasure, his duty, and his advantage in the evening, to cultivate his mind. He holds communion with the wise and good of all ages through their books. The wise man says, He that walketh with wise men shall be wise. Now let us put this proverb to the test. Speak to the young man! Ah, see how intelligently he talks! He has learned a thing or two from his books. He comes to this spot every evening; and as he lays his hand upon a book, he asks—but oh, how differently from you—“Any thing going on here to-night?” The book answers him to the joy of his heart; and all this while you are running a fool’s errand along the streets—spending your precious time, evening after evening, with companions who, instead of making you wiser and better, make you more foolish and worthless every day.

3. There is something going on *beneath* you.

Hell moves from beneath! Evil spirits, and evil influences, are constantly bearing against you. That spirit of all evil which is an enemy to you, and to all that is good, is leading you captive at his own will. He is calling to you, Ho! ye that are simple turn in hither! He is gradually working in beneath you a foundation of sand.

Rest assured you are not standing still. You are making progress in evil. The evil one is leading you on; and while he is doing this, he is laying snares beneath your feet. Rest assured “there is something going on” beneath you. See how you walk. Take care where you tread; and whenever you seek a place where something “is going on,” be sure that ruin does not lurk in the path.

4. There is something going on *within* you.

Yes, it is a double process—you are growing *older*, and you are growing *worse*. Startle not at this, for it is true; or rather startle at it because it is true! your heart is growing harder every day. Your habits are forming and fixing themselves every day. There is a course of preparation “going on” within you for a final, fearful overthrow! How can it be otherwise, when you do not seek the favor of God, nor care for the favor of men.

You may not—you do not see nor believe it now. Neither does the oak sapling see or believe that the small worm which is now boring a hole into it, will a century hereafter be the means of sinking a ship with men and treasures, because the

blemished oak will furnish a plank for the vessel! so those little blemishes which are now "going on" in your heart, will, if not attended to, sooner or later work your ruin.

"Hollo! anything going on anywhere." Here you have our answer. Solemn things are going on. Happy will be he who lays them to heart.

Not so your dying eyes will view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear,
When the decisive hour is near!

Translated from the German by Rev. B. Bausman.

DEFECTS IN THE EDUCATION OF DAUGHTERS.

It afforded me much pleasure to notice in your last reply, the admission that the education and destination of the young lady, as I have recently attempted to describe it, will also have an important practical use in her education for maternal duties. In all our plans and projects a great deal depends upon our stand point, or, which is pretty much the same, upon the disposition with which we carry them into execution. If a lady educated her daughter with the view of making her a *pious wife or mother*, her efforts and aims must be radically misdirected, however pure and sincere her motives. We can easily detect a low and incorrect view underling even the grammatical form of that expression. *Pious*, is the adjective, added simply to qualify and explain. *Wife or Mother* is the main-part or substantive. In this precisely consists the want and general defect of our works on education. They speak beautifully and learnedly about the piety and christian virtues of young maidens and matrons; but they never make the one thing needful the essential substance of character, so as to make piety the vital principle instead of a mere qualifying appendage. Many of their views are so very vague and general, that they equally apply to heathens and christians, and therefore are fundamentally at variance with the doctrines of our holy religion.

This is the rock of offence of the present age. Men who decidedly bear, and deserve to bear, the name of pious christians, are befogged with Pagan notions, and entangled in the mazes of philosophy, falsely so called. For this reason it is so extremely difficult to effect the regeneration of our people to a thoroughly christian life. This is chiefly owing to the fact, that for a long time all piety and christianity were made to con-

sist in learning and knowing, and not in doing and living. In other words the kingdom of God was made to consist simply in word and not in power, as the church and the word of God have always taught. Learned professors, who are very little concerned about the spiritual interests of the church, have committed to their charge the training and educating of future pastors. They live and breathe in a purely scientific atmosphere, and educate for a scientific end. However learned, they can never satisfy the crying wants of spiritually famishing congregations. This doubtless is owing to the difficulty of adhering to, and explaining intelligibly, the scientific stand-point of christianity, without chilling in some degree its practical fervor and vigor in the heart. The vitality of christianity can neither be fathomed nor explained. It cannot be seen, but felt. It is an object of faith and not of sight. Let men only rest firmly upon the immovable foundation of our undoubted christian faith, and there will be less danger of defection and of falling away the perversions and infidelity of paganism.

Thus, my dear friend, according to your own acknowledgment, it holds with regard to the above named destitution of the female sex.

If a mother has once really reached this exalted point of view; if, from the infancy of her daughter, she sees nothing in her but the future bride of heaven; if she is able to retain and cherish this thought to the last moment of her life, a thought that will soon be changed into a fond wish, a sweet desire, a fervent, ardent prayer of her pious, maternal heart; if she does this, she will not fail to guard against every thing which might defeat the attainment of this glorious end, and moreover will do all in her power to reach it.

I might herewith conclude my letters by briefly replying to the few objections and questions which you have proposed to me, and then leave you to perceive and avoid those defects in female education as they generally prevail. But, as I have already remarked, we find many, even among the male sex, who are not always able to apply the standard of christianity with equal rigor. In the science of education no one as yet has done this in a fundamental sense. It is too incoherent. The present form of this science may fitly be compared to the variegated motly-colored dress of a lady, who has received one of her colors from Greece, another from Rome, a third from the Chinese, a fourth from the Jews, a fifth from the Barbarians, and finally also one from the Christians. If the male sex, or many among it, find it difficult to understand this "coat of

many colors," how much more difficult will it be for woman to discriminate between the true and false amid such a variety of errors. While her pious heart instinctively shrinks from every unchristian sentiment, she may not be able clearly to apprehend truth, when it is buried beneath the falsely glittering gems of speculation; and even when truth is known, the promptings of her heart may be checked by discouragements from her husband, or the censure and ridicule of her female friends. For this reason I will comply with your request, to give you my views about the most important points of female education, so that we may jointly apply the above-named standard of the destination of woman to the most important social phenomena of the present day. I say *jointly*, for I trust you will continue to assist me with your affectionate replies, and thus properly guide and restrain my vision, which of course will be taken from a masculine point of view. By so doing you may preserve me from error.

We will commence with the education of the child during its first year. I take it for granted that during this period the sexual distinction still remains dormant. Nor will you expect me here to discuss the treatment of the child, as to its medicine and diet. Although I cannot but agree with many parents, in complaining that physicians know and do by far too little in this respect, and that the best safeguard against the hazardous experiments and theoretical nonsense of many physicians, is to be found in the observance of good family traditions, in the wise, practical counsel of more aged matrons, and in the good common sense of the parents themselves. I will refer to this incidentally with a view to the common christian principle, which must underlie all true education.

But you will ask, how can the christian disposition of the mother express itself effectually towards the child in its first year? As yet you cannot speak with the child, nor teach it. Christianity is something spiritual, working upon the conscience and the will. But these faculties remain still undeveloped in so young a child. Well, we will see that by and by. I heartily discard all those sentimental, ideal notions, which many parents hold, as if these little ones were incarnate angels; neither can I believe, as some do, that their smiles and tears are but the signs of their soulless, worm-like character. Yes, even such revolting sentiments has a certain writer uttered! No, let us firmly adhere to the plain teachings of the word of God, the doctrines of christianity. Here we are taught that we are born in sin and shapen in iniquity, and are natural-

ly incapable to obey and please God. There is perhaps no doctrine in the whole Bible more unwelcome to maternal fondness than this. What! a child, which has no will of its own, no power to do any thing, not even evil, should already be tainted with original sin! We speak of the innocence of childhood, and would gladly transfer ourselves back again into its unalloyed pleasures. We could wish ourselves children again, so simple, harmless and happy, especially since our Savior has told us, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. And yet these tender buds, just opening into fair fragrant flowers, are already infected with the blemishes of sin! This may seem to be a barbarous notion, with which the mother can not easily be reconciled. When the Savior says, we must become as little children, He does not mean that they are sinlessly pure and angelic, or that they embody and express the ideal perfection of man, in every respect, fit for the kingdom of heaven. We must take that expression, in Matthew 18: 3, in its proper connection. It can mean nothing more nor less than this: "Ye disciples dispute as to which of you should be the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. Each one would be greater than the other. Here, behold these little children, who by preference are peculiarly humble and unassuming. Emulate and resemble them in this virtue, or ye can not enter the kingdom of heaven." There is nothing said of the entire nature of the child, nor of any other of its peculiarities.

But you ask with surprise how can a child, in its first year already, be tainted with sin, before ever it has seen, heard, or learned any evil? After the child has grown up, played with its fellows and observed their ill-behavior and the sins of those older than itself, then indeed we have reason to apprehend danger, and alas! too often see that sin invades its innocent purity. You will admit that the world is full of sin, and that our grown youth are violently hurried along in the magic dance of evil, but that the harmless infant at its mother's breast--the lovely flower bud, just opening its petals upon which to reflect the light and love of its species--that it can be polluted with sin, you can by no means admit. To convince you that the doctrine of original sin is strictly applicable already to children in their earliest infancy, I might point you to many facts and features in their infant history. For example, twins show a disposition of envy and ill-will, in attempting to remove one another, when the mother nurses both of them at the same time. Would you explain this and other similar facts on physical

grounds? These may have some weight, but then I would ask, would it not be possible to keep a child so entirely secluded from evil influences from without, as to preserve its innocence intact? If the parents would always set a faultless, pious example in the presence of the child, never commit the least open impropriety or sin—if they would entirely exclude from it the pernicious influence of servants and playmates, and thus keep from it every method and means to learn evil, could not the child thus retain its primal purity and innocence? Perhaps you would answer, yes, and would only complain of the difficulties that would attend the execution of this plan. Well, I know of a clergyman and his lady, who made the greatest exertions and sacrifices to train up two of their children according to this plan. The result however, was any thing but favorable. When the oldest child had reached its seventh year, both had already become so proficient in rudeness and corrupt habits that it was impossible to see whence they derived them. The parents enforced a stern, rigorous discipline, which made it extremely painful for them to correct and repair the evil effects of their neglected duty; neglected on the ground of their ideal views of the innocence of childhood, and the spotless purity of their infant souls. Let us endeavor to make a distinction between the influence of sin out of man, and of that which is in him. Sin outside of man, if I may be allowed the expression, is a kind of a sinful condition, an impure social atmosphere, pervaded with a moral malaria. It is a kind of noxious cloud, now heavier, then lighter, according to the nation, customs and times which enter into its composition. Amid this atmosphere we live and breathe. This mass of sin, if I am allowed an expression not absolutely correct, is bequeathed from one generation to another. Before “the word was made flesh,” this atmosphere became so thoroughly and densely corrupt, that the world could no longer bear its crushing weight, and was deluged with a flood, engulfing all the corrupt nations of the earth, and starting the human race afresh from one family stock. Since the appearance of Christ in the flesh, we have the certain assurance, that the power of the devil has been crushed; and that although the power of sin has not been entirely eradicated, wherever the Lord Jesus Christ lives and rules in the hearts of men, there its dominion must gradually diminish and die. Still, we are all born into this pestilential atmosphere; we breathe this noxious malaria, and need therefore not be surprised if we are infected by its poison.

You know, we are in the habit of telling children, “If bad

boys tempt you to sin, do not follow them." This is the spirit and sense of that view, which holds that children *learn* their evil dispositions and habits from others ; that they date a new epoch from their fifth or sixth year, the time when they first begin to mingle with other children ; that previous to this they were perfectly pure and innocent, which view, we have already seen, is fallacious. In distinction from this sinful atmosphere around us, we have sinful hearts, corrupt natures within. Man is not only born with an inclination to sin, but finds an actual pleasure and delight in doing evil. In this consists the principle of original sin. We know, from daily observation, that children inherit from their parents the defects, lineaments, infirmities and diseases of the body. Now from this we might easily draw the conclusion, that sin has its seat in the body and is entailed from parent to child ; therefore the child can not be held accountable for that which the parents have brought upon it. To admit this would do away with the guilt of original sin. It would transfer the guilt of sin back to our first parents, who entailed upon their posterity the consequences of the fall. If it be true that sin exists only in the body separately, we need have no concern about our salvation. When the sinful body dies, the soul will return pure and unspotted to its Maker. No, my dear friend, such is not the case. Our personal human life is not of such a constitution, that the soul is confined to this point, and the body to that. During the whole life of man the soul and body are organically *one*, their reciprocal influences are uninterrupted. If the soul of Adam was changed and degraded through the fall, we must also admit that, owing to its vital union with the body, this degradation is entailed upon all his descendants through the mysterious life-evolution of the race. On this account we find the germ or principle of sin already in the tenderest infant. It of course requires a well-practiced eye and a tender conscience, to discern the marks of original sin in so young a child. The first traces of sin evidently appear through the body, which is its outward organ of expression.

What then shall the Christian mother do under these circumstances ? Sin is present, how can she discover its first signs without mistake ? How does God deal with us grown sinners ? It is an old maxim that " every sin brings with it its own penalty," a penalty which no one can really evade. But God has left to us a sinless model, whose footsteps beckon us on to salvation. In addition to the natural punishment of sin, God inflicts upon us the positive penalties of his divine justice. Unless we are converted unto Him, and are made partakers of his grace,

through repentance, contrition and faith, the punishment will not end with the death of the body, but will result in endless death in the world to come.

It is very evident that we can do nothing immediately and directly for the culture of the soul. The only organ of sanctifying culture for the child, is holy baptism. This the child must receive in order to secure for it during life, the gracious operations of the Holy Ghost. On the other hand the soul must first acquire strength together with the body, before it can be nurtured by instruction. If the mother takes it for granted, that she can only train the body of the child and not the soul, she must be careful not to treat it simply as a little animal—a mindless mass of flesh and blood; she must bear in mind that whatever influence impresses the body affects the soul.

After the birth of the child, the first case is to be about its bodily sustenance. Blessed be God, those inhuman pagan customs have, to a great extent, been abandoned, where the mother, prompted by motives of vanity or convenience, would entirely commit the nourishing of her children to nurses. This evil however has been discarded more on account of its bodily disadvantages than those of the soul. Hence we still find many mothers who are willing to employ a nurse to attend to duties belonging to themselves, provided she possesses bodily health, thus committing the destiny of their child to the keeping of strangers. It is not sufficiently understood, that by nursing the child herself, it will live and breathe in the mysterious atmosphere of the mother's soul, and that she will impart to it the very substance of her spiritual being, and the tendrils of affection will mutually coil around their loving hearts. It is too often forgotten that even the bodily well-being of a child is endangered in the hands of a nurse. I well remember a shocking instance of this kind, where a nurse, who had no more nourishment for the child, and yet wished to conceal this in order to retain her employment and her pay—and the mother being blinded to this deception by her own false and fatal sentiments—she administered large portions of laudanum to silence its craving hunger, until the poor child slept the last sleep of death—literally died by starvation. There may be instances where the mother has not nourishment sufficient for the child, but even here we are too ready to resort to the easy method of feeding it sparingly with the mother's milk for a few weeks, until the child has become accustomed to animal milk. In many cases this want of caution and care results from the materialistic views of our physicians.

That milk, after it has been drawn, out of the body, is composed of this or that ingredient; that chemical analysis proves it to be composed of elements similar to those of the milk of animals, this physicians well know how to say, and by an incomprehensible sophism to transfer this similarity to the milk in the body. Just as they formerly disputed, for a long time, about the particular locality of the soul. They clearly showed that they regarded the soul as a thing so external and material, that if we only knew its whereabouts, we could dissect it with a scalpel, and tangibly examine its several parts. Every solid, and still more every fluid ingredient of the body, so long as it is a part in the body, partakes of the life of the soul. This is more especially true of the blood and milk; so that when the child, immediately at the mother's breast, sucks milk out of her inmost body, it at the same time is nourished with the spiritual nature and soul of the mother. Thus a spiritual nutriment, operates upon the soul of the child, through a material channel, and the nursing mother nourishes the deathless, immortal nature of her babe.

BEREAVEMENT AND CONSOLATION.

It is not in the parting hour, when those we fondly love,
Have breathed to us their last farewell, and winged their way above,
Nor yet when in the darksome grave we lay them to their rest,
The sharpest pang of sorrow rends the stricken mourner's breast.
'Tis when we seek our lonely home, and meet no more the smile,
Which could the darkest cloud dispel, and every care beguile;
And when we meet around the board, or at the hour of prayer,
'Tis then the heart most feels its loss—the loved ones are not there!

And thus while days and months steal on, as memory brings to view
The vision of departed joys, our grief is stirr'd anew,
Though faith may own a Father's hand, yet nature will rebel,
And feel how hard it is to say, "He hath done all things well."
O, mournful memories of the past! ye wear our lives away,
Ye haunt us in our dreams by night, and through each weary day;
The home which late like Eden's bower in blooming beauty smil'd,
Ye make a barren wilderness, a desert waste and wild!

But why thus yield to fruitless grief—are they not happier far,
The sainted ones for whom we mourn, than we who linger here?
Our hearts should glow with grateful love to Him whose watchful eye
Saw dangers gathering round their path, and call'd them to the sky!
Not long shall we their loss deplore, for soon the hour will come
When we, with those so fondly lov'd, shall slumber in the tomb—
Then let the remnant of our days be to his service given,
Who hid our idols in the grave, lest we should fail of heaven.

DEAD STOCK.

BY SELDOM.

Merchants and business men generally have a habit of using certain peculiar forms of speech and set phrases, which are well understood by the trade. Among such, the phrase 'dead stock' is in common use, and few in a business point of view need to have it explained. But as we propose to use it for a certain purpose of our own, it may not be amiss to illustrate what is meant by the term.

In almost every store or shop there is a proportionate amount of capital more or less unproductive, which, when viewed in relation to the money invested, is put down as 'dead stock.' Every good business man is careful to avoid the accumulation of such stock on his hands; and a man's capacities for business may generally be measured by his ability to get rid of what he may unfortunately have been encumbered with, or, at least, to prevent its increase. To turn 'dead stock' into actively productive capital, is therefore considered highly advantageous and profitable.

Now it is presumed that all of us who read 'The Guardian,' and many, it is feared, who do not, have a large proportion of our capital invested in what may be called 'dead stock.' And as the 'dead stock' in a store, for instance, becomes known to the proprietor only when an inventory of goods is taken, so persons generally will find, upon examination, that they have by far a greater amount of 'dead stock' on hands than is ordinarily thought to be the case.

With this illustration before us then, we might go on to take an account of our stock. And well-doing indeed, may we consider ourselves, if, upon a strict examination, we find that in our case there is no investment in unproductive capital! Let us now open the 'dead stock' list, and put down the items as we find them. Here they are:

Item 1. Lost time. Item 2. Unemployed talents. Item 3. Neglected opportunities. Item 4. Wasted wealth. Item 5. Personal influence misdirected, &c. Thus might the unsightly list be lengthened almost indefinitely. But our present purpose may be served, by stopping short here and examining those already put down, as above enumerated, a little more in detail. If we find that all, or any of these make up, or are found in, our stock on hand, we may have abundant employment for the present, in an effort to convert the 'dead stock' into productive capital. What shall we think of those who will not make the effort?

Item 1. *Time*. This is a precious item, and can be made, as it always should be, a very productive one. There are many persons who are ever ready to postpone a duty when it demands their attention, by using the plea that they 'have no time' to devote to this purpose. Now the fact is, none of us have too much time, but all of us have just enough, if it be rightly used, to attend to all our duties. Those persons therefore who complain of a want of time to discharge known duties, will find that, of the comparatively little time allotted to us, they have allowed a large part to remain as unproductive and worthless as the merchant's 'dead stock.' When a business man's stock is indeed small, and when of that small stock, known and acknowledged to be such, the greater part of it yields no profit, the concern may be put down as but a poor affair at best. What then must be thought of those who have but a short life-time given them, if they be negligent in improving and turning to right account every day and hour that they may have? It is an argument that they understand the business of life but poorly. Their capital is not well invested.

Many no doubt think they have none of this item of dead stock, till they make examination. Ah, yes! there are the little ends and remnants that run to waste. There are many odd hours and half hours lost and unimproved. In unnecessary sleep, in idle talk, in unprofitable company, in useless or worse than useless reading, in vain undertakings, and in a thousand other different ways that need not be mentioned, is time invested at as little profit as the dead stock of the merchant. Who has not more or less of it on hand? Let us be wise, in making at least these long winter evenings productive. "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom," "redeeming the time, knowing that the days are evil."

Item 2. *Talents*. All who are not as useful as they can be, leave some of their talents unemployed. Hence, these must be put down as 'dead stock.' We do not now stop to inquire into the different kinds of talents men may have. And the different ways in which these lie buried, as unproductive capital, cannot all be mentioned. Modesty, pride, indolence, or want of self-confidence may prevent talents from being employed in the most useful and profitable way. The individual who may have talents fitting their possessor to adorn the walks of science or some department of the fine arts, and remains in some other employment, however honorable that may be, invests those talents as 'dead stock.' And if fitted to excel in the mechanic arts, while poring over some book on law, or medicine, or music,

those talents are unproductive. If best calculated to be useful in study or in trade, on the farm or in the learned profession, in the state or in the church, in teaching or in preaching, that is the way to employ such talents; and any other engagement renders them unproductive. Wherever our qualifications direct our activities, there is our greatest sphere of usefulness. Let each one know his mission; and whatsoever their hands find to do, let it be done with all their might. Let us not bury our talents till the Lord come and require them at our hands.

Item 3. *Opportunities*. Neglected opportunities must go down on the 'dead stock' list. Who has not 'a large assortment' of this item on hand? The opportunity of self-improvement, in both hand and heart, has not been made as productive as it might have been, in knowledge and holiness. The opportunity for benefiting others has been allowed to slip by for the most part unimproved. The word of comfort, admonition, and encouragement has not been spoken. The sowing of the seeds of instruction, where they might have produced fruit, was not attended to. The opportunity of extending a helping hand to the distressed has not been embraced. Neither has the church received all the help, in different ways, that we had opportunities to afford. Some, alas! have not yet obeyed the injunction to work out their own soul's salvation while they have the opportunity given them. Are there not some who will even neglect the opportunity that is yet left, of turning their 'dead stock' into productive capital? May the time past have sufficed them to have acted so unwise a part.

Item 4. *Wealth*. This item of 'stock' is often 'dead,' when men think they are making it yield the heaviest income. It can only be made profitable stock when sanctified by the blessing of God and directed towards the attainment of some good end in a legitimate way. In any other view, the wealth of this world must be put down as 'dead stock—if indeed it be not already something worse. How little, then, of all the wealth which is amassed by the business-driving world, is really profitably invested! Millions are spent to ruin souls. Millions are invested daily in the cause of mammon. How few and small are the investments of stock in the kingdom of heaven! There are few who heed the admonition of our divine Lord, and make to themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, that, when they fail, they may be received into everlasting habitations. All investments of the means of wealth which tend only to gratify self, to minister to worldly pleasures, and look not beyond the life that now is, cannot be considered profitable.

With many individuals vast amounts of wealth is thus wasted, or worse than wasted in dead stock or else in capital productive only of loss.

Whether we have small or great means of wealth, let us not waste them, but rather being wise, let us take stock in the kingdom of God's grace. The widow's two mites were well invested. The almsgiving of Cornelius, the centurion, was not bad stock, for he found it exceedingly productive. If our capital, as regards the item under consideration be small, we have only the greater reason to be extremely careful that it should not be 'dead stock' on our hands. If it takes our all, let us nevertheless buy 'the pearl of great price.'

Item 5. *Influence*. That all men have personal influence, some greater, some less, is an admitted fact—in a general way. But when you wish to make use of this admitted fact, by applying it personally to certain individuals, they deny its truth as applicable to themselves. Their modesty, real or pretended, would make them exceptions to the general law. But the person of the least character has influence in a limited sense. The circle to which it extends may indeed be small, and the force with which it acts may be light. But still it is real. Now we are responsible, since we are accountable beings, for that amount of influence which we may have. And many, notwithstanding this is the case, allow it to remain as 'dead stock' in their lives. It is in many cases even worse. Personal influences, if turned into productive capital, may recommend to our fellows, industry, honesty, temperance and religion. This has been its legitimate product, in numerous cases that might be given, and it is but fair to suppose that it will continue to produce the same effects.

How many who have read this, will resolve to have no more 'dead stock' on hands? Grace, active in the heart and life, will enable us to make profitable the stock that has hitherto been dead. But if grace in the heart be dead, how great is that deadness? "If the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness?" But with the whole capital of our lives profitably invested in the kingdom of our Lord and His Christ, we may hope to reap a glorious reward in the life which is to come. No 'dead stock,' however, will secure us that.

How much is to be done! my hopes and my fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss!
A dread eternity! how surely mine!

A LAMENT.

She sleeps that still and placid sleep
For which the weary pant in vain,
And where the dews of evening weep,
I may not weep again ;
O ! never more upon her grave
Shall I behold the wild flower wave !

They laid her where the sun and moon
Look on her tomb with loving eye ;
And I have heard the breeze of June
Sweep o'er it—like a sigh ;
And the wild river's wailing song
Grew dirge-like as it stole along.

And I have dreamt, in many dreams,
Of her who was a dream to me ;
And talked of her, by summer streams,
In crowds, and on the sea,
Till in my soul she was enshrined,
A young Egeria of the mind.

'Tis years ago—and other eyes
Have flung their beauty o'er my youth ;
And I have hung on other sighs,
And sounds that seem'd like truth ;
And loved the music which they gave
Like that which perished in the grave !

And I have left the cold and dead,
To mingle with the living cold ;
There is a weight around my head,
My heart is growing old ;
O ! for a refuge and a home
With thee, dear Ellen, in thy tomb !

Age sits upon my breast and brain,
My spirit fades before its time,
But they are all thine own again,
Lost partner of their prime !
And thou art dearer in thy shroud
Than all the false and selfish crowd !

Rise, gentle vision of the hours
Which go, like birds that came not back !
And fling thy pale and funeral flowers
On Memory's wasted track !
O ! for the wings that made thee blest,
To flee away, and be at rest.

A FEW WORDS WITH OUR READERS.

This is the last number of the fourth volume of the Guardian. Thus far has a kind Providence brought us. Let us be thankful for the past, and hopeful in view of the future.

It will be seen from the New Prospectus, on the cover of the present number, that the Guardian enters upon Vol. V. on the 1st of January. It will be seen also that it will be conducted hereafter by the original founder and Senior Editor alone—circumstances having made it necessary for the other two to withdraw as editors.

We respectfully ask all our friends to continue that interest which they have hitherto so kindly manifested in favor of our Magazine.

If any wish to discontinue *they will please inform us before the issue of the next No.* According to the common custom, we always continue to send, unless we are requested to discontinue. This is by far the least trouble, since there are but few who drop off in comparison with those who continue. We are glad, of course, to retain all the names on our list; but if any wish us to stop, we again earnestly ask them to let us know in time. A few in former years, have permitted us to send on two, three, four, five, and even more numbers, and then sent back, and asked us to stop! No one, certainly, can regard this as right. There is now ample time for any who wish to discontinue to do so, before the January No. is sent to them—which will be a short time before Christmas.

In a few instances mistakes have occurred in the bills sent out by the clerk. Our subscribers will please bear in mind that such things are never done intentionally; and such mistakes are always cheerfully corrected. Missing numbers we also supply, when by some means or other they have not reached their destination.

We promise to do what we can to make the Guardian interesting and instructive the coming year. The January No. will contain a beautiful steel engraved embellishment. We have been assured, by many friends, that the Guardian is popular among its readers, and much valued. We are happy to hear this; and shall be encouraged to enter with new zeal and spirit upon the labors of another year. If all those who love the Guardian will be so kind as to use their influence in increasing its circulation, we shall remember the favor. Will each one send us a few, or a club, of new names for the next year?—as a *New Year present*.

THE LOVED ONES OF CHILDHOOD.

Where are the flowers of the wildwood?
 Faded and withered away!
 Where are the friends of my childhood?
 Gone to their sleep in the clay.
 Ah! well may the sweet tear of sorrow
 Flow forth from the depths of my heart;
 I shall meet them no more on the morrow;
 We lived and we loved, but to part
 For ever!—Oh, Heaven! for ever!

The pale moon may silver the fountain,
 The birds may come back to the lea;
 The sun may still rise o'er the mountain,
 But they shall return to me
 Never!—Oh, never!
 (*Echo*)
 Oh! never!

BOOK NOTICES.

WEBSTER'S QUARTO DICTIONARY, UNABRIDGED. Springfield, Mass. Messrs. G. & C. Merriam.

A copy of the above valuable work—an advertisement of which will be found on the Cover—has been laid on our table. It is almost needless to speak of the merits of this work, without which, no Library can be complete. We recommend all of our readers in want of a work of this kind, to get the *unabridged*. It is the *only* work that can satisfy their wants. We have found it an indispensable aid; and so will every one after using it for some time. Get the *best* while you are at it, and it will repay you doubly in the end. For sale by MURRAY & STOEK, Lancaster, and by Booksellers generally.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY RECORD of the New York Exhibition of Industry of all Nations.

We have received Nos. 13 and 14 of this excellent work, containing Illustrations of all articles of note on Exhibition at the Crystal Palace. It is edited by some of the ablest literary, scientific and practical men in the country. Price 25 cts. a No. Address G. S. Putnam & Co. New York.

THE POPULAR EDUCATOR, for November. This work contains a vast amount of instruction in every department of knowledge. Price 12½ cents a number. Address Alva Montgomery, New York. [Will the publisher be kind enough to send us Nos. 1, 2 & 3 of the Educator.]

THE ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF ART, for November, is received. This No. is unusually interesting, containing, besides the usual amount of reading and engravings, sixteen extra pages on the American Crystal Palace. Address Alex. Montgomery, New York.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY, for November is an excellent No. All who feel an interest in American literature should patronize Putnam. Price \$3 a year.

THE NATIONAL MAGAZINE for November. This number is equal to any that have preceded it. Address Abel Stevens: New York.

"GET THE BEST."

WEBSTER'S QUARTO DICTIONARY, UNABRIDGED.

PRICE REDUCED TO \$6.00.

Containing three times the matter found in any other English Dictionary compiled in this country, or any abridgment of this work; a Geographical table of 12,000 Names, Illustrative Quotations, and other peculiarities and advantages found in no other work, ~~and~~ yet it is sold at a trifling advance above the price of other and limited Dictionaries.

The Legislature of New York have recently passed an Act to furnish this work to the Common Schools of the State.

From Hon. J. C. Spencer, one of the most distinguished jurists of the country, formerly Secretary of State, and Superintendent of Common Schools, for the State of New York.

Messrs. G. & C. MERRIAM:

ALBANY, June 18, 1851.

Gentlemen—After the testimony to the extraordinary merit of Dr. Webster's Dictionary of the English language which has been borne by the illustrious statesmen, scholars and writers of this country, and by the most competent judges in England, it seems almost presumptuous for me to express an opinion on the subject, but as your polite note of the 16th inst. seems to invite such an expression, I comply.

More than twenty years ago I procured the Quarto edition, and have used it constantly ever since. My pursuits in life have rendered it necessary to consult it frequently, as well as other works of a kindred or similar character, particularly Dr. Jonson's Quarto, of the latest and best edition, Richardson's Dictionary, Crabbe's Synonyms, and Horne Tooke's Diversions of Pnrrley. I professional, political, and literary discussions, the turning point of the argument has often been the exact meaning of words, as ascertained not only from their use, but from their derivation: while in many cases, perhaps in the majority of them, the works referred to have failed to give the desired information, that of Dr. Webster has always furnished precisely what has been desired, and I have long felt individually indebted to the industrious author, for the labor and time he has saved me by his unwearied patience, profound learning, and unsurpassed industry.

It is unquestionably the very best Dictionary of our language extant. It is a model of copiousness and precision, and its great accuracy in the definition and derivation of words, gives it an authority that no other work on the subject possesses. It is constantly cited and relied on in our Courts of Justice, in our Legislative bodies, and in public discussions, as entirely conclusive.

It is scarcely necessary to add that such a work is a treasure which cannot be dispensed with by any one who would thoroughly understand and correctly use his mother tongue. It should be in every school in our land, that our youth may not be obliged, as I have been, to unlearn the false pronunciation, the unsound philology, and the erroneous definitions, which were taught me in my childhood.

The elegance and correctness of your edition—so cheap for a book of its size—one-third of what I gave for the first edition—are alike creditable to your taste and enterprise, and worthy of the great work which will ever stand forth a monument of the science and literature of our country.

John C. Spencer

'There is no Dictionary but this of Webster's that can be adopted as a standard. We cannot refrain from expressing a hope that our brethren of the type—the printers and editors of newspapers especially—will adopt the orthography of Dr. Webster. In this respect, the printers have no standard. It is time they had.'—[Boston Courier, Dec. 20, 1847.]

'We neither affirm nor deny that it is a valuable work.'—[Boston Daily Advertiser.]

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Gentlemen interested in popular education, superintendents, teachers, parents, and others, are respectfully invited to consider the adaptation of Dr. Webster's Series of Dictionaries, &c., above mentioned, to secure and perpetuate this desirable uniformity.

 1854! 

THE GUARDIAN,

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE;

DEVOTED TO THE SOCIAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS INTERESTS OF
YOUNG MEN AND LADIES.

H. HARBAUGH, EDITOR.

The Guardian is sacredly devoted to the highest interests of the Young, at that period of life which lies between youth and manhood. This is the most interesting and solemn period of human life. It includes the transition time in which the young pass from the warm bosom of the family into the more active duties and responsibilities of life.

We know of no periodical suited to the serious wants of this age. The light reading which so easily falls into the hands of the young, by means of many of our city publications, gives a false coloring to life, turns its earnest realities into romance, and leaves blight, morbidness and disappointment in its fearful wake. The Guardian will discourage light reading. It will be the aim of the Editor to make it true, pure, fresh, healthy and animated, as the morning of life in which the young have their being. It will seek to encourage Self-culture among the young, and lead to the useful improvement of leisure time. It will urge the claims of early piety, and seek to aid in making it intelligent, consistent, and lovely. Having no denominational or party bias, the Guardian advocates no religious peculiarities, but moves in the free element of its motto—"LIFE, LIGHT, LOVE."

The Guardian enters on its FIFTH VOLUME with the January number. It is printed with new type, on fine white paper, containing thirty-two pages monthly, making a handsome volume of three hundred and eighty-four pages at the end of the year. As the January number begins the year, **NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE.** We hold out no flaming inducements, nor do we praise our Magazine in high-sounding terms. It must be its own representative. It has worked its way silently upward ever since its commencement, and it is still gaining in favor and, we believe, in merit also. It is our highest ambition to keep its pages pure. Our motto is—"NOT A LINE WHICH, DYING, WE WOULD WISH TO BLOT OUT."

The Editor has a heavy pastoral charge, and consequently has no time to devote to the increase of the subscription list. We therefore respectfully make the following requests.


1. Will every Pastor, who receives this Prospectus, be so kind as to hand it to a member of his church who will get subscribers to the Guardian? If the one so acting does not ask the sixth copy for himself, (see terms,) it will be sent, gratis, to the Pastor. If ten subscribers are obtained, we will send one copy to the person obtaining them and one to the Pastor, gratis.

2. We respectfully ask Young Men to aid us in increasing our circulation. It will be an easy thing for them to raise a club among their companions.

3. The largest lists we have yet received were from Young Ladies. We respectfully ask their help and favor. It is a mode of doing good which admirably suits their sphere. Please let us hear from you.

4. Some School Teachers have done kindly and well for the Guardian. May we not hope for their co-operation in a work which so well falls in with their own?

5. Postmasters are requested to act as our agents, to whom we will allow the usual percentage. **Specimen numbers sent when requested.**

 The January number will be embellished with a fine ENGRAVING.

TERMS--ONLY ONE DOLLAR A YEAR--IN ADVANCE. Any one who sends us five subscribers, with \$5 cash, will receive one copy for one year, gratis. Twelve copies will be sent for \$10. Twenty-five copies for \$20. ADDRESS THE EDITOR.

AGENTS WANTED,

To act for the Guardian in localities where they live. A good per centage will be given on each new cash subscriber, to such as will undertake to raise a number around them. Address the Editor.

